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A NATIONAL PARTY.

WE cannot, of course, say whether Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, in certain remarks which he made on Monday night at the Eighty Club, was reflecting on one or the other of the addresses which had been delivered the Saturday before in not wholly dissimilar circumstances by Mr. GOSCHEN and by Mr. JOHN MORLEY. If he referred to Mr. GOSCHEN, he was not happy in his innuendo about "a company that was not onesided." It is true that the Eighty Club has become a very two-sided company indeed, since its good old creed—its simple plan of faith in Mr. GLADSTONE, and nothing else—has proved insufficient to withstand the stress and strain of time, and of Mr. GLADSTONE himself. But the whole point of the entertainment of Mr. GOSCHEN by the Cecil Club was that the entertainer and the entertained met, not as partisans cheering a partisan, but as men who, differing it may be about a few things, unite for a common object which is above party and above minor differences. That is not onesidedness, though it may, perhaps, seem so to those who can see nothing but party. In a dinner offered by a Tory club, called after the leader of the Tory party, to a member of a Tory Ministry there would be intrinsically nothing remarkable. On Saturday last we do not understand that Mr. GOSCHEN was supposed to purge himself of his Liberal contempt in the past or to pledge himself in the "common cup" (as Lord TENNYSON has it) to be a Tory, a whole Tory, and nothing but a Tory, for the future. Any such ceremony would have taken away the whole point of Lord LYNTON's perfectly true declaration that the entertainment was, in its measure and degree, an expression of an approval as independent of party as is the object of those exertions by which Mr. GOSCHEN has obtained it—of the approval of all honest Unionists throughout the kingdom.

Had, moreover, the dinner been a mere "dinner of entrance" to Conservatism, half the significance of Mr. GOSCHEN's own remarks would have been lost. For the tenor of those remarks was by no means the tenor of the address of a once-Liberal fox who had lost his Liberal tail, and was exhorting all the world to lose it likewise. It would even be possible, if it were necessary, to break a friendly lance with Mr. GOSCHEN on some of his positions—a lance which when broken would not do any harm to the alliance of both champions in the Unionist cause. To say that "in a sense they were all Radicals" may have been a little open to misconstruction, and Mr. GOSCHEN himself would probably be the first to acknowledge that his metaphor about "the antiquated fortresses and weapons of the old Toryism" and the "new earthworks" which must supersede them need not be pushed too far. Any fortress, any weapons, may become useless when the fight is fought under different conditions and on a different battle-ground. If the French, for instance, had to fight on the side of Franche Comté, they could hardly be charged with abandoning, or expected to abandon, the fortresses of Flanders. And because the occasion calls for torpedoes, it does not follow that crows'-feet are "antiquated." Mr. GOSCHEN's warnings on this particular point come to nothing more than the familiar suggestions of driving a nail where it will go and not where it will not go. It is natural that he as a Liberal should lay most stress on the new conditions, and that some of his hearers or readers should lay most stress on the practical identity of the old and new enemy. But the difference, while it does away with the reproach of one-sidedness, emphasizes the union between

Mr. GOSCHEN and his hosts—a union which, as has been said, may very likely be incomprehensible to those with whom party and politics are interchangeable words, but which is a very real and a very valuable union for all that.

The great value of the speech itself lay in the clearness with which it indicated the ground on which the maintenance and extension of such a union is possible and desirable, and advocated the formation of a "National" party. Although Mr. GOSCHEN did not use the exact words, we think that it would be hardly unjust to sum up his argument as tending to something like the following conclusion. The mistake of recent party battle has been that, refusing to recognize the changed condition of things, it makes all the articles of the party creed of equal value, and insists on an intercine war on all. We see the effect of this delusion in the case, the strange and lamentable case, of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN; we see the effect of freedom from it in the case of Mr. GOSCHEN, and, we may add, of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. We couple these two names intentionally, because they illustrate the same thing again in a different way. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, it is known, looks to a solution of some of the questions referred to by Mr. GOSCHEN with very different hopes and feelings from Mr. GOSCHEN's, with hopes and feelings even more different from Mr. GOSCHEN's than Mr. GOSCHEN's are from those of the stoutest Tory in the Cecil Club. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, like a sensible man, sees and says that it is better to postpone the settlement of your differences in regard to the institutions of your country than to take steps which may very probably lead to your having no country to settle them in. It is by no means impossible that, if this spirit, which both of these politicians illustrate in different ways, can be made to spread, Unionism in an even wider sense than the present may grow and flourish, to the great benefit of the nation. We have seen by lamentable experience what the non-National party system, when it once gets into thoroughly bad hands, can come to, and to what it can bring the nation. It puts the whole power of the party, as such, at the disposal of any unscrupulous leader, and it seems to put followers with more scruples than strength of mind in a difficulty from which they find no possible way of escape. On the other hand, the principle which Mr. GOSCHEN represents is the principle exactly opposed to this. We do not think that it is at all oversanguine to believe in the possibility of establishing what Mr. GOSCHEN called a National party, which might embrace persons of very different and even opposite opinions on isolated points or groups of points. The retort is, of course, obvious, that it is gross impertinence for any one party to arrogate to itself the title of National. But retorts are good only till they meet with rejoinders. It is difficult to believe that any respectable Gladstonian, with some reputation for sense and honesty left, can deny that the recent course of his party has at least a most unfortunate appearance of being anti-national. Of course he will deny that it is so in reality; but he must confess that appearances are against him. If there were such a thing as an anti-National party, the first thing that it would be likely to do would be to make friends with persons who had been previously denounced by general consent as enemies of the nation. Unluckily, not all the impudence or all the ingenuity of Gladstonians who have no reputation to lose can deny that this is what Gladstonians at least appear to have done. Now Mr. GOSCHEN's National party would not do this; it would most vigorously decline to do it. And in deciding those other questions to

which Mr. GOSCHEN referred—questions of the gravest import and the widest range—it would have a clue to guide it which is perhaps wanting alike to all parties in the present. We are afraid that Tories sometimes—we are quite sure that Liberals not unfrequently of late years—have been much less prone to ask themselves What will be the effect of such-and-such a measure on the welfare of the country? than to ask themselves Was this in the last party programme? Is this in the party interest? Does Mr. So-and-so and Lord So-and-so recommend that this should be done? To give two perfectly impartial and fairly allotted instances of this, we may mention the dropping of the last Crimes Act by the Tories and the condonation of the Transvaal surrender by the Liberals. A little loosening of mere party ties would make blunders (to use no harsher word) like these impossible on the part of leaders, for the simple reason that followers could not be reckoned on to follow. And in other matters such a loosening would have the merit of considerably softening that unlucky asperity of disagreement which is never in place except in regard to matters of really national importance. Get rid of party differences we never shall or can; but we may at least suspend them when interests greater than those of party are concerned. Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, and Mr. LABOUCHERE think differently—an interesting and memorable trio, the mere grouping of which may be considered as more effective than anything that could be added on to the subject.

FRANCE.

THE disappearance of M. GOBLET's Ministry ought not to have come as a surprise either in France or abroad. When he succeeded M. DE FREYCINET, less than five months ago, it was notorious that his Cabinet was a mere stopgap. His predecessor was driven from office by the financial difficulties of the Government. The debt of France is steadily growing, and so are the expenses of administration. More money is continually needed for the army, the navy, and the great outlay on local works of a costly nature which is thought necessary to keep provincial Republicans in good humour. Meanwhile the revenue is stagnant, or very nearly so. It requires no great sagacity to see what must become in the long run of increased expenditure with a stationary revenue. The French Chamber can see perfectly well what is before the country, and is ready enough to insist that the Cabinet shall take measures to ward off the coming evil. This much it will do; but what it will not do is to give any Ministry the means needed to carry out its own wishes. The Chamber can always be persuaded to pare the votes for the Church, or even to refuse money for a small class of Civil Servants; but it will neither agree to great reductions in expenditure nor to the imposition of new taxes. Immediately after economizing a few thousand francs on the salaries of bishops, the Chamber will vote a score of millions for new shells or torpedo-boats. Last December M. DE FREYCINET found it impossible to govern under these conditions, and M. GOBLET, who succeeded him, could not possibly do any better. To put the finances of France into good order again would probably not be a very difficult task for a statesman of even moderate abilities who had the support of the Chamber in a policy of retrenchment. He might even do it by means of new taxes, though there seems to be good ground for the common belief that the great wealth of France is already taxed to nearly the extreme limit of its capacity to pay. But RICHELIEU himself could not do the work if he were denied the means. The Minister of LOUIS XIII. had at all times the support of the Royal authority, and during the greater part of his administration he possessed the entire confidence of his master. A Republican Minister has nothing answering to this support. He must make-believe to rule in a Chamber which contains no majority and does not know its own mind. Cabinets can be nothing but a succession of stopgaps, and M. GOBLET's has fulfilled its somewhat ignoble destiny with some decency. In foreign politics it has at least shown self-restraint in trying circumstances, and in domestic politics M. GOBLET has the merit of having plainly told his countrymen that they must pay a great deal more, if anything approaching to the present scale of expenditure is to be maintained. It was a matter of course that M. GOBLET's Ministry should disappear in its turn, and it has done so under conditions which show that the Chamber is no wiser than it was when it upset M. DE FREYCINET. The Government Budget has

been rejected by the Committee, and the Chamber has committed itself to a motion calling on the Ministry to reorganize the whole administration of France at once and without support. The demand was absurd, and M. GOBLET has taken the perfectly correct course in throwing down the reins.

This is the ostensible reason for the last crisis, but it is a proof of the increasing degradation of French politics that it has by general consent been little more than a pretext. It is felt that the Chamber has a reason for getting rid of M. GOBLET's Cabinet, very different indeed from a belief in the necessity for administrative reform. The Cabinet has hardly been upset on M. PELLETAN's motion before speculation has begun, not as to what the policy of the new Ministry will be, but as to the future of General BOULANGER. This officer represents a difficulty hardly less considerable than the financial one, and the Chamber deals with both in the same way. The MINISTER OF WAR, who has now seen many colleagues and several Ministries come in and go out, is popular for several minor reasons, but mainly because he is credited with some mysterious power to raise the prestige of France, and one day to make her German enemies her footstool. Nobody has ever shown on what this belief is based, and it is not necessary to give the proof. It is enough to make General BOULANGER a very important person that the belief exists. For precisely the same reason he is a very dangerous colleague. When he is in office he is taken to be a standing sign that France will, sooner or later, try to repay herself for the great disasters of 1870-71. Obviously such a figure is eminently likely to provoke the successful player in the last match to force on another contest when circumstances look favourable. The Chamber is well aware of the danger, and if General BOULANGER were removed by sudden death, the news would be received with a great deal of quiet satisfaction. The deputies have, however, good cause for refusing to get him out of the way in a regular Parliamentary manner. No Chamber which did not wish to bring itself into instant and universal contempt would dare to make a public declaration that France had given up all hope of regaining its lost provinces, or to do anything which could be accurately described as an act of submission to Germany. The removal of General BOULANGER would be interpreted to mean a declaration to this effect, and an act of submission. The Chamber cannot discredit itself in this way, and yet it is very much alive to the danger of provoking Germany. General BOULANGER is not liked in the Chamber, and large classes of Frenchmen even regard him with contempt; but he has become, partly by puffing, partly by luck, and partly, it is only fair to confess, by hard work, a popular man. The mass of Frenchmen consider that in some way he has put it more within their power to revenge themselves. Among the common soldiers he is said to be very popular indeed, on the intelligible ground that he has improved their food and bedding, and has relieved them from some of the more vexatious restrictions of discipline. In short, he is not the man to be safely attacked, and the Chamber, which would breathe more freely if he were gone, knows it well. Of late he has brought forward an Army Bill and a scheme for an experimental mobilization of an army corps which are disturbing. To reject them directly would be a confession of fear of Germany. The removal of M. GOBLET's stopgap Ministry has suspended them quietly, and this has doubtless not been the least effective of the inducements which have prevailed on the Chamber to vote for M. CAMILLE PELLETAN's motion. If the deputies have been influenced by this consideration, the result is a proper reward for their timidity. General BOULANGER is, as was natural after such a convincing proof that he could not be openly attacked, a more important man than before. Whether the next Ministry is formed without or with him, he can hardly fail to gain. In the first case, his partisans will declare that he has been sacrificed to Germany; and no French Ministry of which such a thing can be said with any plausibility can have much chance of life. In the second case, he will have been proved once more to be the necessary man. M. CLÉMENCEAU is credited with the power to keep him in order. To that it is enough to answer that, to judge from the past, the General is more likely to rule the roost than the deputy. M. CLÉMENCEAU has never been tried in office, and every other civilian who has for years past has been used up. General BOULANGER alone has gained by holding office.

The constant struggle between their wish to be revenged on Germany, or at least to look as if they were about to

try for vengeance, and their well-grounded fear of being called on to fight at an inconveniently early date, is not unnaturally trying to the nerves of Frenchmen. It is very hard for them to have to listen to severe scoldings from the other side of the Rhine, and to feel constrained to make the soft answer which turneth aside the wrath of Berlin. The position is so very unpleasant that some sympathy might be felt for them here, if unfortunately they did not find a safety-valve in opposition to England. Mere abuse does not matter in the least, for it is to be hoped that our nerves are strong enough to bear any quantity of bad language—which, for the rest, we should never hear, but for the translating and reporting of our own newspaper correspondents. There is, however, much more than abuse to complain of in the conduct of the French towards ourselves. It is no exaggeration to say that wherever we and they come in contact we experience opposition, annoyance, and even actively hostile intrigue. In Newfoundland, in Egypt, in Madagascar, in the New Hebrides, it is the same story. French officials go out of their way, as in the still unsettled difficulty about Mr. Consul HAGGARD'S *exequatur*, to make trouble for the representatives of this country. It is instructing, too, to see how obstinately they are supported at Paris, and how the tone taken towards England differs from the uniform deference shown to Germany. Whenever there is a chance of crossing us in any way, however insignificant, French Ministers seem to seize the opportunity of showing that they can be uncompromising in asserting the claims of their subjects. The occupation of the New Hebrides—for that is what it is—cannot by any stretch of charity be supposed to be designed for any other purpose than to "pay us out" for the continued occupation of Egypt. If the very considerable interests at stake allowed of looking at the comic side of this matter, it might afford some fun. There is a good deal of the ingenuity of the comic journalist shown in the course taken by France. It is a very smart thing to go deliberately into a position in the immediate neighbourhood of one of our Colonies, after solemnly promising not to do so, and to reply to remonstrances by writing caricatures of our own despatches on the occupation of Egypt. The interests at stake happen to be too great to allow of the treatment of this difficulty as a jest. Nothing less than the relation of England to several of her most important Colonies is disturbed by it, and it appears excessive to permit so serious an injury to be done us, simply because France thinks it can be done with impunity. The line to take would surely be to tell France that, Egypt or no Egypt, logic or no logic, we do not mean to be disturbed and injured with impunity. It may appear cynical, and to the more sentimental sort even base, to say that the great internal and external difficulties of France make it certain that this tone could be taken with effect. But in international matters nations must take advantage of whatever serves their own interests, and if it is not very magnanimous to profit by the misfortunes of our neighbours, it is exceedingly silly to allow our neighbour to trade on our unwillingness to fight on small provocation. This is precisely what we are doing, and it is the way to make grave trouble sure in the future. For the rest, France has only to show fairness and courtesy and there will be no question of threats.

MR. MORLEY AT THE COBDEN CLUB.

THERE was an obvious propriety in the selection of Mr. JOHN MORLEY as chairman at the late dinner of the Cobden Club. No possible competitor possessed the same knowledge of the character of COBDEN as his eloquent biographer; yet Mr. MORLEY himself may perhaps have felt that an annual eulogy tends to become monotonous. It is difficult for political speeches to excite interest on any subject except on the topics of the day. Mr. MORLEY, at the beginning of his speech, announced his intention of abstaining from the employment of the opportunity for party purposes; but, as all roads lead to Rome, every circumstance presents itself to an active politician in connexion with the latest and most angry controversies. Before he had spoken for many minutes, Mr. MORLEY plunged into the dispute between the Parnellite members and the *Times*. The pretext for his digression was an episode in Mr. COBDEN's career which was scarcely worth reviving after an interval of thirty years. Not only Mr. COBDEN, but the newspaper adversaries whom he encountered, have been dead for years,

and the present conductors of the *Times* can scarcely be held to have committed the acts of their more or less remote predecessors.

Mr. COBDEN had, in strong and not unambiguous language, denounced the accumulation of land in the hands of comparatively few proprietors, and had expressed the opinion that a readjustment should be effected by legislative methods. There can be no doubt that he would have asserted or admitted the claim of the owners to full compensation for compulsory alienation of their property; but at that time interference in any form with proprietary rights was novel and alarming, and a writer in the *Times*, under the influence of natural irritation, inaccurately asserted that COBDEN had proposed the confiscation of landed property. It was right, though scarcely necessary, that the charge should be indignantly repelled; and fortunately a denial was sufficient. In his implied comparison of the imputations on Mr. COBDEN with the late charges against Mr. PARNELL and his followers, Mr. MORLEY confused two dissimilar kinds of accusation. An assailant who attaches an invidious or objectionable meaning to a published speech or writing appeals directly to the judgment of critics who are as competent as himself to interpret the language which may have been used. Mr. COBDEN was at liberty to choose between an exposure of the mistake of the *Times* and a tacit reference to the judgment of those whom he had originally addressed. When the incriminated statements and arguments were examined, it became evident even to prejudiced judges that Mr. COBDEN's proposals had been misrepresented and probably misunderstood. The gloss was refuted by simple reference to the text. The *Times* had not affected to be in possession of any peculiar knowledge which was not equally accessible to all the world. The charge against the Irish Nationalist members is in its nature entirely different. It may be safely asserted that Mr. PARNELL wrote or did not write the letter of which an alleged facsimile was printed in the *Times*. The accuser has declared throughout that he is prepared to prove the charge, and Mr. PARNELL's most devoted partisans, with the possible exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, must confess that, if the document is genuine, it was highly discreditable to the writer, even before it was publicly disavowed. The same remarks will apply to the articles on "Parnellism and Crime," which have not been tested by judicial inquiry.

Mr. MORLEY, whose mind is thoroughly logical when his judgment is unbiased, seems to be deluded by the fallacy that the burden of proof rests in the present case solely on the accuser. The proprietors of the *Times* have established a *prima facie* case. They have printed a document which they assert to be signed by Mr. PARNELL; and it is impossible that they can carry their proof further, though they might perhaps, if they were challenged, support it by evidence of the same character. The accused alone can give them the opportunity of satisfying a competent tribunal of the truth or falsehood of their charge. The articles on "Parnellism and Crime" are somewhat more nearly analogous to the charges against Mr. COBDEN. The alleged libels consist of extracts from Nationalist newspapers, which can scarcely be disavowed or contradicted by their prompters and patrons. Unless the *Times* has forged the extracts, they prove a large portion of the charges which they purport to maintain. It is only under the operation of political fanaticism or party passion that such a reasoner as Mr. MORLEY can think himself justified in assuming or asserting the innocence of his allies. His argument, if it were fully stated, would be that, because some of COBDEN's speeches were formerly misconstrued, the Parnellite members are unjustly accused of complicity with criminals. It was hardly worth while to make a second attack on a former editor of the *Times* by quoting the rhetorical exaggeration of Mr. COBDEN's supposed encouragement of crime. His language was, in fact, imprudent and inconsiderate when he declared that he held PEEL personally responsible for the maintenance of the Corn-laws at a time when PEEL's private secretary had been assassinated by mistake for the Minister himself. COBDEN had a right to complain of PEEL's consequent charge of inciting to crime, which was afterwards fully retracted. The writer in the *Times* was guilty of bad taste, and, if his words were understood in their literal sense, of gross injustice; but in this case also, as in the matter of agrarian heterodoxy, he provided, in the form of a report of the speech, the antidote in juxtaposition with the bane.

Mr. MORLEY's reminiscences of the first meeting of the

Cobden Club twenty-one years ago were perhaps less exciting than his apology for the Parnellites, but they were more to the purpose. It seems that, at the initial celebration, three eminent persons, among others, honoured the festival by their presence. The veteran Lord RUSSELL may perhaps then for the last time have appeared in public as a political associate of Mr. GLADSTONE, who is now, in turn, a veteran. Mr. MILL, whom Mr. MORLEY always, with commendable gratitude, recognizes as his own teacher, took occasion to deliver a eulogy on Mr. GLADSTONE. He had, as he said, known no other Minister who went out of his way to devise improvements before they had occurred to less conscientious inquirers. Mr. GLADSTONE had shortly before caused Lord RUSSELL to close his career in defeat, after Mr. GLADSTONE'S expenditure of a majority of seventy inherited a few months before from Lord PALMERSTON. The disaster perhaps accounts in part for the profound disapproval of Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy, which Lord RUSSELL uniformly expressed in the closing years of his life. He would have used, if possible, stronger language if he had lived to witness Mr. GLADSTONE'S opportune conversion to Home Rule as soon as no other mode of securing a majority remained. It is highly improbable that Mr. MILL would have followed the same course, but, as Mr. MORLEY said of Mr. COBDEN, there is no idler pastime than speculating on the course which might have been adopted by one who is no longer present. A few of the members of the Club who attended the dinner may perhaps not have shared Mr. MILL'S enthusiastic confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE; but Mr. MORLEY cannot be severely blamed for deviating once more into the sphere of party politics. COBDEN'S economic theories are as sound as they were in his lifetime; but they have in some quarters gone out of fashion, and the strangers from the Continent and from the Colonies who were guests at the banquet had little encouragement to offer.

A French visitor confessed, with laudable candour, that in his country protectionist legislation was dominant. If the blunder had not been previously corrected, M. YVES GUYOT might perhaps have noticed Mr. GLADSTONE'S strange assertion that COBDEN'S Treaty of Commerce has been kept in force by the popular will. His only consolation for the present state of affairs was that, in consequence of the excess of Protection, Free-trade principles may gain a firmer hold than ever in France. The result of the additional duties which have lately been imposed is, as might have been expected, "a rise in the price of corn, and with it the price of flour and bread." As the fiscal legislation which M. GUYOT condemns had no other object than to raise prices, the success of the experiment can hardly be expected to convince its promoters of their error. M. COUVREUX, who answered the toast of the Visitors on behalf of Belgium, unwillingly admitted that in that country also heavy taxes have lately been imposed on preserved meats and imported cattle. As he added, with much simplicity, the Protectionist farmers and landowners had legislated, not for the benefit of the treasury, but for their own benefit. It is too true that monopolists are seldom wholly patriotic and disinterested. Sir SAUL SAMUEL, representing New South Wales, had more cheerful information to communicate; but Sir GRAHAM BERRY, formerly Prime Minister of Victoria, must have dissented from Mr. MORLEY'S opinions, unless he may believe that the policy which suits the mother-country is ill adapted to the wants of the Colonies. Possibly the Cobden Club may sometimes have a useful influence in maintaining the simple and demonstrable truths of economic science against obstinate unbelievers and newfangled heretics. It was unnecessary for an able advocate of sound principles to expose the hopeless scheme of a Customs Union among a score of communities in all parts of the world, with as many tariffs. Mr. MORLEY had the merit, which is at the present time rare, of holding on some points unusually cheerful opinions. He quoted with complacency the statistics of the Income-tax returns which were communicated to the House of Commons by Mr. GOSCHEN, and he especially called attention to the altered distribution of wealth, or rather of trading and professional profits, as shown by the returns of Schedule D. The smaller incomes have increased, while the largest incomes have been diminished; but it must be remembered that the change applies only to earnings. It is to some extent explained by the conversion of private undertakings into Limited Liability Companies. Dividends on shares are, as might be expected, greater in number and less in their several amounts than the receipts of individual tradesmen.

HUNT-THE-SLIPPER AT THE WAR OFFICE.

DISCUSSIONS on the state of the army in Committee of Supply are usually both miscellaneous and depressing. Every kind of military question is touched on at greater or less length, and invariably for the purpose of showing that something is wrong. To judge from the conduct of successive Secretaries of State for War, these criticisms are well founded. They are very seldom answered except by some vague commonplace. This is melancholy in itself; but what is worse is that no sooner has the Minister done *not* answering the critic, than the House passes the vote, and the War Office is safe for another year. While this continues to be the net result of discussions in Committee of Supply, Englishmen will need to be more than hopeful if they expect to see any solid good done to the army. That mischief should go on because nothing is known about it is bad enough, but that it should go on after full warning, because the so-called responsible persons will not or cannot put it right, is desperately worse. The discussions in Supply of the past week have followed the old lines. On Monday night Dr. FARQUHARSON gave very sound reason for thinking that the practice of promising recruits free rations and making soldiers pay for half their food is producing bad effects. Colonel HUGHES-HALLETT showed cause for thinking that desertion is increasing. Colonel NOLAN told the House again what it had often been told before—namely, that our cavalry and artillery are badly horsed in peace and could not be supplied with horses in war at all. To none of these charges did the War Office make anything in the least deserving to be called an answer. It simply said "Pooh-pooh" in many words—and then the votes were duly passed.

The most remarkable of these encounters between knowledge on one side and the stolid obstinacy of the War Office on the other naturally took place over the reduction of the Royal Horse Artillery. In answer to Sir H. HAVELOCK-ALLAN, Mr. STANHOPE declared that this silly and dangerous measure is to be persisted in. All the argument, all the facts, all the experience are against it. For it are the sheepish obstinacy (for the sheep can be very obstinate) of the War Office, and the opinion of "a distinguished general." When Sir E. HAMLEY said that "everything possible in the way of remonstrance against this unwise step had been urged in the remonstrance sent to the SECRETARY OF STATE, and by previous speakers," he said nothing but the truth, but not all the truth. He might have added that Mr. STANHOPE has failed to produce a single argument of any validity in defence of his Office. On Monday night the whole fight was gone over again with the same result as before. General FRASER repeated all the reasons against the reduction, and abolished every plea for it. He showed that the promise to increase the effective strength of the surviving batteries was utterly hollow. The smaller number will be no whit better supplied with men and horses in the future than the greater has been in the past. He demolished the pretence that the Field and Garrison Artillery are to be proportionately strengthened by showing that, according to the War Office scheme, fourteen batteries are to be converted into ammunition trains in war time, and that therefore the present loss, so far from being compensated in any way, will be followed by a yet greater loss just when the country has need of an increased army. He turned inside out the absurd pretence that the Horse Artillery can only use a feeble little gun by showing that half the Field Artillery use a piece of the same calibre, and that the heavier guns they are to have are not yet cast. General FRASER was supported by every military member who spoke, and several civilians. Mr. STANHOPE, however, stood up against it all. Argument he had none, and his facts were mere ghosts; but he firmly declared that he and his friend the distinguished General had made their minds up and would go resolutely on. His reply to proofs that the reduction is a foolish mistake consisted of simple repetitions of previous statements of his great respect for the Royal Horse Artillery, and his determination to reduce it. Then the House voted the Supplies by a majority of thirty-four, and the War Office was empowered to say that its policy had been approved of by Parliament. It is a not unimportant part of this most lamentable business that it illustrates once more what is meant by responsibility in the management of our services. A Secretary of State for War who does not even pretend to understand the question decides to take a step condemned on all hands on the advice of a "distinguished General," known but not named. When he is found to have

made a gross mistake, as he most assuredly will be found, how will matters stand? The Minister will allege that he acted on professional advice, and is therefore not to be blamed, considering that he is a mere civilian, and cannot be expected to understand these things. He may be laughed at or abused, but he will not go to the Tower or its equivalent. As for the distinguished General, why, he only gave advice; it was the civilian who made the mistake, for why did he harken to the unwise counsel? Between the two "re-sponsibility" will be found to have disappeared. It is a species of official "hunt the slipper," in which brother red-cap calls to brother blue-cap, and he again to brother dandy-grey-russet. The game is a pretty one for the official persons; only, unfortunately, it is the nation that pays the stakes.

PIT BROWS AND PIANO LEGS.

TO find ourselves in even partial and temporary agreement with Mrs. JOSEPHINE BUTLER (a solecism in designation which appears to be consecrated by usage) is so odd and startling a sensation that we naturally look carefully to see whether there is not a mistake somewhere. But the absence of Professor STUART and the presence of Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK in the same deputation with Mrs. BUTLER are things almost equally reassuring in the special case; while, generally speaking, Lord FORTESCUE, Lord CRAWFORD, and Lady LATHAM are more than tolerable guarantors. Let us congratulate Mrs. JOSEPHINE BUTLER that on this brow she has not been ashamed to sit or stand, and hope very sincerely that she will never be found on worse places and in worse company. For the deputation which waited upon Mr. MATTHEWS on Tuesday was a very sensible and reasonable deputation. It may be doubted whether, even in this age of cant, a more canting business was ever got up than the agitation (the true character of which any intelligent person must see at once) for the exclusion of women from labour at the banks or brows or surfaces of coal and other mineral pits. We may all of us wish that women could have prettier work found for them to do, and certainly shovelling coal and pushing coal-barrows, in a "perfectly decent and respectable and proper costume," is not so pretty as sitting on another kind of bank, keeping several lambs, with a costume chiefly composed of roses and ribbons. But, unfortunately, there is much coal to be shovelled in this our country, and comparatively few sheep to be kept—at any rate in Lancashire and its neighbourhood. Nobody disputes that the exclusion of women from underground work many years ago, and the consequent prevention in England of the sordid horrors of *Germinal*, was a very wise thing. But the kind of work from which it is now sought by divers Radical members of Parliament to boycott women is entirely different from this. It is hard, but not harder than many household tasks which women do, and, unless we are prepared to re-establish slavery, must do. There is not the slightest evidence that it is prejudicial to health or conducive to any improper practices; and there is very abundant evidence that the persons engaged in it are so far from singing "Songs of the 'Shirt'" over the woes of their occupation that they resent very keenly the proposed interference with their livelihood.

The two ugliest things about the matter are the chief pretended and the undoubtedly chief, though not avowed, real motive for asking the interference of the State. The occupation of the pit-brow girls is, it seems, improper, and their dress is shocking. Alas! alas! for the unfortunate washerwomen of the Continent and of some parts of HER MAJESTY's dominions. How Mr. BURT, M.P., and Mr. AHERLEY JONES, M.P., if they ever beheld the iniquities of a Scotch or French grand wash, must have blushed and stopped their eyes and fled from the ensnaring neighbourhood! For, as it happens, the pit-girls' costume is positively prudish compared with the proper uniform of a *lavandière* across the Channel or beyond the Tweed, and it has now received the approval of the highest of domestic authorities, the Grand Domestic, as we might almost translate him, the HOME SECRETARY of England. Nor is there wanting a crowd of witnesses of the most unexceptionable kind to testify that the degrading occupation of working at the pit brow turns out very honest and excellent girls, not a bit worse than their sisters, and perhaps a little better. Indeed, it would be rather interesting to get one of these mining TARTUFFES (we

do not refer to Mr. BURT, who is probably only a mouthpiece) to say honestly, if that might be, whether he thinks that girls generally go to the bad as a consequence of fair work fairly done at fair wages, or as a consequence of penniless idleness. We cannot, of course, undertake to say what *le pauvre homme* would answer; but we know what answer would be given in the Palace of Truth.

The real reason, however—the undoubted real reason—for this particular demand of grandmotherly legislation is more discreditable than, if not quite so disgusting as, the pretexts which are put forward for it. No man of sense can possibly fail to see in it a fresh piece of Trade-Unionism—of that amiable and respectable "spirit of combination" which, as Mr. GLADSTONE tearfully says, is "the only weapon by which the poor humble classes" "can defend themselves against the risk of oppression." We all know, of course, the ingenious distinctions by which the advocates of this particular form of selfishness are wont to shade off the various kinds of it. Mr. GLADSTONE might perhaps, and Mr. BURT would certainly, disapprove of the misplaced ingenuity of the Manchester brickmakers who used to mix needles with the clay of black sheep. Even Mr. GLADSTONE would not openly approve of dinner cans full of gunpowder, though things not dissimilar are dismissed by him as "the little desirable 'means'" by which the poor humble people break their chains. But in the present case self-deception is no doubt assisted by the complete absence of any nasty things like needles and gunpowder. It is true that the pit girls are to be deprived of their livelihood. But then the deprivation will be so good for their morals, will exercise such a remarkably improving effect on their costume, and (of course) will enable so many more stalwart pitmen to ask them in marriage by that little heightening of the said pitmen's wages which must result from the exclusion of inconveniently industrious competitors. Again, there is the other little point of strikes. It is a tolerably well-ascertained fact that the great moral virtue of striking does not commend itself to womankind as a rule. Women suffer too much from strikes, and get too little out of them. If the whole work could be got into the hands of men, the wholesome régime of striking, which now seems to some of our great men the very central secret of all good government and sound social system, might be applied with much greater ease and frequency. There are, therefore, numerous reasons why the ring of Radical agitators, who already have too much control over the mining population of the North, should wish to turn women, for the future at any rate, out of employment on mines. And if there be added to these solid and excellent motives the charm of a new fad, of a new interference with somebody's liberty, of a new assumption and illustration of the rule that there is nothing so good and so pleasant as to prevent somebody from doing what he likes with his and her own, it is no wonder that the proposal should be made. The only wonder is that Mrs. JOSEPHINE BUTLER and Mrs. ASHTON DILKE should be found for once on the right side. They are very welcome, however; as everybody is who chooses to be sensible, were it only for once in a way. Let us hope that Mr. MATTHEWS's outspoken approval will carry his colleagues with him, and that this combination of Radicals and Tories to resist the proposed piece of faddishness may lead to many others. Most assuredly these are not times when it is expedient to interfere with anybody, man or woman, who is gaining an honest livelihood in an honest way. That it should be made unlawful to employ women and girls to shunt railway-waggons is one thing, and a perfectly sensible thing; that it should be unlawful for them to handle and transfer coal from one place to another does not seem particularly sensible in itself; and, if it were carried out logically, might lead to some difficulties in private domestic economy. Indeed, this consideration leads one in its turn to reflect how different are the workings of the sense of honour. The unfortunate victim in *Pickwick* dated his moral downfall from the day when he had (not metaphorically) "carried coals," instead of leaving the task to the proper female menial; and the equally high-souled constituents of Mr. BURT feel it a stain on their manhood that womankind should meddle with coals at all. There is no dealing—legislatively, at least—with these varieties of personal opinion; and the plain man naturally decides that it is much better to let them alone. The proper limit of State interference in such matters is traced as clearly as anything can well be, and has been stated a thousand times.

Protect the weak by all means when they want to be protected, and when humanity demands that they should be; but here and everywhere beware of fads. At best, this demand for the total exclusion of women from pit labour is a fad; at worst, it is a very disgraceful and hypocritical piece of selfishness.

ZULULAND.

IN the pressure of more exciting topics the latest accounts from South Africa have scarcely attracted the attention which they deserve. At last, after long hesitation, the Imperial Government has extended its authority over East Zululand. Sir ARTHUR HAVELOCK, Governor of Natal, has, in obedience to instructions from home, formally added to the QUEEN's dominions all the territory formerly belonging to the Zulus which is not included in the new Boer Republic. Further encroachment on the lands still occupied by the natives will consequently be resisted by force; and it may be hoped that, in the establishment of security and peace, the unfortunate Zulus may receive some compensation for the grievous wrongs which they have suffered from the alternate injustice and neglect of their English neighbours. The Legislature of Natal, probably representing the opinion of the Colony, had for some time past recommended the annexation of the native territory. It is not known whether Sir ARTHUR HAVELOCK's refusal to comply with their wishes was prompted by his own judgment or by his communications with the Colonial Office. It would seem that the people of Natal must be competent in a matter of this kind to form a sound and dispassionate judgment. There is not in this case any question of territorial aggrandizement, for no part of the new province is likely to be occupied by English settlers. The lands which have escaped appropriation by the Boers are not too extensive for the wants of their original possessors. When the Reserve was some years ago placed under a vague protectorate, it was expressly provided that it should not in whole or in part fall into the hands of white occupiers. It is not improbable that a similar prohibition may now have been applied to the annexed country. There is no dispute as to the wishes of the tribes which are to become subject to the Crown. The vast majority of the inhabitants of Natal are of the same race and language with the formerly independent Zulus; and, notwithstanding the warlike qualities of the nation, they have never rebelled against the Colonial Government. In the disasters to which they have for some years been exposed, their independent chiefs have repeatedly invoked English protection, and they have now formally assented to the annexation. Caffre wars, as they were formerly called, are not likely to recur in that part of South Africa.

It is likely that the recent change of policy may be attributable to the representations of the delegate of Natal at the recent Conference. Approval of the action of the Government was fully and unanimously expressed at a dinner given a few days ago to the delegate, Mr. ROBINSON. If the measure had been adopted before the restoration of CETEWAYO or after his death, it would have prevented much suffering and bloodshed. Sir HENRY BULWER, then Governor of Natal, pressed on his superiors the total or partial annexation of Zululand; but at that time the Home Government was disposed to listen to the sentimentalists who held that CETEWAYO ought to be restored to the sovereignty of which he had been unjustly deprived. When Sir HENRY BULWER fell back on the proposal of establishing a Reserve, Lord KIMBERLEY, acting probably on insufficient knowledge, reduced the reserved territory by one-half. The rest of the country was given up to civil war, which might have been foreseen, and to the depredations of adventurers from the Transvaal and from other parts of South Africa. There may be some expense, but there ought to be no serious difficulty, in repelling future aggressions on a country which is now a British province. It will probably be necessary to raise a small native force for the protection of the new frontier. The Zulus would soon acquire the rudiments of discipline, and they are by nature among the bravest of mankind. Under English officers they might be made even more formidable than when in an ill-omened war they faced the rifles and bayonets of regular troops with no other weapon than their spears. The seizure of their lands by their Boer oppressors would probably not have been attempted but for the disgraceful transaction which inspired among friends and enemies a

profound contempt of English prowess. If collision henceforth occur, the aid of native auxiliaries will be valuable, and it is almost impossible that any future Minister can repeat the capitulation of Majuba. It is fortunate that, instead of regarding all white men as their natural enemies, the Zulus and many other tribes have learned to distinguish between Englishmen and Dutchmen. The natives of South Africa show nothing of the tendency which elsewhere affects indigenous races to die out before the advance of European settlers. Prudent statesmanship will recognize the advantages which may be obtained by associating the spread of English authority with justice and good government.

Mr. JOHN MORLEY, in his speech at the Cobden Club, repeated a protest which has often been made before against the indifference with which little wars are often regarded in England. COBDEN himself was more consistent in his advocacy of the same policy. He would not have objected to the dissolution of the British Empire, if he could have secured free commercial intercourse among the fragmentary communities which would have resulted from such a catastrophe. Those who desire to maintain the existing fabric of world-wide dominion must submit to the unwelcome necessity of recurring on occasion to the employment of force. Especially in the neighbourhood of less civilized races, causes of irritation and considerations of national safety from time to time render war inevitable. It is sometimes cheaper and easier to govern a turbulent race than to repress their aggressions as they recur. The military operations in Burmah were unwillingly undertaken by the Government; but, if the contest had been delayed, it would have been complicated by the intervention of European rivals. The wars with the Zulus, and afterwards with the Boers, were much less justifiable. The invasion of Zululand was undertaken on a frivolous pretext with the real object of destroying a military organization which was undoubtedly formidable. To make war with a neighbour in anticipation of an attack on his part is but rarely prudent. The worst that could have happened, if Zululand had not been invaded, would have been that a defensive campaign might perhaps have become necessary at a future time. In fact, the preparations of CETEWAYO and his threats of washing his spears in the blood of his enemies were directed, not against the Colonies, but against the Transvaal. The Government of the Republic had already asked for the aid of the English Government against a less powerful adversary; and the Zulu armaments rendered it certain that the Boers would gladly submit to annexation. After they had received a gratuitous benefit in the destruction of the Zulu power, they still solicited the establishment of English protection or sovereignty. When they ultimately retracted their offers, it would have been wiser to allow them to go in peace; but when the opposite policy had once been preferred, tame submission after a petty defeat ought to have been impossible.

It might be scarcely worth while to reopen bygone transactions, if it were not probable that similar results may hereafter be produced by the same causes. There will, indeed, be no excuse for the confusion between friends and enemies which rendered the unfortunate Zulu war possible. Of late years the local Government and the Colonial Office have erred on the side of inaction rather than of wanton aggression. More than one band of adventurers have occupied territory belonging to the Zulus, and have affected to organize themselves into petty republics. It may perhaps, on a balance of advantages and risks, have been, on the whole, prudent to withhold protection from the plundered natives; but the recent proclamation of English sovereignty over Zululand shows that, in the judgment of the proper authorities, toleration has been carried far enough. The aggressive little States have now touched or approached the coast, and they might possibly enter into diplomatic relations with Powers who, however friendly, would not be desirable neighbours. Vast tracts in other parts of the same continent have already been disposed of by treaties of partition. The process might be less objectionable if all Governments but our own were contented with a legitimate use of the territories which they acquire; but their real motive is seldom either colonization or freedom of trade. As soon as a French or German frontier-line is marked out on the map, it becomes finally closed to English trade. The mode of acquisition is simple and uniform. First two or three scientific travellers examine the geography of a district, and they are followed by speculative traders, who establish a factory, and use, to a certain extent, the local

harbours. Finally, the Government to which the first explorers owe allegiance announce that the flag follows and protects the national commerce, and, as in Zanzibar, native potentates find that they are mysteriously excluded from the whole or the greater part of their possessions. If no other pretext can be found, there is always some malcontent chief who courts the favour of the newcomers, and who asserts that any property which they may acquire belongs *de jure* to himself. English traders who, except formerly in India, have seldom connected commerce with politics, are excluded from countries where they had formerly dealt with natives too uncivilized to have thought of protective tariffs. They cannot but admit that they had no legal monopoly of the trade which they were perhaps the first to cultivate; and they have to console themselves for their losses by reflecting that English colonists possess nearly all the temperate regions in which Europeans can thrive. An opening in South Africa would be eagerly occupied by commercial speculators, if not by settlers.

There ought to be little difficulty in administering the annexed territory. The mode of raising a sufficient though moderate revenue is well understood in Africa. The Zulus will probably be required to pay a moderate hut-tax, for which they will receive consideration in the form of security for their pastures and their cattle. One or more superior officers accustomed to dealings with natives will be entrusted with large powers for the maintenance of peace and order. At first it may be necessary to examine difficult questions of title and to prevent the armed prosecution of feuds. Since the death of CETEWAYO his kindred have constantly quarrelled with one another and with other native chiefs, and some of the disputants have unwise invited the intervention of the Boers. There will henceforth be proper tribunals for the adjustment of conflicting claims, and private or tribal war will be strictly prohibited. The functions of administration must, at least for the present, be discharged by officers appointed by the Imperial Government. The Colony of Natal is not yet sufficiently advanced to be entrusted with power over a territory far exceeding its own in wealth and numbers. South African Colonies, including the Cape, have not seldom declined the management of outlying dependencies, and Natal has enough to do with the control of its own native population. The reasons which have determined the policy of the Government will be explained in the next instalment of correspondence, and they will probably be deemed sufficient. There is no reason to suppose that either Sir ARTHUR HAVELOCK or the colonial bodies with which he has been engaged in controversy will disapprove of the resolution of the Colonial Office. A relic or memorial of the dispute may perhaps survive in the desire of some of the people of Natal to obtain some kind of responsible government. At present the Colony is perhaps too small to have a just claim to practical independence. It has been doubted by some whether the grant of responsible government to the Cape was not premature. When the system has once been established the grant can never be revoked.

HITTITE AND "PIE."

NOTHING excites curiosity more than the remains of lost and forgotten civilizations. A people which could fill Easter Island in the lonely sea with statues and inscriptions, or a people which could build great and beautiful palaces, each of them a mass of undeciphered hieroglyphs, where now the impenetrable forests stand in Central America, still more a people that covered the rocks of Asia with its writings, attracts us as a story of cyphers and hidden treasures attracts us. These lost races are the Edgar Poes of history, and men would not be men if they did not try to discover the mysterious "plots" of the Mayas and the so-called Hittites. To be sure, at the last, even if we succeed we come to no great matter. The strange runes only contain prayers to dead deities, or brief statements of Royal pride like that of SHELLEY'S "Ozymandias." Yet the quest does not lose its charm, and many a curious antiquarian, from the believers in Anglo-Israel up to Professors of Accadian and Sumerian, will turn eagerly to Captain CONDER's book. In *Altaic Hieroglyphics and Hittite Inscriptions* (BENTLEY) he expounds the Great Hittite Secret, as he understands it, and now the learned may begin to pick him and his theory to pieces. We confess that to the lay reader, who knows not Accadian, nor even

Proto-Medic, Captain CONDER's little book is almost as interesting as Captain KIDD's celebrated cypher manuscript in the *Gold Beetle*. The book is written in very good temper, and very candidly. This Captain does not pretend to be an expert, and he lays his opinions at the feet of the erudite.

Captain CONDER refers, in a footnote, to a somewhat light-hearted observation of our own, in which the Hittite signs are likened to "legs of tables and chairs." He adds that this remark "does, in fact, acknowledge that the 'general appearance is such as is due to the Cuneiform connexion." How an arrow-head-like sign (as in Cuneiform) can resemble ornate and curved legs of tables and chairs, with ornamental beasts' heads at top, we cannot pretend to see. However, no doubt Captain CONDER does pick out Hittite signs (we may call them Hittite "without prejudice") which are not unlike Cuneiform signs in their general character. But they are still more like the signs of the Cypriote syllabary. Guided by these and other analogies, or coincidences, or resemblances, Captain CONDER has worked out his system. We shall try to explain his method briefly, and to indicate his conclusions, though the task is very difficult without the use of his pictures. It was on the 7th of February in this year of grace that the Secret burst on Captain CONDER. He was looking at a lot of Cypriote inscriptions, and he noticed one sign, which seems like a sketch of a two-peaked hill, such as Suvinean in Assyria. Now there is in Cypriote a sign like a double triangle, and that sign is rendered MI. Then Captain CONDER remembered—and this was the exciting moment, in this happy thought lay the Secret—that MI is very like ME or MA, which in Accadian means "country." The provisional conjecture follows that the Hittite signs were used, probably invented, by a people speaking a language akin to the Accadian. Now Accadian (the speech of the ancient Chaldean highlanders) is understood to be of the "Altaic" family, and connected (as we rather vaguely understand) with Turkish, Finnish, and Mongol dialects. But do the other Hittite signs, or pictures, which resemble Cypriote signs, also give sounds which stand in Accadian for the things that the pictures represent? There is among the Hittite inscriptions an object apparently representing a branch of a tree, from which three twigs, opposite each other on either side, have been lopped. The nearest thing to this in Cypriote is a straight stroke, with two strokes across it. Now this in Cypriote sounds PA, and in Accadian the Cuneiform symbol for "sceptre" reads PA. Once more, Hittite possesses a picture of the kind of wicker-work bottle in which balls for playing pool are kept at billiards. These things, at least, are the objects familiar to us which most closely resemble the Hittite picture. But perhaps the Hittites did not play pool; and Captain CONDER is more likely to be right when he recognizes the sign as the picture of a high cap, a kind of mitre. The sign which really, in Cypriote, looks like a conventionalized form of this high hat reads KO, and "a little reflection suggested that Kū is the Proto-Medic "word for King, also apparently known in the Accadian "dialect, where Ku means King, and 'high'—a cognate "idea."

But does KO=KU? does MI=MA? or is there any kind of GRIMM's law by which one sound develops into another?

These questions we leave to Captain CONDER and the learned. Meanwhile the reader, we trust, sees the trick of it. The Hittite picture-characters resemble Cypriote signs; these signs have a known sound; that sound stands, in Accadian, for the object that the Hittite picture-character represents. Therefore the Hittites talked a kind of Accadian. Taking twenty-one picture-characters, and finding his process work out in all of them, Captain CONDER reckons that the odds are 39,710 to 1 that he is right (taken and offered). These are long odds, but there is no such thing as a certainty—in Hittite. Then reverse the process, find the Accadian word for "deer," which is DAR (very like deer and not unlike θηρίον, *Thier*), and translate picture signs of deer's heads, in Hittite, as DAR, and you get on swimmingly. Captain CONDER also compared old Cuneiform signs with his Hittite (or, as he always says), "Altaic" signs, and was often pleased with resemblances which perhaps others may think fancied or accidental. Finally Captain CONDER succeeded in discovering "Amen" (which is Accadian, and all the Accadian most of us know) at the end of prayers, in the Hittite inscriptions, and then, as he says in rather odd English, "I felt to tread on really firm ground." The modern descendants of the Hittites are the Turkomans, who now cult the languid roses in the plains of Sharon.

We now quote from Captain CONDER his renderings of a Hittite text on a stone of Hamath :—

1. Prayers, above-go-be (plural) -ing. Throne (or holiness) (above ?), sword-with-ing and power-ful towards (or for).
2. King (intensive)-my worship (*Eri*)-for. (Pot?) water (pour ?) him-ing King King-spirit be-as-ing.
3. *It-ka-i-kek-me* (Amen). { May compel, (cloud-flow ?) water-him-to. }

This is a little obscure, being a literal rendering from an agglutinative language. We admit that it reminds us of the language known to the learned as "Pie," and notoriously of difficult interpretation. Here followeth the Free Rendering. Captain CONDER first does his Hittite or Altaic into Pie, and then does his Pie into English. The second process is the more laborious :—

1. Prayers upgoing. For the Holy One above, mighty and powerful. 2. Worship for my King (pouring him ?) (a libation ?). The King who is the Spirit King (or King of life). 3. Amen. May it make the water of the sky (or cloud, to flow ?).

Now it is plain that another Altaic scholar may read the Altaic into different Pie, while many a student of Pie will render that difficult dialect into different English. For example, let the Pietist look at the Pie, and see whether *our* interpretation be not better than Captain CONDER's. We accept his translations of Altaic into Pie, we offer a different rendering of his Pie into English. In our opinion the document is not a prayer, but an expression of agnostic opinion by a Hittite sceptic of the period. We know, from the Rig Veda, that there were sceptics about INDRA even in Vedic India. The version from the Pie text should, then, read thus (compare the Pie) :—

"Prayers! Above! Go to (Pot!) Swords and Thrones are above holiness, and Kings are more powerful than Priests. One man can take a horse to water, to compel him to drink is a very different thing."

Here, for grammatical reasons which every Proto-Medic scholar will understand, we venture to remove the term ("Pot!") into the earlier part of this sentence. Our interpretation may be incorrect, so may Captain CONDER's. Students of Pie, as well as of the Altaic tongues, will have to be heard in this matter. Indeed, we fear that Captain CONDER's great difficulty lies in this direction. He is entangled in the meshes of a double difficulty, and the bilingual inscriptions in Pie (which would be so serviceable) are as rare as bilinguals in Hittite. However, it is fair to admit that Mr. CUSHING's Pie and English translations of Zuñi prayers (in the *Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, Washington) are almost a match for Captain CONDER's Hittite studies. Yet Zuñi is a living and spoken language.

OUR FOREIGNERS.

THE publication of the Board of Trade Memorandum on the employment of foreigners in English industry has apparently surprised a good many people. It appears that many Englishmen, true to the national practice of being frightened at imaginary dangers, have been under the impression that foreigners were actually elbowing us off our native soil. The true-born Englishman, now as in DEFOE's time, is liable to these panics, which, when coolly examined, are found to prove only that he is indulging in his favourite habit of grumbling, which again, as the ingenuous Frenchman observed, has been the main cause of his prosperity. In the present case, when the facts came to be properly seen in the cold shade of statistics, it has been discovered that the total number of foreigners working in the country must amount to much less than a quarter of a million. It is probable that, if even fairly well-informed men had been asked to guess at the number a year ago, they would have put it at four times that figure or more. When it comes to be soberly given on good authority, there is an almost irresistible temptation to ask what all the fuss was about. At least that is what those of us who are not carried away by outcries ask. In other quarters the effect of these cool statistics is to arouse a strong inclination to question them, and to declare, on the positive knowledge of the critic, that they are, and must needs be, inaccurate.

Whether the Board of Trade's figures are perfectly accurate or not is possibly doubtful; but what is certain is that the outcry over the influx of foreigners, and their readiness to underbid the true-born Englishman, is a very old business indeed. Did not Dr. JOHNSON, adapting JUVENAL, speak of your cringing Frenchman's readiness to go, when asked, to a place which our modern decency hardly allows us to name? Long before his day, many Englishmen were per-

suaded that Dutch WILLIAM's Dutchmen were going to eat them all up. To be dreadfully frightened at imaginary dangers, and perfectly self-possessed in the presence of real ones, has been the general practice of this people; and it is, though absurd in some respects, better than its contrary. In point of fact, no European country has been so constantly invaded by foreigners in search of work or refuge as this. Flemings came in the middle ages, flying from floods. In the sixteenth century successive flights of Dutchmen or Frenchmen came running over here to escape the stake or the gallows. A hundred years later, the Germans whom LEWIS XIV. burnt out of the Palatinate, and the Huguenots whom he flogged out of France, came in still greater numbers. During the revolutionary years between 1820 and 1850 the foreign refugee was a well-known figure in London. What Englishmen said in the middle ages is uncertain; but at every later period there has been the same outcry over the approaching ruin of the country in consequence of foreign immigration. SWIFT, with his usual facility in putting commonplace into unrivalled English, threatened his generation with beggary, and other horrors, because of the invasion of Palatinates and Huguenots. In spite of the Doctor we were not ruined, and if there is one fact in our history which is beyond dispute, it is that the hospitality given to those Germans and Frenchmen has been repaid a thousandfold. This piece of not very recondite knowledge ought to help Englishmen to hear of foreign immigration with equanimity. In the great majority of cases the foreigner who comes and settles here brings with him something to pay his footing with. If it is not money, it is skill. It has been said that the introduction of ox-tail soup by the Huguenots would alone have repaid all they got from us; and we have received many such fees. At the present moment there is a loud lamentation over the competition of German clerks, and the advantages given them by their training over English rivals. If the facts are accurately stated, and we have not utterly lost our old common sense, the moral we shall draw is that the education of boys who are to become clerks may be much improved; and in that case we shall have every reason to be thankful to the Germans. It is said that there is loud complaint among workmen at the fall of wages caused by the influx of foreigners. It would be interesting to learn who are the workmen who make these complaints. Are they the really good men whom every employer likes to have in his shop? or are they the class of workmen who may be heard by the inquirer orating in public-houses at untimely hours? The value of the evidence depends so entirely on the witness. As for the fall in wages, it is notorious that there has been none in proportion to the long general depression in trade. Wages have been kept up wonderfully in comparison to the losses of capital. In view of this fact, it is idle to talk of the diminution of wages caused by foreign competition. Many of these immigrants are offensive creatures enough—dirty Polish Jews or anarchists not undeserving of the gallows; and, if anybody proposes to wash the former and keep the latter in good order, we have nothing to object. But, as for the sober and labourious foreign workman who brings industry and skill with him, who in most cases marries here, and begets children who grow up very good Englishmen, we are in no danger of being ruined by him.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE REDUX.

THE Oaths Bill is at present chiefly interesting on account of the correspondence in the newspapers to which it has given rise, and that correspondence owes almost all its interest to the characteristic epistle contributed to it by the youngest member of Mr. GLADSTONE's family known to the public. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE has been more quiescent of late than at some previous periods. Some people have a vague impression that he has been abroad, and others have no theory to account for the suddenness with which they realized the other day that they had for a good many months been enjoying at least one negative advantage without being particularly conscious of it. Where the young legislator has been or not been is, however, a matter of no consequence. Here he is now, and in almost as good form as on the famous occasion when he peeped along an "upstair corridor" of the House of Commons and spied Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL whispering treason to Mr. HEALY or Mr. BIGGAR, or somebody else of that sort with whom no honest man would ever be seen in the same lobby.

Oddly enough, it is this same irritating Lord RANDOLPH who has now drawn the young ACHILLES from his tent. Lord RANDOLPH wrote a letter to a clergyman, pointing out, in more paragraphs than so simple a proposition would at first sight seem to demand, that the Oaths Bill now before the House of Commons—and apparently likely to remain there—is quite different matter from the BRADLAUGH Bill which Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's father prepared, and which the last House of Commons but one was impious enough to reject three or four years ago. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE also affects many paragraphs. Perhaps he thinks that they make a naturally flabby style crisp and incisive. Anyhow he has seventeen of them, in a letter occupying about a third of a column of the *Times*. Their purport is to show that the late BRADLAUGH Bill and the present Oaths Bill are substantially the same, and that everybody who opposed one is bound in common honesty to oppose the other. The old Bill was designed to admit Mr. BRADLAUGH into the House which he could not otherwise enter, and it was rejected because the House did not consider his entrance into it of sufficient personal importance to entitle him to statutory relief which he had personally done nothing to deserve. The new Bill could make no possible difference to Mr. BRADLAUGH's position in a House which he had already entered. These circumstances do not appear to the Gladstonian mind—the cacophonous epithet is here used in its more restricted sense, but very likely it would be equally true in the popular signification—to constitute any distinction between the two. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE thinks the Conservatives ought, on their principle that the oath must not be profaned, to have kept Mr. BRADLAUGH out of the present and the last Parliament. Finding that Lord RANDOLPH had anticipated and conclusively rebutted this contention, by pointing out that they had no power to do so, because the Speaker, in January 1886, ruled, as a matter of order, that the House had no knowledge of what had happened in a previous Parliament, and that, therefore, no one could be heard to object to Mr. BRADLAUGH's taking the oath, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE had recourse to a rhetorical device worthy of Lord PETER. "This," he said, "is an absolute misstatement of the case." It was an absolutely accurate statement of the case; but what is that to a GLADSTONE? The misfortune is that a gentleman who argues in this fashion cannot be convinced of his error—by anybody short of a Lord PETER mightier than himself. He may be referred to Hansard and history, but he cannot be made to acknowledge that they record what they do record, any more than a horse can be made to drink.

In so far as it is possible to extract an argument from Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's seventeen paragraphs of verbiage seasoned with allegations of the character just described, his contention may be said to be that Mr. BRADLAUGH is at present sitting and voting unlawfully, and that the Conservative Government ought to sue him for penalties. These two propositions he rather ingeniously muddles up together as if they were only one. Of course they are two, and thoroughly independent of each other. Very likely Mr. BRADLAUGH is sitting unlawfully. If when he kissed the book in assent to the words "So help me God," those words were, in his opinion, meaningless, he is sitting unlawfully. That is the decision of the High Court and the Court of Appeal in the case of the Attorney-General *v.* BRADLAUGH, and at present part of the law of England. But Mr. BRADLAUGH has not made open profession of atheism in the House of Commons for some time. It does not, therefore, by any means follow that it would be possible to satisfy a jury that in August 1886 he was a person incapable of taking an oath, and consequently did not take an oath. When Mr. BRADLAUGH was sued for penalties before, his main argument was that, as two years had elapsed between his profession of atheism and his taking of the oath then in question, for anything the jury knew he might have changed his mind since. The argument did not avail then; but it would be stronger now, because the interval is longer. Moreover, it was then desirable to sue Mr. BRADLAUGH in order to ascertain the law, which is not now in doubt. So that, even if Mr. BRADLAUGH is sitting unlawfully, as he quite possibly may be, it does not follow that he ought to be sued. And, if it did, it would have nothing whatever to do with the question whether or not a Bill, which will not immediately affect Mr. BRADLAUGH, and may never affect him at all, ought to be opposed. Whether flatly contradicting demonstrably accurate statements of fact, or making illogical

deductions from irrelevant arguments, is the more effective mode of controversy, is, in some degree, a question of temperament. The admirers of Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, being impartially supplied with both, are perfectly at liberty to award the palm to either.

THE CRIMES BILL.

ONE clause of the Crimes Bill passed by the kind per-
mission of Mr. HEALY. In this sentence we may pretty nearly sum up the legislative work accomplished by the House of Commons between January and June. It is true that some days have passed since Mr. HEALY's exclamation, "We will let you have the clause to-night!" and that the House has entered on the consideration of the second clause. But it has made no impression worth speaking of upon the solid phalanx of one hundred and eighteen amendments with which they are confronted in connexion with this clause; nor is any such impression likely to be made upon it before Parliament rises for its recess on Tuesday next. The Government, in other words, have so far accepted the situation as to take for themselves, and to allow the House, a fortnight's holiday while the business of the country is in this condition. We do not say that they are wrong in this; indeed, as a matter of fact, they have hardly any choice in the matter. The concession which they are making is made, not to their opponents, but to their followers. They have made large and exhausting demands on the energies of their party—demands which have been most patiently and cheerfully met—and it would have been monstrous to impose further sacrifices upon them without any absolutely imperative reason. That no such reason exists we hold to be clear. An object was to be gained in passing the second reading of the Bill at the cost of an Easter holiday; no similar advantages would have accrued from spoiling a Whitsun recess, for all restorative purposes, for the mere sake of getting on a few lines further than would otherwise have been possible with the text of the Bill. At the same time, the necessity of carving two solid working weeks out of the rapidly lessening Parliamentary Session is in any point of view a grave matter. The House will not be at work again till the 6th of June, with little more than nine weeks between them and the normal date of the commencement of the autumn recess. The Government will have to use the new powers which they now possess for expediting progress with much greater vigour than they have hitherto displayed; and they are unfortunately threatened with a new difficulty in applying them. Those who, like ourselves, were disposed to approve of the number of 200 as the minimum of the majority which is required for silencing any minority of over 40 were not prepared (as who was?) for the scandalous accession of the whole body of the official Opposition to the ranks of the obstructionists. That accession made it possible for the opponents of the Bill, without either effort, preparation, or even concert, to maintain such a strength as practically compels the Government to keep 200 of their supporters on constant night duty, as it were, and in perpetual readiness for service under the First Rule of Procedure. This is giving rise to some not unnatural discontent among them, and to a growing feeling that the *quorum* of the majority has been fixed too high. It is too late, however, to remedy this mistake—if mistake it be—so far as the present Bill is concerned. The labour must be lightened as far as possible by organization; and, considering that the combined Unionist majority is not far short of 400, or double the strength required for the application of the Closure, organization ought to be able to afford some relief. But, after all, there is no sound recipe for beating an adversary except a determination not to be beaten by him, and to submit manfully to any fatigue and discomfort which may be imposed in the attainment of that end. Perhaps there is not quite so much of this spirit as there might be among the Ministerial party, or as there used to be among parties similarly situated in former times.

If we were asked why and how the demands upon them have become thus severe, and whether the Government are in any measure responsible for their having become so, the question would not be easy to answer. No doubt there have been a certain number of amendments debated at too great length, which might and ought to have been summarily disposed of. But, on the other hand, a good deal of the time has been spent in the discussion of amend-

ments which would, in fact, have been more summarily disposed of if they had stood in any other names, or at least been adopted by less important members of the Opposition. It must be remembered that this is the first occasion when an ex-Premier, a Minister of the rank of Sir WILLIAM HAROURT, and a lawyer of the reputation of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL have either actually moved or made long speeches in favour of amendments which obviously strike at the vital principle of a Ministerial measure; and it would be unfair to condemn the Government with excessive severity for dealing somewhat hesitatingly with so novel a situation. They will, however, have to make up their minds to treat this obstruction in high places as it deserves, and to show greater firmness, moreover, than they have shown hitherto in putting down deliberate attempts in the same quarter to turn aside the edge of the new legislative weapon from Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish associates in the conspiracy against the Union. For this was the manifest object of the amendment moved last Tuesday by Sir WILLIAM HAROURT on the First Clause, and reintroduced in substance by Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE on the following day in the discussion of the Second. Sir WILLIAM HAROURT's long and laboured speech on the former occasion, and the casuistical pleadings with which Mr. GLADSTONE supported it, were almost undisguisedly directed to the object of exempting the tyranny of the National League, if possible, from the operation of the Bill. The former of the League's two counsel sought to found his amendment on a daring misrepresentation of the scope of the measure. Sir WILLIAM HAROURT declared that the popular conception of the Bill had been that "it was directed against crime, and people understood by crime murder, arson, outrage, moonlighting, cattle-maiming, and so on." The popular conception, as Sir WILLIAM HAROURT well knows, is not by any means so inadequate. It regards the measure as one directed not only against crime, but against intimidation; as designed not only to protect the law-abiding portion of the Irish tenantry against ruffians who pitch-cap girls and shoot old men in the legs, but to replace them also in possession of their natural liberties in respect of "transactions relating to the letting, hiring, or occupation of land, or the dealing with, or working for, or hiring of, any persons in the ordinary course of trade, business, or occupation," and generally of all those matters which Sir WILLIAM HAROURT and Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's above-mentioned amendments audaciously proposed to exclude from the purview of the Bill. Their pretended solicitude for the right of tenants to enter into "lawful combinations" for the withholding of rent, while they hold the land for which it is payable—a combination which they ridiculously compare to that of workmen to withhold their labour while they forego the wages which are its remuneration—will deceive no intelligent man. What they are really solicitous about is liberty for one set of tenants, who do not wish to pay their stipulated rents, to compel another set, who are ready and willing to pay their rents, to withhold them; and they are anxious to coerce or cajole the Government into tolerating this precious "liberty" because they know that, if it is once suppressed by the strong hand, there is an end of the power of the National League in Ireland, and that the downfall of the League means the collapse of their own hopes of prolonging the reign of anarchy in Ireland, and thereby wearying and disgusting the English electorate into the ultimate acceptance of their policy of repeal.

The signal defeat, however, of the amendment to which we have referred has thrown back the Opposition once more upon mere purely obstructive tactics. The Government having finally declined to stultify their policy and emasculate their measure to suit the political ambitions of Mr. GLADSTONE, it only remains to their adversaries to protract discussion of the clauses which they have failed to deprive of efficiency by pretended attempts to improve them. In such attempts they have occupied themselves since Wednesday last. Mr. MAURICE HEALY's proposal to insert the words "knowingly and wilfully" in the Second Clause, and we are sorry to add Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's endeavour to substitute the words "conspire by violence and intimidation" for "take part in any criminal conspiracy," are examples of the process. The contention that these changes are necessary to prevent resident magistrates from misinterpreting the provisions of the clause will not bear a moment's examination. Its terms are perfectly plain and intelligible as they stand, and no magistrate is in the least likely to misconstrue them. His main difficulty will arise,

as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL very justly observes, not in interpreting the law applicable to the cases brought before him, but in forming a judgment on the facts. The amendments by which the Opposition so officiously seek to afford him guidance are in every case either unnecessary or misleading. If the Government were to accept them, and they proved to be of the latter character, the Opposition would, from their own point of view, have distinctly scored a point. At the worst, and supposing them to be merely harmless and unnecessary, their discussion serves to waste time and to delay the passage of the Bill. The fertility of the Opposition in suggesting them, therefore, is likely to prove inexhaustible, and, unless the Government adopt vigorous measures for clearing away this perpetually accumulating rubbish, the completion of their labours on the Crimes Bill will be deferred to a period indefinitely remote.

MR. HARRISON AND HIS CLUB.

MR. JAMES WHITE HARRISON may have been cruelly misunderstood by the members of the Constitutional Club. He may have been, for instance, the one thoroughly clubable person in that political and social body. But Mr. HARRISON could not expel the Club, whereas the Club could, and did, through its Committee, expel Mr. HARRISON. Mr. HARRISON was not satisfied with the decision of his brother members and appealed to a court of law. This is a strange course for a man of sense, or indeed for any man, to take. If there had been any imputation upon Mr. HARRISON's character, it would have been only proper that he should take the earliest opportunity of clearing himself. But there was none. Mr. HARRISON was at variance with the Club. His conduct as a member did not approve itself to the taste or judgment of the Club as a whole, and therefore he was expelled. That in these circumstances he should have desired the intervention of the law for the purpose of forcing unwilling persons to receive him as an associate enlarges one's acquaintance with the eccentricities of human nature. Mr. HARRISON did, indeed, urge that his expulsion would interfere with certain actions which he had brought against members of the Committee. But Mr. Justice KAY made very light of this point, and it plainly appears from the history of the case that Mr. HARRISON did not threaten litigation until he was in the thick of a quarrel with the Committee. Mr. HARRISON, however, has done some good by his peculiar behaviour. He has given Mr. Justice KAY an opportunity of explaining, in a very lucid and interesting judgment, the limits of legal interference with private Societies. There is, indeed, nothing in what Mr. Justice KAY said which will be new to lawyers. But club cases have not been common of late, and the public, which has much to think of, is mercifully provided with a compensatory power of forgetfulness. The Chancery Division does not, as Mr. Justice KAY observed at the outset of his remarks, sit as a Court of Appeal from the Committees of Clubs. If it did, it would scarcely be able to sit in any other capacity. A man has no more right to be a member of a club than he has to be Prime Minister, or to be regarded with grateful esteem by a large circle of admiring friends. Mr. HARRISON might almost as well have applied for an injunction to restrain the members of the Constitutional Club from thinking him a disagreeable person. It is true that there are some limits to the independence of Committees. They must not break the rules of the club, because these are part of the contract made by every member on joining the club, and in reliance on them he pays his entrance fee and subscription. Nor must they act contrary to what is rather vaguely called a "natural justice," as, for instance, by refusing to let the party accused be heard in his own defence. But, if a man entered a club with the knowledge that the Committee may turn him out of it, he cannot reasonably complain that the power has been exercised.

The rules of the Constitutional Club do not seem to have met with Mr. JAMES WHITE HARRISON's approbation. One of them is that cards shall not be played for more than shilling points. The inquiry why people should not play for any points they please, so long as they play fairly and pay up, would require a separate treatise to answer it. It is obvious that every club has a perfect right to frame its own regulations upon the subject, and that members are bound to obey them. In consequence of this restriction upon high play being disregarded, the Committee posted up

in the card-room the following notice:—"Serious complaints having been made to the Committee that high play is carried on in the card-room, injurious to the reputation of the Club, the Committee beg to warn members that, in the event of any continuance of this practice being proved to their satisfaction, the member or members so complained of will be subject to expulsion from the Club under Rules 40 and 41." The language of this document may perhaps be open to question, but it is difficult for any one not acquainted with all the circumstances to form an opinion. Mr. HARRISON, at once gracefully putting the cap upon his own head, wrote a letter to the Secretary as to which there can be no question at all. The Committee very properly described it as one of which they could not take any official cognizance. Mr. HARRISON, however, continued to attack the Committee in a series of letters, and charged them with having "assumed the position of a schoolmaster dictating to a parcel of boys, and not that of managers of a commercial undertaking appointed by the members of such undertaking." A club is certainly not a school, though, if the Constitutional Club were a school of good manners, it would have been none the worse for Mr. HARRISON. But neither is a club a purely commercial undertaking, pecuniary profit not being the object with which it is conducted. Mr. HARRISON seems to have suspected that members of the Committee were making a commission out of the tradesmen's bills, and that the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY was reduced by his notorious indigence to eke out a precarious livelihood by lending more books than were required for the library-table. Mr. HARRISON having issued a writ against the Committee, the Committee called a special meeting of the Club for the consideration of the whole subject. This meeting Mr. HARRISON sought to restrain by injunction; but of course he failed. When it assembled he had nothing to say, or at all events he said nothing, and the meeting requested the Committee to expel him. The plaintiff's counsel argued that the Committee had sat as judges in their own case; but to this Mr. Justice KAY replied that they had acted merely as agents of the Club. It is preposterous that the invaluable time of the Courts should be wasted by miserable trivialities like this motion of Mr. HARRISON'S. If a man cannot get on with anybody else, it may, no doubt, be everybody else's fault. But for that there is no remedy in this imperfect world, and the High Court of Justice has something better to do than to set about the vain task of finding one.

THE SITUATION.

MR. O'BRIEN'S "peaceful errand"—as he described his attempt to "raise" HER MAJESTY's Canadian subjects against HER MAJESTY's representative in Canada—has been at once more peaceful and more turbulent in its results than he can have desired. That is to say, it has failed altogether as a campaign against Lord LANSDOWNE, and led only to breaking of heads among the Irish Canadians themselves. There has been peace where Mr. O'BRIEN went to stir up war, and war where he would greatly have preferred peace. His failure in the former respect has been quite remarkable—more signal even than the most confident of his opponents in this country had anticipated. Even in Quebec, in which English and Imperial as opposed to alien and Separatist instincts cannot be regarded as particularly powerful, the Irish agitator only succeeded in obtaining a noticeably frigid *succès d'estime*—such enthusiasm as was manifested having been quite patently supplied to order, and not proving to be in any degree of an infectious character. In Toronto it was expected, even by Mr. O'BRIEN's friends, that he would fail, and he himself, we believe, has admitted the fulfilment of the expectation. Judging by the accounts of the meeting in the Queen's Park, he would have found it difficult to sustain a denial. A meeting of ten thousand persons which has to be kept in order by three hundred police, and which, even so, shows a tendency to resolve itself into a number of independent Donnybrook fairs, can hardly be described as a success, even assuming, which is contrary to all the probabilities of the case, that Mr. O'BRIEN's party got the best of it. So far as we can make out, at least as many men had their crowns cracked for bawling "God save 'Ireland'" as for shouting "Hurrah for LANSDOWNE"; and between the two, at any rate, it is quite certain that Mr.

O'BRIEN was inaudible. The same was the case with Mr. KILBRIDE "of the thousand acres," who was quite unable to obtain a hearing, and who even found that he has quitted his comfortable farmhouse with its loose boxes and lawn-tennis ground only to find himself greeted, after an ocean journey of thousands of miles, by unworthy cries of "Thief! thief! Pay your rent!" And, while this is the sort of reception given to the agitators, the effect of their attacks upon the GOVERNOR-GENERAL appears to be, to put it mildly, of a negative kind. That is to say, when Lord LANSDOWNE goes to the Toronto Theatre, he is received with "an outburst of the wildest enthusiasm, the whole audience rising to their feet, and singing the National Anthem for several minutes." When, again, His Excellency leaves the building, "the horses are taken from his carriage," which is then "drawn by the crowd to Government House, where the GOVERNOR-GENERAL makes a speech thanking the people for their loyalty." We feel sure that none of these last incidents, to say nothing of the still later one of Mr. O'BRIEN's being mobbed and stoned while out walking in the streets of Toronto, can have entered into his original programme; and it might be as well for him to consider whether they do not introduce too important a variation in it to make it worth his while to persist in carrying it out. We should advise him, if we may do so without impertinence, to return at once.

We cannot, however, hold out to him any hopes of finding that the prospects of his cause have improved since he left us. On the contrary, he can look only for a desponding welcome from a party which has now here touched the lowest point of disaster and discredit. The utter failure of the attempt to stir up an agitation against the Crimes Bill has left the English Separatists absolutely without any resource except Parliamentary obstruction, which is naturally becoming every day more difficult to disguise as a legitimate assertion of the rights of the minority. In this conjuncture of circumstances the accident of Mr. GLADSTONE'S advanced age and uncontrollable anxiety lest his career should close before he can break up the United Kingdom is telling upon his party to great disadvantage. They are unable to bide their time, and wait for the chance—rather an "off" one, perhaps, but not to be spoilt on that account—of a revulsion of public opinion in their favour. They must be incessantly trying to make the running without anything in hand to do it with, and irritating a nation which has certainly not changed its mind yet on the subject of the Union by perpetual fidgety attempts to persuade it that it has. Worse tactics than these there could not be, and we are persuaded that there must be more than one occupant of the front Opposition bench who secretly deprecates them. It is hard upon a man who has found salvation in the prime of life to be forced into unwisely precipitate courses merely to suit the convenience of one whom the light has only illuminated on the verge of the political grave. Mr. GLADSTONE'S impatience, in a situation which so obviously suggests a waiting game, is excusable only in a man as old as himself, or in an association as young as the Eighty Club. This distinguished body have indeed shown a spirit which must endear them to their illustrious leader. After a feeble and shortlived attempt to maintain a neutral policy on the Irish question, they have definitely thrown in their lot with the GLADSTONE-PARNELL confederacy, and, having purged themselves of their Unionist members by a resolution in favour of the Repeal policy, they now stand before the world in the glorious position of a "Rump." It is amusing to notice that the section which they have thus driven from their ranks includes the founder of the Club, Mr. ALBERT GREY, and his two principal coadjutors, Sir HENRY JAMES and the present Lord STALBRIDGE. This, however, is only an accidental anomaly, and sinks into insignificance beside the central absurdity of the proceeding. What that amounts to is this; that the Eighty Club, which was "founded" for the promotion of the Liberal cause in the House of Commons and in Parliamentary elections, perceiving that both in the House and at the ballot-boxes the Liberal party is rent in twain by the quarrel over the Union, proposes to promote the Liberal cause by nobly severing itself into two parts along the same line of cleavage. Not only, indeed, do they embrace schism for themselves, but, in so doing, as one of the seceders has caustically pointed out in a letter to the *Times*, they incidentally strike a blow at previous efforts to put an end to it. No Unionist is, we agree with "Seceder," at all likely to listen any longer to Mr. GLADSTONE'S "topic of reunion now that the Club of which he is President, and which is worked in

"intimate connexion with the official organization of his party, has driven sixty Liberals into secession sooner than 'listen to their views even at a dinner-table.' From our own point of view, of course, we are glad enough that the Eighty Club should have played the Roman fool in this particular fashion. But we cannot help commiserating Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN on so untoward an accompaniment of his relapse into the Separatist heresy which he was supposed to have abjured.

But an even more unpleasant commentary on his perversity has been furnished by the well-directed industry of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The extracts from Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's speeches, which Lord RANDOLPH has collected, must surely strike the eye and ear of the amiable back-slidder with a sense of perfect novelty. We cannot but believe that Sir GEORGE must have clean forgotten them when he wrote his now memorable letter, pronouncing against the Crimes Bill. On almost every point in which that measure affects criminal procedure, or restricts the operation of the agitators in Ireland, Lord SPENCER'S Chief Secretary can be summoned as a witness in favour of the legislative policy of the present Government. In so far as it aims at curbing the National League, it is directed against a body whose object Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has described as "the destruction of landlordism, the breaking up of grazing farms by terrorizing the larger tenants, and" (Oh! Sir GEORGE! how could you say such a thing?) "the separation of Great Britain and Ireland." In so far as the Bill will operate to prevent the holding of "violent public meetings under the auspices of men whose object is to disturb the peace and levy blackmail on the farmers," it will be only preventing something which Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has declared that it would be "criminal to allow." In so far as it deals, or may deal, with "a class of articles and speeches which are not made for the purpose of argument, but for the purpose of denunciation, and which are as much a part of the machinery of murder as the sword-cane and the pistol," the measure can equally claim Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S approval. Yet he cherishes the delusion that the Act which he administered dealt only with "crime," and not with what he now calls "politics." He is convinced that the only inconsistency is that of the party whom he is deserting—that he alone is constant in a world of changes.

HUNTING LADIES.

THE hunting season 1886-7—one of the worst, by the way, that has ever been known—has come and gone; for even those packs whose thirst for blood has to be sated by the death of a May fox have by this time ceased from disturbing the vixen in her domestic duties or the dog in his family foraging expeditions. Hunting men may exchange fables at their clubs as to the number of days they have hunted, the number of horses they have ridden, and their promiscuous deeds of daring and enterprise. Hunting ladies may restore their battered complexions as best they can, and may rest and be thankful if some discoloration of the epidermis is the worst damage that has befallen them. For of a truth it is marvel and mystery how any of them who try to cross country in pursuit of hounds escape death or disfigurement; small wonder that so many meet with fearful or fatal accidents. Formerly very few ladies attempted to ride to hounds, and for those who thus ventured, the steadiest, most perfectly trained hunters were hardly esteemed good enough. Nowadays, in the fashionable countries at least, there are nearly as many habits as coats in the field. Said a Meltonian on the evening of his arrival at headquarters to a friend just returned from the chase, "Who was out to-day?" "Oh! a hundred and fifty women and a few men," was the reply. A-hunting they will go; and if the husband or father or brother or lover, or whoever the responsible male may be, is too poor, or too ignorant, or too indolent, or does not care to mount them properly, then they will go a-hunting on anything that is hired, borrowed, or otherwise provided. It is the thing to do, and it must be done. Nor does the fact (as is often the case) that they are absolutely without skill or knowledge of the very serious business they undertake for one moment act as a deterrent. A lady who has ridden over two or three sheep hurdles, or once or twice jumped what is known as a little "cock-fence" in a light plough country, will get up full of the courage born of ignorance, and gaily announce her intention of "having a go" over High Leicestershire, for no earthly reason except that she happens to be on a visit in the neighbourhood. She has brought her habit, possibly her horse, who may never have made practical acquaintance with timber, or seen a real binder-fence in his life—but who's afraid? "I shall follow you to-day; I hear you are such a wonderful rider," she says to some cut-and-thrust youth, whose appearance she admires, and whose fame as a bruiser has reached her ears. The dauntless sportsman

feels his heart sink into his boot-heels as he meditates whether he had better give up riding for the day, or chance a severe reprimand from a coroner's jury. Chivalrously deciding on the latter course he announces himself flattered, and, as a salve to his conscience, resolves to give her the slip as soon as they find.

Vain self-delusion! He may plunge with hounds as he will into the miry fastnesses of Owsten Wood, thinking that he may there elude her vigilance; she has made up her mind to stick to him, and stick to him she does, till they break away—say, on the Marefield side. As luck will have it, the first two or three obstacles are easily negotiable, after which a couple of gates come in handy, and then at the end of a long stretch of grass slightly up-hill looms before them the black outline of a fence cut and laid four years ago, inclining rather away from a big hairy ditch, and the thorns set outwards in a *chevaux de frise* as only a Midland hedger can set them. As he nears it, the cavalier looks back over his shoulder, hoping against hope that the pace, though by no means great, may have shaken off the fair dame or damsel. To his despair, he sees his worst fears realized. Fifty yards behind, with a loose rein and a looser seat, tittupy-flop, tittupy-flop, she is coming along over the choking ridge and furrow, as hard as she knows how, her horse none the better for his trial trip through Owsten Sloughs, very much blown, and rather excited. The man gets over cleverly enough, shouting, as he sets his horse going, "Don't come; gate lower down!" He might as well talk to the winds; with a face of vacuous unconcern at it she comes, and—let us hope her steed may stop short or whip round, causing her no greater discomfort than is afforded by a temporary seat on his neck or a gentle drop on to the green sward—otherwise, there may be the crash and struggle in the deep ditch, iron-shod hoofs trampling on frail limbs, or a frightened horse rising from a heavy fall, dragging after him the shrieking rider, whose patent habit is warranted to open, tear, rip, or do everything but what it does—namely, hold on to the pommel like a grappling-iron.

It is a fearsome sight—ah, me!

A thing to shudder at, not to see.

This is no exaggerated sketch, though we have been dealing with the novice or quasi-novice in an exceptionally strong country; yet such incidents are unfortunately, of by no means unfrequent occurrence. There are of course a great many ladies in all parts of England who do know how to hold a horse together, and how to put him at his fences, though very few (perhaps luckily) can really make him gallop, and most old hunting men could count on the fingers of one hand the women he has known who were capable of taking a line of their own, and whose safety did not depend far more upon their horse's instinct in avoiding scrapes or on his cleverness in extricating himself from them than on their own coolness or judgment. It is true that this latter remark applies equally to the majority of men; but how heavily handicapped, as compared with men, are even the best of the ladies when they come to encounter the rough chances of the chase! A side-saddle must, as its name implies, be always more or less one-sided arrangement; it is necessarily girthed too tight to allow fair play to the animal's heart and lungs, and the balance-strap is but a poor substitute for the natural counterpoise of a man's position on horseback. The third pommel, too, gives a false grip; and, though it saves many a *voluntary*, it also prevents a woman being flung clear of her horse when an irretrievable blunder on his part makes it most desirable that the pair should dissolve partnership with neatness and despatch—so over they come together in that worst of all possible croppers, a "mixed fall."

To the habit we have before referred. It appears that to sit properly (and what woman would not risk her life for so great a cause?), as well as for warmth and for being weather-proof, the skirt must be made of stout material; and, though various ingenious and expensive arrangements have been devised whereby the wearer and garment are to be simultaneously freed in the event of a hang-up—arrangements which seem invariably to fail at the time of need—few ladies seem to have adopted the simple expedient of having the skirt fastened at the waist to a band so dimly that it must tear at once under a strain, and, except in the case of an accident such as we have described, there is small chance of any strain at all. The worst that could then happen would be that the fair one would be left on the ground in a shell jacket, and this is exactly what usually takes place, only not until she has been dragged half across a field, and the skirt is rent away by sheer weight and violence. Of course when the danger is over there remains the absurdity of the situation. Not many years ago a story (probably untrue) was going the round of hunting circles, of a lady who, having been thus dragged, and then left like a dismounted dragoon in a wet furrow, being happily uninjured, but very much ashamed, called pitifully on the first man who came to the rescue to take off his coat and cover her up. He—*preux chevalier silen fût*—at once divested himself of his scarlet, and carefully wrapped it round her neck and shoulders, which was—well, not exactly what she wanted. Of safety stirrups which never open except at the wrong moment it is unnecessary to speak; for in this respect the ladies are no worse off than the men, who have taken to furnishing their saddles with patent bars, which cheerfully free the leather at a fence, or in the middle of a field, or indeed under any circumstances save those for which they were designed. Ungenerous as the statement may sound, the truth is that women would do wisely and well to abstain from attempting to ride to hounds at

all—except, perhaps, in very lightly-enclosed countries. It may be laid down as an axiom, which no hunting man will gainsay, that any one who habitually jumps fences must of necessity have a certain number of falls, however well he or she may be mounted, or however expert and resolute in saddle. We have endeavoured to show that under the existing fashion of her equipment, no woman can have half the chance which a man has of falling clear and of escaping injury. The ladies' peril is, therefore, double that of the men, without taking into account the very important fact that masculine anatomy is by far the better fitted to endure rude shocks and rough usage.

Nevertheless, as our fair friends will undoubtedly continue to hunt, despite all warning, they will surely pardon us for pointing out how they may lessen their own danger and the very great and natural apprehension of their friends. *Imprimis*, ladies should be always well mounted, or should never be allowed to take part in the fray. No horse can possibly be too good for them. Difficult as it always is to adjust a side-saddle properly, it becomes an impossibility when the animal which is to wear it is deficient either in shoulders, back, or ribs; and he must be thoroughly competent and accustomed to compete over the class of fences wherewith the selected county is divided. Every lady should have a pilot, who will make her safe conduct his primary care, who can keep out of a crowd, can pick the best places, avoiding trees on the near side, overhanging boughs and "corners" generally, and who can swing, push, or hold gates with dexterity. Above all, he must not be her groom. The liveried varlet who careers over the fields in front of his mistress, knowing nothing and caring less about the courtesies and etiquette of hunting, is a loathsome abomination in the sight of all men. Granted these few, simple, and usually unattainable conditions, it is not impossible that a lady may during a few seasons and while her nerve lasts enjoy comparative immunity from the graver accidents which now so constantly befall the sex in the pursuit of what even the enthusiast Jorrocks never alluded to as the sport of—Queens.

"In one respect he hopes he is sensitive"; he never, never will desert Mr. Gladstone or use strong language. But he is not likely—"he who has spent his youth in fighting against privilege in high places"—to be sensitive in any other sense. Now, really, Sir George, this is worse than the sacrifices. Here is a man who distinctly belongs to the privileged classes himself, who has had every advantage of birth, education, fortune inherited and acquired, who was almost "cradled into Parliament," who has been allowed to be one of the clever boys of a party for twenty years, and who talks as Mr. Burt or Mr. Broadhurst might talk about "struggles with privilege," and puts his finger in his eye about the "expressions" with which people "choose to describe" the political conduct of their adversaries. This extraordinary flabbiness displays itself throughout the speech. Sir George is dreadfully angry and vexed because the Liberal Unionists have made their hands keep their heads. They should have "relied on their powerful abilities [only without using them], on their stainless character [only without caring how stained was the character of those whom they let alone], on their deep and immutable convictions" (the depth and immutability being, of course, calculated to the standard of Sir George Trevelyan as evinced, say in the Liskeard and Eighty Club speeches combined and compared), instead of which they go about, giving it to Gladstonians over the face and eyes, to Sir George's "infinite regret." The good Sir George is not of the opinion of Mr. Browning's man, "While God's champion lives, Wrong shall be resisted." Oh dear, no! While God's champion lives he should occupy himself in regretting infinitely that other champions will say "serious things" of the Evil One, and in relying on his powerful abilities and his stainless character.

But it is quite unnecessary for us to take up the cudgels against Sir George for his late friends the Liberal Unionists, who are perfectly capable of fighting their own battles. We shall only select the exquisite description of the Liberal Unionist peers as "these noblemen who are so bitter against the men to whom they ought by every tradition of English political life to be so indulgent." Indeed? It is the tradition of English politics, is it? to be "so indulgent" to men whom you honestly believe (and Sir George does not, we think, charge the Liberal Unionists with dishonesty) to be leaguing themselves with the enemies of the State in order to inflict on the State a deadly and ruinous injury? It is the tradition of English politics not to be "bitter" against those who are allied with persons whom they themselves "reasonably suspected of treasonable practices" a very short time ago, in order to obstruct the work of Government and of legislation, to protect poor humble people who murder and rob and outrage, and to disturb a settlement which they themselves solemnly upheld as final but the other day? Neither need we take much note of what Sir George kindly prescribes as the course of conduct which the Unionists ought to have followed, or of his indictment against the Conservatives. Our withers at least are unwrung by his comments on the dropping of the Crimes Bill, and, as we consistently opposed Lord Salisbury's policy in that matter, we can say with the greater authority that Sir George's attempt to prove an alliance between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Parnell is altogether futile, and for a politician who relies so much on powerful ability and stainless character a little surprising. But it is more germane to our present purpose to dwell on another curious little passage, the passage in which Sir George bewails the "policy of exasperation" now pursued towards Ireland. His melting mood rather recalls that of the elder Mr. Easy when Jack dismissed "his murderer." Sir George is almost ripe for weeping over the policy of exasperation pursued towards the murderers and the abettors of murder, the rent-robbers and the abettors of rent-robbing, the Moonlighters and the abettors of Moonlighting, the boycotters and the abettors of boycotting. "Don't exasperate them; oh! don't" is his cry. Now we for our parts have a very distinct preference for a policy which regards *messieurs les assassins* as persons to be exasperated, and we think that most honest men (except Sir George, who is undoubtedly an honest man) agree with us. And we might, if we cared for mere tit-for-tat, point out that, while Sir George is so frantically anxious that the Parnellites should not be exasperated, he takes credit to himself, in a long and by no means relevant digression of the same speech, for exasperating the Orangemen—so oddly does one inconsistency lead to another in politics.

But of this digression, and of Sir George's quarrel with Mr. Goschen as to the death or life of the old Liberal party, and of other such things, we have no room to speak, for we must hasten to that summing up of the present state of Sir George Trevelyan's mind which we promised. He has given us so many pieces of it in the last few weeks, that even inexperienced geographers might draw up a very tolerable map. To vary the metaphor, we are sadly afraid that Sir George has gone "soft," as a North-countryman would say. His imagined battle with privilege in high places has been, in fact, simply a floating with the tide for twenty years. If he played a little at being in front of his party or beside his party on the County Franchise question, that was only being a little more in fashion than "the other fashionables," and involved nothing very terrible. A career of this kind—a career in which a man thinks he is doing hard work against the stream, while he is in reality rowing with it—is the very worst preparation in the world for a really tough pull through and against troubled waters. The tough pull has come, and Sir George is not equal to it. Accustomed for years to be towed comfortably, if

MORE LAST WORDS FROM SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN.

IT is impossible to say what may be the feelings of a party so hard up for respectable spokesmen as the Gladstonian party; but we should be inclined, on general principles, and putting ourselves (only metaphorically, thank God!) in their place, to think that Gladstonians might be as well pleased if Sir George Trevelyan did not make quite so many apologies. His first backsiding gave them whatever advantage could accrue; and he has since been diligently occupied in demonstrating that, as a recruit, he is of about equally little value to either party. In private life men have a just dislike of some one who is always explaining; and Sir George Trevelyan produces an explanation, if not punctually every week, at any rate whenever he is invited to a public or semi-public meeting where there are or are not reporters present. Perhaps he will some day collect these remarks in a volume as *Mes Agonies*, or "Wails of a Wanderer," or something of that kind. They will then have a psychological interest, which is, on the whole, wanting to them as actual political addresses. There were many funny things in his speech to the Eighty Club, but perhaps the funniest was his opening thanks for mercies received in the shape of "an opportunity of saying what he thinks." Heaven bless us all! why Sir George has been taking or making opportunities of saying what he thinks for some months past; and so many of mankind as concern themselves about the matter have come to the conclusion that he does not quite know. There was the first burst of Gladstonian reconciliation at the Devonshire, and then the apparent return to Unionist orthodoxy at Liskeard, and then the relapse in the letter to the people of Aberdeen, and now the protestation of persistence in that relapse at the Eighty Club, together with not a few minor manifestoes, explanations, postscripts, post-postscripts, and so forth, and even more recently the address at Manchester. We really cannot remember any recent occasion on which a person tolerably well accustomed to public speaking and writing has had so many "opportunities," and has availed himself of them so promptly. If we do not all of us know what Sir George thinks, it must be because he does not know himself.

We shall endeavour to draw as accurate a map of the state of that dark continent—Sir George's mind—as we can presently; but, to begin with, we may note a few scattered "thinks" which unmistakably do occupy a place in it. One thing is very clear—that Sir George is very sore at what people have said of him. The plaint about hot water, the groans from Bulicame, have grown so fainter with a few more weeks of the warm fluid. Sir George was touching in describing his scalding to the Unionists of Liskeard; he is still more touching in describing it to the Gladstonians of the Eighty Club who have made "sacrifices" (we really wish he would tell us what they are) for Liberalism. When a man talks of the sacrifices which a knot of prosperous young barristers and members of Parliament have made in belonging to a party which has had by far the greatest share of patronage for forty or fifty years, and in setting up a convivial Club to celebrate a general election which seemed likely to begin another reign of prosperous and profitable Liberalism, he gives evidence of a state of mind which is neither particularly clear nor particularly robust. But Sir George protests against the imputation of "sensitivity,"

at varying lengths, by Mr. Gladstone's bark, sometimes slipping the tow-rope for a minute and going on with the stream, sometimes close up to his leader, it is dreadful to him to find himself loose and trusting only to his own oars. He tried it for a little; but the whirl of waters has been too much for him, and he is begging for the tow-rope again. This "softness" betrays itself in all his speeches and in all of each of them. This whimpering about "strong language," this maunding about the "bitter" words of the wicked noblemen who ought to be "so indulgent" to the Gladstone-Parnell alliance, this "infinite regret" over the spectacle of a set of stout fighters who say, "We believe this, and we will fight to the political death against those who do not believe it"—all betoken a thoroughly demoralized mind—a very amiable one, no doubt, and a very accomplished, but one unstable, weak, "soft." We should not be surprised if that picture of what Sir George Trevelyan would have liked the Liberal Unionists to do—that is to say, to do nothing, but to rely on their powerful ability, &c.—were to become historical. It is one of the most striking expressions possible of a kind of political cant which has been talked a good deal of late years by Mr. Gladstone and others, though Mr. Gladstone, to do him justice, takes very good care not to behave in such a fashion when he is himself concerned. Did Sir George—Sir George, who at least should know history—ever hear of a cause that won by posturing with powerful abilities and stainless characters and all the rest of it, and letting the other side act? We know of none. Sir George Trevelyan's dictum is hardly an improvement on that traditional one of a certain very celebrated Englishman respecting whom Lord Salisbury said pleasantly the other day that his and Mr. Goschen's opinion might differ. "Trust in your powerful abilities and your stainless character, but don't, oh! don't keep your powder dry," is Sir George's maxim; "Bolt, Chester, bolt! back, Stanley, back!" are his words—almost, we fear, his last dying words as a politician, unless some marvellous revivification takes place in him.

M. DELAUNAY.

"IS it possible? Has Delaunay really left the stage? Such a young man too!" Yes, dear sir, there is no doubt about it this time. His *représentation de retraite* took place on Monday last, and the popular Sociétaire de la Comédie Française, the actor who more than any other member of the troupe seemed to be identified with the *Maison de Molière*, has retired into private life. He did his best to do so four years ago; but one evening, just before the final step was taken, a Minister walked into the greenroom, and fastened on to his coat that bit of red ribbon so dear to Frenchmen, and which no actor, as an actor, has ever had conferred on him before. They were playing—we will suppose by accident—Musset's comedy *Il ne faut Jurer de Rien*, with, of course, Delaunay in the part of Valentin; and when, at the end of the piece, his uncle, Van Buck, exclaims "Mon neveu, il ne faut jurer de rien," the nephew, in all the glory of his new decoration, had to submit to a personal application of the words, which was probably neither unexpected nor ungrateful. But no second decoration can be invented now; no solicitation has proved sufficiently powerful to make him change his determination; and he has resolutely left the stage at the very height of his reputation, and, we might almost say, in the very bloom of his youth. Perhaps he is right. He always had a horror of outliving his powers, as other actors had done, and we have frequently heard him say, "Je serai plus sage que les autres." No doubt he felt that even his youth was not immortal; that some day his sixty years and more would make themselves unpleasantly apparent; and that he might be compelled to take refuge in older parts for which he had no taste. Delaunay in an old man's beard and moustache would be no longer the Delaunay who had won the favour of the Parisian public as a gay and dashing youngster. He would be forced, so to speak, to begin his career over again, and in a new line he ran the risk of failure.

The facts of M. Delaunay's life with which a biographer need concern himself can easily be told in a short paragraph. He was born in Paris in March 1826. His father—the proprietor of a wine-shop—wished his son to succeed him in his business; but, finding that his vocation for the stage was too strong to be contradicted, allowed him to enter the Conservatoire. After two years' instruction in the class presided over by M. Provost, he obtained an engagement, without saying a word to anybody, at the Théâtre du Gymnase, where he appeared in March 1845, under the pseudonym of Ernest. This, his first appearance on any stage, was of short duration. After three nights—either because the piece failed, or because he was thought insufficiently instructed, he was advised to return to the Conservatoire. Finally, on the 28th November in the same year, he appeared, under his own name, at the Odéon, as Damis, in *Tartufe*. During the three years spent there he played a very large number of parts—a varied experience which was no doubt of the greatest service to him subsequently—but for the most part in plays of the day which have been long since forgotten. It is, however, interesting to note that occasionally he was employed on better things, and that so early as 1846 he played Dorante, in *Le Menteur*—perhaps the finest of all his impersonations in the older *répertoire*. His success seems at first to have been only moderate; but towards the end of

1846 a five-act comedy, by Méry, was given, called *L'Univers et la Maison*. A few days afterwards Théophile Gautier, in an article on the piece, announced that "an unknown young man, called Delaunay, has shown himself to be the most accomplished *jeune premier* on the stage." From that time his success was assured; and in 1848 he passed to the Comédie Française, where he appeared (25th April) as Valère, in *L'Ecole des Maris*, and on the following day as Dorante, in *Le Menteur*.

We do not know what impressions he made at first on the critical audience which usually assembles to discuss a new actor; but their verdict could hardly have been adverse, for before long we find him entrusted with an important part in a new piece, and in 1850 he was elected *sociétaire*. It was a wise step; for no doubt Delaunay, with the grace of nature which he had not yet developed into the grace of art, had given abundant proofs of future excellence. At the same time we know that he did not achieve that excellence without unremitting labour. To the last he was a most severe critic of himself, and was never satisfied till he had touched and retouched his own conception of a character—like a painter working on a picture—and had become, down to the minutest detail, *le personnage du rôle*. It was a wise step on other grounds as well, for the Comédie never had a more devoted servant. As Regnier most truly said of him, "Delaunay, c'est le devoir même." He was proud of his Theatre; proud of it to the extent of declining again and again to take part in movements for the correction of its defects. Nor had he any ambition for achieving a reputation independently of the Comédie. We believe that he never played on any other stage except on the two occasions when the Comédie came to London.

In estimating the qualities by which Delaunay maintained his position as "le premier des jeunes premiers" for nearly forty years, we must note, in the first place, his delicious voice, and a delivery which even the most captious of critics used to point to as a model. It was rapid and natural, yet so distinct that not a syllable was lost; and he knew how to mark the cadence of verse, and of the rhythmical prose of writers like Alfred de Musset, without ever becoming monotonous. Secondly, he had at his command youth, gaiety, and grace in a measure which no actor of our time has been able even to approach. Youth, we shall be told, is not a quality; it is a gift of nature. No doubt it is; but how many young actors have failed miserably when they have tried to play young parts! When M. Voluy, at twenty, played Fortunio in *Le Chandelier*, he did not look as young as Delaunay, who was then fifty-two. It sounds a paradox, but it is none the less true, that Delaunay grew younger as he grew older. In other words, his matured powers enabled him to reproduce on the stage the walk, the gestures, the diction, of a young man with more complete success than an immature actor who had only youth and good looks to help him, and who did not know how to make the most of either.

In those brilliant types of youthful libertinism which Corneille, Molière, and Marivaux loved to create, Delaunay was simply incomparable. He lacked the particular distinction of Bressant; he could never have played a middle-aged roué; but, instead, he had all the courtly graces of Versailles. He could invest a Valère, or a Horace, or a Dorante, with a careless, high-bred elegance and an irresistible charm. The severest of fathers could not long be angry with a lover who looked so bewitching, and who pleaded for forgiveness with an affectation of regret, a mock pathos, which seemed for a moment to be real. With these impersonations may be classed his Marquis de Saverne in *Marion de Lorme*, and his Duc de Richelieu in *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*. Of this latter part he gave a new and most agreeable reading. By comparing the date of Richelieu's birth with that of the fall of the Dubois Ministry, which is mentioned in the play, he discovered that Richelieu could not have been more than twenty-five years old when the action is supposed to take place. As Delaunay read the character the piece might have been called *La Jeunesse de Richelieu*. He invested that prince of roués with a young man's grace and a young man's thoughtlessness. The wager became a piece of *étoquerie*, to be heartily repented of afterwards; and never did that matchless voice throw deeper pathos into words than when the Duke exclaimed to Mme. de Prie:—"Il y va, madame, de la vie d'un des plus galants gentilshommes de France, et c'est vous qui le tue si je n'arrive pas à temps."

In modern parts, to our thinking, he was hardly so uniformly successful. It is easy to name certain characters which could not have been better played than he played them—as, for instance, the Duc d'Aléria, in *Le Marquis de Villemer*, or Raoul, in *L'Etincelle*, or Paul, in *La Cigale chez les Fourmis*; but, as a general rule, the gaiety and grace which were so remarkable when he played in costume were not equally apparent when he put on modern dress. His Gaston de Presles, in *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, was commonplace when compared with the rendering of M. Bressant, and his Olivier de Jalin, in *Le Demi-Monde*, would not bear comparison with the original creation of Dupuis. We must except, however, his Daniel Rochat, in M. Sardou's play of the same name. He had to impersonate an earnest, Radical deputy of thirty-five at least, in a play which, powerful as it is, is singularly wanting in dramatic interest. But Delaunay rose to the occasion; and presented so interesting a conception of a somewhat repulsive character that he saved the piece from a cabal organized against it, and carried it triumphantly through a run of fifty nights.

In one particular Delaunay has been singularly fortunate. He runs no danger of being forgotten, as even the most popular actors may be, for his name will be for ever associated with the literature

of his country as the interpreter of Alfred de Musset. The curious circumstances which led to the representation of *Un Caprice* in 1847, told at length by Paul de Musset in his biography of his brother, need not be repeated here. The success of that elegant trifle induced the Comédie to explore the works of the poet further, and in 1850 Delaunay appeared as Fortunio, in *Le Chandelier*. The attempt was audacious, but fortune favours the bold. As the sensitive, poetic boy-lover of eighteen, who approaches his mistress with trembling steps, and finally faints at her feet, Delaunay revealed a mastery over his art which he has rarely equalled, and never surpassed. We have often seen him play the part in later years, and can bear witness to the consummate beauty of the impersonation. *Le Chandelier* was succeeded by *Les Caprices de Marianne* (1851), *Il ne faut Jurer de Rien* (1855), *On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour* (1861), *Fantasio* (1866), and, lastly, *La Nuit d'Octobre* (1868). Of these delightful plays—in all of which Delaunay played a prominent part—the best known and the most popular is assuredly *On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour*. The part of the hero, Perdicar, is in some respects more difficult than any of the others, because it demands the brightness of youth and hope at the opening, succeeded by the deepest pathos at the close. But Delaunay could express passionate sorrow with the same truthfulness as gaiety and love. When he fell on his knee and uttered the prayer, "Je vous en supplie, mon Dieu, ne faites pas de moi un meurtrier ! Nous sommes deux enfants insensés, et nous avons joué avec la vie et la mort," the audience held their breath, divided between terror and admiration.

It was perhaps in consequence of this success that Delaunay was induced to attempt more than one part of serious interest—as, for instance, in the *Paul Forestier* of Emile Augier. He was too clever an artist to fail; but it must be confessed that he was not wholly successful when he ventured into the regions of melodrama. Nor was his *Hernani*, which he felt it his duty to play when the piece was revived in 1865, more than a *succès d'estime*. Passages in it were admirably given; but, as a whole, it was felt to be a waste of his special gifts. An inferior artist might easily have played it with greater effect.

M. Delaunay carries with him into private life the regrets of the public and the esteem of his friends, and we wish him many a long year of well-earned repose in his retreat at Versailles.

LENDING FROM THE BODLEIAN.

THE venerable Congregation of the University of Oxford has resolved without a division that "it is expedient to amend the provisions of the statute *De Bibliotheca Bodleiana* so far as relates to the lending of books and manuscripts." The existing statute uses the word *mutuari*. This means in Latin to borrow something of which an equivalent—not the thing itself—is to be returned, such as money or articles of immediate consumption. It is, therefore, not an apt term to signify the lending of books which are to be specifically returned. The Latin word which should have been used is *commodare*. Such a blunder in Latinity is alone enough in a seat of learning to call for amendment of some kind. It is a strange irony of fate that this monstrosity has disfigured the statutes of the University of Oxford for fourteen years without remark. And the blunder is a particularly unfortunate one, as suggesting not only that the University is sadly to seek in its Latin, but that it is disposed to deem one book or manuscript about as good as another. A second fatal blot on the existing statute is that it purports to authorize the Curators to lend books and MSS. to learned persons according to previous usage—*sicut mos fuit*. Now Professor Chandler has shown, in his published *Remarks on the Practice and Policy of Lending Bodleian Books and Manuscripts*, that the practice in existence when the statute of 1873 was passed was of only about ten years' standing, and that its legality was at best exceedingly doubtful. Probably the words *sicut mos fuit* were meant by the then Curators to kill two birds with one stone, to give a retrospective sanction to the acts already done, and to make similar acts lawful in the future. In modest brevity certainly these words could not be excelled. Whether they were apt and sufficient for the purposes mentioned, or either of them, it is unnecessary to consider; the more so, inasmuch as the Curators have in any case exceeded their authority under the statute by delegating to the Librarian a discretion conferred not upon him, but upon the Curators, and conferred without any power of delegation.

Accordingly the statute must be amended. It is true the learned and genial Professor of Chinese would fain leave well alone. To him it is very well, for he now takes out the Chinese MSS. he wants for the use of his class, and he is not bound to trouble himself about doubts of legality, or worse than doubts of Latinity, *quia non est de sua facultate*. But amendment is resolved upon; the next question is, in what direction? The form of statute which has been promulgated, and which represents the wishes of a majority of the Curators, would enable the Curators, by a majority of two-thirds in a meeting of not less than six, to lend out any book or MS., and Bodley's Librarian to lend out printed books to resident graduates approved by the Curators, subject to qualifications to which we shall return. This is opposed on the broad ground that the Bodleian is, and always has been, a library of reference, and that a library of reference cannot at the same time be a lending library. The British Museum Library is

a library of reference, and will make no exception for any cause whatever. The Cambridge University Library is, for better or worse, a lending library, to the great convenience of many graduates who borrow books, and to the no small inconvenience of at least some graduates who, being unable to count on getting in their own library what they want, find it better in the long run to come up to London and work in the British Museum. It is now proposed to make the Bodleian a sort of *tertium quid* by a system of qualified lending. In our opinion the proposed qualifications and safeguards are both invidious and inadequate. They are invidious in that they would create a privileged class of borrowers defined by the discretion of the Curators; they are inadequate because there is really no other definition either of what shall be lent or of the grounds on which loans are to be granted.

Take the Librarian's proposed discretion first; he is to be empowered to lend printed books for the purpose of study to resident graduates approved by the Curators, so that the books be not rare nor costly. This makes the Librarian the sole judge of rarity and cost, matters on which it is quite possible for experts to err. A certain student has been for ten years looking for a copy of an eighteenth-century book not described in Lowndes, or elsewhere that he knows of, as rare, and he has not yet met with one. Shall Bodley's Librarian lend out this book if the statute be passed, or not? Again, how is the Librarian to know whether a book is really wanted for the purpose of study? and how can the Curators refuse approval to any resident graduate who professes to be a student, and is not notoriously unfit to be trusted with books? All precautions of this kind inevitably become common forms, and the privilege inevitably tends to expand into a common right. The use of the British Museum Reading-room is in theory limited to students; but it has long been found impossible to require any real evidence of serious literary purpose; and the Bodleian Curators would soon resign themselves, with or without a good grace, to accepting the titular evidence of learning afforded by a degree in arts. The Curators may further, according to the proposal, grant specific loans at their discretion, but with a reservation as to books which are to be highly esteemed on the ground of antiquity, rarity, costliness, beauty, or—here we must preserve the delicious vagueness of the original—"aliam denique praestantiorem ob notam." Books in the reserved category are to go out only with the consent of Convocation, i.e. by a special act of University legislation. It seems that the estimation of a book would always be at the mercy of two-thirds of a meeting of Curators; the safeguard is therefore illusory. Perhaps, indeed, it was the intention of the framers of the statute that the Curators should make general regulations or standing orders, and thereby declare certain books and classes of books to be reserved. If so, they have not expressed it. They have not even indicated any intention that common books of reference should not be lent out. Not a word in this draft would prevent the Curators from authorizing the Librarian to lend out Liddell and Scott's Lexicon. It could not be refused "ob antiquitatem"—it is a modern book; nor "raritatem"—it is current in the market; nor "preium"—it is not a cheap book, but is not costly as dictionaries go; nor "speciem"—for, though very well printed, it is not a show book. Must the fact of being a dictionary be lumped in under "aliam denique praestantiorem ob notam"? Again, there is no distinction whatever in this proposal (as there has been none in the practice now under revision) between printed books and MSS. Considering that Cambridge, which lends out its printed books quite freely, requires a special Grace of the Senate (equivalent to a decree of Convocation at Oxford) before any MS. can go, and the fixed practice is to recommend such loans only on the terms of the borrower giving security, this is a little surprising. And the very persons who think this kind of draftsmanship good enough for the protection of the Bodleian affect to be in great indignation at the supposition that such eminent and learned persons as the Curators can possibly be ignorant or remiss. We may be assured, they say, the Curators will do all things well. We trust the University will be assured; and, that it may be assured, we hope it will bethink itself more than once before it grants any such powers as these. It is said that no great harm has come of the existing practice. But the existing statute and the practice under it have been obscure and limited in operation. If the new statute passes, there will be no lack of borrowers.

Further, we do not believe that any skill of draftsmanship, or any regulations that can be made either by the human Curators who exist or the supra-legal, supra-grammatical, and altogether superhuman Curators we are invited to believe in, can make an effectual compromise between a library of reference and a library of circulation. And we can see no excuse whatever for lending ordinary printed books out of the Bodleian. Oxford is very well provided with other libraries for common use. Every college has its own; and the Union Society, to which most members of the University belong, has an excellent circulating library. It is also quite easy for Oxford residents to be members of the London Library if they choose, and we believe that a good many are; certainly many country members of the London Library find it useful at much greater distances. As to printed books which are not ordinary, they are, on principle, in the same plight with MSS. As to MSS., we think that, if they should be lent out at all (which we gravely doubt), it should be only on strict and clearly defined conditions as to their safe custody and return—conditions of which the promoters of the statute seem never to have heard. But the processes of photographic reproduction have been so much improved of late years that all interests may ere

long be reconciled by furnishing at a moderate cost facsimiles which will be as useful as the original for everything but the finest paleographic scrutiny. The minority of cases where such scrutiny is required may be dealt with when they arise. Those in which the student may not as reasonably be expected to come to the MS. as the MS. to go to the student can be only a minority of that minority.

Congregation will have to give the decisive vote on Tuesday the 31st. Amendments to the proposed statute have been moved by Professor Jowett, of which we do not think it needful to criticize the form; in substance they are, to our mind, fully as bad as the official draft, and on some points worse. Another amendment is proposed by the Provost of Queen's, which we hope will be carried, to the effect that no lending at all be permitted without the consent of Convocation.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE revival of the *Merchant of Venice* at the Lyceum has offered the playgoing public a welcome opportunity of once more seeing Mr. Irving in a part which many consider to be the finest of his Shakspearian impersonations. His reappearance as Shylock is also for other reasons interesting. No other character of the Shakspearian drama, with the single exception of Macbeth, has been presented with such novelty and originality of conception by Mr. Irving, and in the excepted case the actor (who, however, had not then, it must be remembered, so complete a command either of his means or his audience) failed to win public acceptance for his theory of his hero's personality. The Shylock never encountered anything like the scepticism with which the Macbeth was received. Strange as was the sensation of sympathizing with the vindictive Jew, the appeal to the sympathies was put with too convincing a dramatic power and too cogently supported, we may add, by the plainest indications of text and plot, to be resisted. Nor, indeed, was resistance attempted. The new Shylock was from the first accepted, not only as a delightful addition to the London playgoer's pleasures, but as a genuine and most instructive contribution to a fuller popular knowledge of the national poet. Mr. Irving's own faith in his reading of Macbeth is no less strong, we believe, than it is in his conception of Shylock. He holds it absolutely unshaken by popular incredulity, and when he revives this tragedy, as we trust he will after his return from America, it will be most interesting to watch the result of his second endeavour to convert the public. For reasons above suggested, he will renew the attempt with considerably augmented chances of success.

Mr. Irving's Shylock has shared even more largely perhaps than others of his Shakspearian impersonations in the benefits of that mellowing process which his art has been steadily undergoing with the course of years. It is not only as fine and forcible a performance as ever, but it has improved in the only points in which improvement was possible—in smoothness, evenness, and consistency with itself. The main difficulty in realizing his conception of the character—the difficulty, namely, of combining the prevailing dignity and repose of the unhappy Jew with his liability to outbursts of impotent rage—is no inconsiderable one. There is, of course, nothing really strange in the combination itself, which is indeed normal in Oriental races, whose exterior calm is never anything more than snow on the volcanic summit. The strangeness only exists for Western eyes and ears; but exist it does, and it is no light difficulty to contend with. It was thought in some quarters that in his first representation of the character Mr. Irving was not completely successful in overcoming it. We do not think that the most fastidious critic could say as much now. The two elements of the Jew's nature are compacted together by the welding and fusing processes of the actor's art with consummate skill, and yet without bating a jot of the amount of either. The Shylock of the first scene is not the less impressive in his disdainful dignity, nor the Shylock of the last scene less awe-inspiring in his cold inflexibility, because the Shylock of the scene with Tubal becomes for a few minutes a wildly raving dotard torn by a whirlwind of senile fury which only abates with the exhaustion of the feeble body on which it has expended itself. It is, of course, this scene which really tests the capacities of the actor, and the test is the severer in Mr. Irving's case by reason of his exceptionally elevated conception of the part. Nevertheless, he fairly faces it and triumphantly satisfies it. From the very beginning of this scene he takes so firm a hold on the sympathies of the spectator—the moral tragedy of his lot, so possesses, as it ought so to possess, the minds of his audience, that the purely physical agonizings of his helpless wrath, which otherwise could not but be painful, are unfelt by them. What the wronged and friendless Jew has lost of the dignity of composure he has gained in the dignity of suffering. And it is alike with sound, artistic judgment and evident truth to nature that the full violence of the storms which now and again sweep away Shylock's self-command and self-respect is represented as of extremely short duration. The rage of the injured old man soon exhausts itself, and subsides into the deep sadness of the deserted father and the deadly calm of his meditated revenge upon the representative of the race he has, it must be admitted, such excellent reason to hate. Of both these two latter moods Mr. Irving has no less assured a mastery. It would be hard to

say which is the more profoundly moving in their respective appeals to awe and pity—the "I thank God" (and, again, "in deeper inward murmur"), "I thank God," which burst from him at the news of Antonio's losses, or the delivery of the sorrow-charged words, "No ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders, no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding," and the exquisite touch of human tenderness which follows it in the passage about Leah's ring. There can scarcely be a higher proof of an actor's sway over his audience at a tragic moment than his power of compelling them to accept, without any shock to their dominant emotion, that somewhat startling image of "a wilderness of monkeys." Mr. Irving may justly pride himself on so delivering the words that the universal hush of sympathy is not broken, as many a good Shylock has caused it to be, by a single untimely giggle.

The trial scene has always shown Mr. Irving at his finest, and here he can do no more than maintain his former level of excellence. We find nothing to add to or take away from our remarks on this scene at the first production of *The Merchant of Venice* nearly eight years ago. As for the external side of it, there is the same deadly reptilian repose in his face and bearing, the same horrible stillness and fascination of the rattlesnake. In its inward aspect, in the view which the actor gives us of the precise moral attitude of the Jew in demanding the "penalty and forfeit of his bond," Mr. Irving has succeeded, we think, in adding fresh emphasis to his more sympathetic conception of the part. Nothing could be finer or more subtle than the skill with which we are made to perceive that Shylock, wicked as his resolve appears to his Christian judges and censors, has no moral misgivings of his own. He has come to insist upon a demand of inhuman cruelty; but there is none of the dogged, half-ashamed sullenness with which a Christian plaintiff so situated would have attempted to "brazzen it out." Shylock has nothing to brazen out. "I stand here for law"; and stand here he does, with no forced or cynical assumption of composure, but in the calmness of conscious rectitude. He knows, of course, that public opinion is against him; but it is a public opinion of which he does not recognize the jurisdiction. Besides, it is hypocritical. It is the Christian who has taught the Jew revenge, and he cannot complain of him for "bettering the instruction." Shylock's conscience is, therefore, absolutely at ease; and neither jeers nor execrations move him. He can hardly even comprehend the ground of the appeals addressed to his compassion in derogation of his rights. There is an undertone of surprise in his answer to these solicitations; and when, to the suggestion that he should save his victim from bleeding to death, he asks, "Is it so nominated in the bond?" there is hardly a touch of irony in the question. He even leans a little forward to scan the document in Portia's hand, as though almost seriously to suggest that there must surely be some written warrant for her expecting so extravagant a concession. It is easy, of course, to see how this self-justified attitude of Shylock deepens the tragedy of his defeat. We feel throughout that it is as natural for him to claim his debtor-enemy's life as it is for a Red Indian to take that of his captive; and that he has the same right to justice. In the interests of humanity it may be well to balk him of his penalty by a quibble; but there is no more equity in stripping him of his possessions than there is in harrying a Sioux tribe out of their "reserve."

Of the other performers in the revived *Merchant of Venice* we have left ourselves no space to speak. Mr. Alexander's Bassanio is picturesque and impassioned, though he would do well to be on his guard against a tendency towards a mechanical monotony of pose. Miss Ellen Terry's Portia remains, as it has ever been, as poetic and finely touched a piece of acting as can be seen. We must before concluding protest against Lorenzo's being allowed to dock the beautiful "Sit, Jessica" speech of its three concluding lines. We are not concerned to defend its dramatic appropriateness. Shakespeare sometimes scatters his poetry among his minor characters as indiscriminately as Sheridan did his wit; and the profound beauty of the lines, "Such harmony is in immortal souls," is doubtless as much out of place in the mouth of the feather-headed young gallant who utters them as they are in the ears of the heartless little hussy to whom they are addressed. Still, they are beautiful poetry, and ought to be delivered by somebody, instead of being omitted altogether.

SIGNOR FAZZARI'S LETTER ON THE PAPACY.

THE letter from Signor Fazzari, a member of the Italian Parliament, which has been published in the Florentine *Nazione*, appears to have excited considerable interest among his countrymen, and is reported to have been much discussed in political circles. Nor is that at all to be wondered at. There has for some time past been a growing feeling both in Italy and beyond it, shared by the adherents of nearly all parties, political and religious, that this question of the reconciliation of the Papacy and the Kingdom is fast becoming, if it has not already become, a "burning" one. And Signor Fazzari, who evidently feels strongly on the matter himself, declares emphatically that the moment for decisive action has now arrived. He goes on to explain from what quarter alone that action can emanate. The King cannot himself take the initiative, until he sees a manifest drift of public opinion pointing that way. But the Pope can do so with great

effect, and Italy would be grateful to him for doing it. With him it lies to influence that very large body of national sentiment and national voting power which is favourably disposed towards the Church, but is at present held in check by the Papal veto. If his Holiness would direct the ecclesiastical authorities to support at the elections candidates friendly to the cause of reconciliation, there would be a large majority for it in the next Parliament. Signor Fazzari does not add, what may not improbably have occurred to him and is sure to occur to many of his readers, that there would be a peculiar fitness—and no doubt a peculiar satisfaction to the Pope himself—in making the reconciliation date from what he is observing as a solemn year of Jubilee. Nor does the letter—of which only a summary is before us—appear to enter into any details as to the conditions and methods of the proposed agreement. That there are serious practical difficulties in the way of any plan that has a chance of being accepted is plain enough, the chief of them perhaps being one to which we referred ourselves the other day, as to the security and permanence of any arrangement that might be agreed upon. On the other hand it must be remembered that even a complete restoration of the Temporal Power, as it existed before 1870, if it was effected—which however the extreme ultramontanes hardly profess any longer to think feasible—would have at bottom no better security. A little State of three million inhabitants, interpolated into a kingdom of some thirty millions, and still more the tinier sovereignty of "Rome and a Garden"—which expresses the largest actual hopes of the least reasonable section of *papalini*—could only depend for its security on the forbearance of Italy, or at best on some sort of international guarantee, which again must ultimately rest on a basis of material force. And such external intervention, even were it proffered, the Pope, we are told, would decline to accept. The main difficulty therefore about a concordat with Italy is seen to apply equally to the alternative desired by those who object to any such settlement, even were it otherwise within the range of practical politics. Still it remains true that the difficulties of one method of adjustment are not removed by showing that other methods are beset by similar difficulties; two blacks do not make one white. But as it was said that "there are objections to a *vacuum* and objections to a *plenum*, but one must be true," so also, if there are obvious objections to every scheme for adjusting a serious and deplorable quarrel between parties who ought on every ground to be at peace with each other, it is the business of practical statesmanship to consider what adjustment can be effected with least risk to the various interests concerned. It is apparently in that spirit that Signor Fazzari propounds his suggestion, and it must be the wish of all true friends alike of Italy and of the Papacy that he may be met in the same spirit.

In the meantime it cannot be irrelevant to remind those more directly concerned that the Temporal Power, whatever incidental advantages it may at some periods and under certain circumstances have brought or seemed to bring to the spiritual independence of the supreme Church authority, is not only a separable but a very questionable accident of the Papacy. "It was not so from the beginning," and it only came about very gradually, first through the indifference, and then through the connivance of the Christian Emperors, who, for reasons of their own quite apart from all religious considerations, had removed the seat of government from Rome to Constantinople. Secular power was thus originally thrust on the Popes without their seeking and against their will, because there was practically no other authority on the spot to administer it. The "Donation of Constantine," "that most stupendous of all medieval forgeries,"—still commemorated in the frescoes of St. Silvester's Chapel on the Cælian—is the clumsy invention of partisans who desired four or five centuries afterwards to authenticate what had then become a coveted possession, though it had no legal or historical basis. The Donation of Charlemagne, though its original record has long since perished and its precise terms and extent are involved in doubt, was a reality, and forms the starting-point of the Temporal Power properly so called. But it was certainly not meant to invest the Popes with absolute dominion over the territory of which it assigned them the perpetual usufruct. Nor was it till seven centuries later that they can be said to have acquired a firm grasp of their civil sovereignty; in the form known to modern Europe it dates from the era of the Reformation. And the question inevitably forces itself upon us whether it has, either in the gradual and very contentious process of its acquirement and consolidation, or during the much briefer period of its probable possession, most prejudiced or subversive the spiritual interests of the Papacy? That it has all along proved a chief standing impediment to Italian unity and nationality is clear of course on the face of it. In Milman's words, "Whatever it may have been to Christendom, the Papacy has been the eternal, implacable foe of Italian independence and unity." It never would allow a powerful native kingdom to unite Italy, or any considerable portion of it, under one sceptre. Goths, Lombards, Normans, the House of Aragon, found their deadliest enemies in the Popes, who always summoned to their aid some more remote potentate, generally a worse tyrant than those whom he overthrew, to defend the lands rather than the spiritual interests of the Church. It is true that the blame does not rest altogether on the Popes, and that in the first instance, as we pointed out just now, temporal power was virtually thrust upon them by the withdrawal of the Emperors to the East. But, what at first had

been an unwelcome necessity soon became a cherished object of ambition, and it is impossible not to perceive that their spiritual influence suffered accordingly. Had the Papacy been less tempted or compelled to assume civil as well as ecclesiastical sovereignty, and therefore less involved in political strife and exposed to personal collision with rival temporal monarchies, it might have maintained a far stronger hold on the love and reverence of men, and thus have longer retained unchallenged its religious and moral supremacy over an obedient Christendom. By her jealousy of all rival sovereignties, and by making Italy for centuries a battlefield at once to her own children and to the stranger, Rome not only perilously secularized her own spiritual authority, but taught to others the fatal lesson she had herself almost unconsciously learnt, of confounding the priest with the politician, and the kingdoms of this world with the kingdom of Christ. To take but one typical example; the habitual abuse throughout the middle ages and long afterwards of the spiritual weapons of excommunication and interdict for avowedly and purely temporal ends—the humiliation of a rebellious city or the enforcement of a salt tax—brought its own inevitable nemesis. It gendered not merely contempt and hatred of the Papacy, but disbelief in the highest claims and holiest ministrations of the Church.

It is an immediate sequel from what has been said, and one which cannot fail to impress the mind of a pontiff so upright, so conscientious, and with so strong an historical sense as Leo XIII., that the Temporal Sovereignty had both directly and indirectly a great deal to do with preparing and promoting the Reformation. This was less the case for obvious reasons in England than on the Continent, and moreover the English Reformation exhibits a character and history of its own, which has been variously insisted on for praise or blame, but is anyhow an unquestioned fact. Yet even in England the proverb "*Inglese italiano è un diavolo incarnato*" was current in the sixteenth century, and was translated and metrified by Sir Philip Sidney—a sworn foe of "Papistry"—into:—

An Englishman that is Italianate
Doth lightly prove a devil incarnate.

But throughout Italy, and the Continent generally, the action of the later fifteenth and earlier sixteenth century Popes had served heavily to damage and discredit the great office they held and the sacred institution over which they were called to preside. Their personal vices may or may not have been exaggerated; the latest witness of history seems to point to a verdict of "not proven" as to some of the darker charges; such things at worst chiefly affect the minds of those who come into close contact with them. But the systematic and undisguised, or rather openly proclaimed, misuse by Pope after Pope of his high position for purely secular ends, the deliberate—almost contemptuous—postponement of the spiritual care of Christendom to the aggrandizement and confirmation of their own civil sovereignty—this was a spectacle which provoked as time went on the ridicule, the scorn, and the indignation of the Christian world. The two ablest Popes of that age—neither of them without a certain grandeur of character and aim, in spite of their grave faults—were Alexander VI. and Julius II. And those were the two who did most to build up and establish, as it remained till our own day, the temporal sovereignty of their See. "The fixed idea of Julius II.," says a modern writer, "was to carry on the schemes of territorial aggrandizement which Sixtus IV. had begun and Alexander VI. had so successfully continued . . . he did nothing to raise the Church from its purely secular course of policy." One famous incident in the career of Alexander VI., which would alone have sufficed to stamp his name with infamy and which certainly did much afterwards to alienate Protestant feeling from the Papacy, may supply an apt illustration—the martyrdom of Savonarola. Nothing indeed can be more ridiculous than to claim Savonarola as a precursor of Luther and herald of the Reformation, and there was a grotesque incongruity in placing his statue among others twenty years ago on the pedestal of the Luther Monument at Worms. He was a Catholic and a monk to the backbone, and to the last; on the scaffold he humbly accepted the plenary Indulgence accorded to him by the pontiff who had condemned him to be burnt. But that fact only brings into clearer light the scandal of the papal condemnation. Alexander did not even profess to think that "chattering friar" guilty of heresy, had no objection to his preaching, as long as he confined himself to religious topics, and bore him no personal ill will; he had even offered to make him a Cardinal. What he could not endure was that Savonarola's political preaching should cross his own designs for the enlargement of his earthly kingdom. And as no other means of silencing him could be found, he was condemned to the stake by Papal commissioners for heresy and schism. It is a curious comment on the relations of the temporal and spiritual claims of the Papacy that the project of Savonarola's canonization has more than once been seriously mooted, and to this day, we believe, is not relinquished by the Dominican Order. There is still extant an office compiled for his festival, in which Alexander is referred to as a man of Belial. In Raphael's splendid delineation of "Theology" on the walls of the Vatican, painted under the direction of Julius II., he appears with Dante among the doctors of the Church. Such points as we have indicated—and they could easily be multiplied—may well give pause to the most ardent zealots for papal prerogative before they resolve at all costs to stake the future of the Holy See on an unconditional assertion of its right of temporal jurisdiction. The last heir of the

Bourbons could afford to flaunt his punctilious devotion to the white flag, which for him was the symbol of a cause irretrievably lost. But the Papacy is bound to look facts in the face, because it aspires to a future.

THE DIARIST AT THE PAINTERS' MASQUE.

MAY 14th. This morning comes home my new silk suit, with black canons; and my sword and belt to wear with it which the taylor's man does assure me was so worn a hundred years ago. Cost me much money, and now I pray Heaven to make me able to pay for it. All this against the coming Masque whereat the Council of Painters intend to entertain the Prince and themselves, and other company.

16th. To the Prince's Hall at 10 o'clock, and was there received in great state by the President. Anon, the house growing full, without much ado, got up to the loft, where, with little trouble, could see very well and stood finely, watching the guests arriving. It was extraordinary pleasing; some were excellently dressed; but, Lord! some did make me mighty merry, though perhaps not so purposed. It was pretty to see how each Spanish bull-fighter, of which a strange number, most perversely, had the pinkest English face and hairs on it withal. But most of all to see dark, bristling beards under full powdered perukes!

By-and-by great stir among the Hallebardiers, and the Duke comes, with other Royall persons; later, the Prince and Princess, and the show to begin. Methinks it was a foolish fancy to have had Vergil to do the part of telling the English lines before each picture. Indeed, I heard many round me asking each other, Why Vergil? and, so far as I could gather, none had answer to give. The lines, I thought, by Mr. Savile Clark, were a brave discourse.

Of the four tableaux, the first pleased me most, wherein King Edward presents his infant son to the Welsh. It was devised in chief by the President himself. But I was much exercised in my mind by the carriage of the new-born babe. Surmised, however, that it was some image of Popish worship got for the occasion. Then we saw Francis Drake dubbed by Queen Elizabeth. I confess that I have sucked in so much of the story of Queen Elizabeth from my cradle, that I was mightily pleased to see her so fine in dress and person; but I did think that he should have showed more bravely attired. The Queen also was but meanly attended, and the same I thought of good Queen Anne, who was seen in the next picture, receiving the Duke of Marlborough, after his victories in the war. Now, though the gentleman (Mr. Moore) looked finely, he was so placed that little of his face could I see, so much of his periwig fell down over his cheek as he knelt. And as for the Duchess, although very pleasing in a very handsome dress of blue, I could not think at first dash she did look the part as it should be done. The show came to an end with a Jubilee allegory—a poor business, methought, though I had fain not say so lest some should think I lacked loyalty, which God forbid! Anon the Royal supper (meanwhile all the company below in great danger from moving of chairs and poles, preparing for the dance). The gavotte performed before the Prince was a pretty sight, wherein some in most rich and antique dresses did dance admirably and most gloriously. But, Lord! to see the serious and troubled countenance of some dancers, and the dance of too protracted length. Though the clothes and the sight of the young couples was, indeed, very pleasing and worth my coming, being little likely to see such gallantry again while I live, was right glad to seek the supper-room so soon as came tidings of it being open. There supped very handsomely, with good soup and a pallet and wine which was none of the worse. Then I spent a little while walking up and down the galleries and ball-room, seeing the ladies, some of whom are exceeding comely. So home.

THE LIVERPOOL JUBILEE EXHIBITION.

THIS year of Jubilee will be remembered as a year of exhibitions. There are no less than four Jubilee Exhibitions in England outside of London—two of them being in Lancashire. Of these, that at Manchester has up to the present been most heard of. The Exhibition at Liverpool, however, ought to be as interesting as any.

Great pains have been taken to ensure that the ordinary sightseer shall be interested and moved while he is instructed. In the "War Trophies" Court, for instance, in which are illustrated the wars of the reign, this purpose has been excellently carried out by Mr. Egmont Hake. In each court, or section, is a very large wall-painting, representing some scene associated with the more notable campaigns. In the forecourt of the picture are placed one or two characteristic figures and piles of arms, while over it are medallion portraits of the leaders engaged on either side, and over against it are cases in which are shown the more precious of the trophies relating either to the campaign illustrated or to the country in which it was carried on. Thus Rorke's Drift, "before the attack," represents the campaign against the Zulus; two black figures, armed with shield and assegai, are on one side of the picture, while in the space before it are piled assegais and rifles (one set of assegais was picked up on the fatal

field of Isandula). Over the large picture are portraits of Lord Chelmsford and Cetewayo. Then in the cases adjoining are such valuable trophies as the arrow-headed assegai of Cetewayo belonging to the Queen, and the rifle of Cetewayo, taken from his kraal by the late Lord Gifford.

It must be said, however, that by the exhibits themselves finer feelings are often appealed to than mere curiosity of the vulgar kind, which can gape by the hour at such objects as the King of Delhi's sword, the jewelled pistols presented to General Sir Drury Lowe by the magnates of Cairo, and all the wonderful loot of the Summer Palace at Pekin. In the Crimean Court, for instance, is a battered old post, which is a relic of the Crimean War; it stood about midway between the English and Russian lines, and was frequently hit by balls and splinters of shell. And even the most obtuse of feeling must feel something stir in him when he views the relics of the late General Gordon.

The same principle of instruction by actual presentation and by association of ideas is carried out in the other courts, which are designed to show "The Victories of Peace." The resources and wonders of India and the rapid progress of the Colonies are shown by similar methods of pictorial illustration and exhibition of products. It is unnecessary to describe details of these courts, since their contents are almost the same as those of the Colonies and India at South Kensington last year. Mr. James E. Mason, C.M.G., the Commissioner of these courts, has been fortunate enough to prevail on the Imperial Institute to lend them for the Liverpool Exhibition. Canada, however, it is hoped, will be more fully represented in a few days, and of the whole Exhibition we may have more to say in future.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

THE stock markets just now are in a state which the most experienced would not have believed in a few months ago had the conditions been then described to them. Prince Bismarck last January convinced the world that war between Germany and France is inevitable, and that it may break out at any moment. And, considering the condition of South-Eastern Europe, it is not at all improbable that war between France and Germany would soon draw in the other European Powers, and would extend even to the farthest East. Now a great war, if it lasted for any time, would cause frightful waste of both life and money, would increase enormously the debts of the belligerent Governments, and would add disastrously to the burdens of the taxpayers. The accumulated wealth of the world would be greatly drawn upon, and future savings would be mortgaged. At the very time, therefore, when the supply of Stock Exchange securities would be very greatly increased by fresh borrowing, the means of purchasing a new supply would be greatly diminished by the waste of war. A great war would, therefore, lead inevitably to a very serious fall in prices; and, if the war lasted for some years, the fall in prices might continue for a considerable time after the restoration of peace. Yet all prices upon the Stock Exchange are inflated. On Wednesday last—the very morrow of the resignation of the French Ministry—Russian bonds of 1873 were at 98, French Three per Cent. Rentes were at 79½, Hungarian Four per Cent. Gold Rentes were at 81, Austrian Four per Cent. Gold Rentes were at 89, and Italian Five per Cents. were at 97. In other words, at the beginning of a serious Ministerial crisis, with a chance of war, investors are satisfied to hold French Rentes, which yield barely 3½ per cent. on the purchase-money; while Hungarian and Russian bonds yield barely more than 5 per cent. on the purchase-money, and Austrian bonds not much over 4½ per cent. Turning now to home railway stocks, we find that London and North-Western stock stood on the same day at a premium of 66 per cent., Great Western at a premium of over 39 per cent., North-Eastern at a premium of over 54 per cent., and even the deferred stock of the London and Brighton Company stood at a premium of 21 per cent.; while the ordinary stock of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, which is not likely to pay a dividend within measurable time, was as high as 24. Again, in the American department, Louisville and Nashville shares, which pay no dividend, stood at 71; Erie shares, that are not likely to pay a dividend in the present generation, stood at about 35½; Philadelphia and Reading shares, which are in the same category, stood at about 23; and, amongst the dividend-paying shares, New York Central stood at 116½. It may be said that a great European war would benefit the trade of the United States, since it would create a demand for American canned meats, wheat, and other food, and would likewise create a demand for American shipping, American ammunition, and American arms. In addition, it may be urged that the United States would keep aloof from the war, and that consequently American wealth and population would go on growing. Even as regards British railways it may be argued by investors and speculators that this country would keep out of a Continental struggle, and that, even if she did not, she would be safe from invasion, and, therefore, would not suffer like Continental States. Although this kind of argument is by no means conclusive, yet it enables one to understand how shrewd business men may be willing to pay the high prices quoted for American and British railway shares and stocks. But on what theory are we to account for the high prices of Foreign Government bonds—for the high prices, for example, of Russian, Hungarian, and Austrian bonds?

The first cause of the high prices undoubtedly is the scarcity of investment stocks compared with the vast wealth of the world at present. For very many years past there has been little creation of new Stock Exchange securities. Practically it may be said that railway building in Europe has come to an end, and that what railway building is going on is largely at the expense of the European Governments. There is, of course, a certain amount of extension of old lines; but the creation of new securities by means of railway construction is so small as scarcely to affect prices on the Stock Exchange. And in the place of railway construction there is no great industrial movement. The creation, then, of industrial Stock Exchange securities, like railway shares and stocks, in Europe is very small, and, therefore, the new wealth which is coming into existence has to seek for investment in other directions. Some of the great Governments have been borrowing, it is true, but most have added little lately to their debts, while some have reduced them considerably. The American Government, for example, has effected an extraordinary reduction in its Debt; our own Government has redeemed a good deal; the Italian Government has borrowed little, and the smaller Continental Governments have been very prudent in their expenditure. In the meantime the population and wealth of the world have been growing at an extraordinary rate. The result is that the supply of Stock Exchange securities is very small, and the prices in consequence have been steadily rising for a good many years. Practically, American Government bonds have ceased to be held by investors in Europe. It is said that Italian Rentes, which used to be held very largely in France and England, are now held principally at home, and so the demand for Foreign Government bonds has so increased that prices have been necessarily forced up. This tendency has been greatly increased by the action of the Prussian Government, which has reduced the interest upon portions of its own Debt and bought up most of the railways owned by trading Companies in Prussia. The old stockholders, dissatisfied with the low rates of interest they receive from the Prussian Government, have sought for more profitable investments, which in too many cases mean more risky securities; and their demand has still further stimulated the rise in prices. But the permanent tendency of the stock markets for many years past, just at present is greatly increased by the wild speculation that has prevailed for the past few years. In Foreign Government bonds the speculation originated in Berlin, where a combination of great bankers and capitalists conceived the idea of rehabilitating Russian finance and effecting a conversion of some of the Russian loans to their own great profit. It was supposed that the great bankers and capitalists of Berlin had special means of political information, that they would know when war was to be apprehended, and that as long, therefore, as they speculated for the rise peace was assured. The speculators and capitalists of every other great city in Europe blindly followed the lead of Berlin, and a vast speculation in Foreign Government bonds grew up. The speculators were completely taken by surprise by Prince Bismarck's speech in the Reichstag last January, and there was a serious fall in prices, which in Paris particularly threatened at one time to degenerate into a panic. The bankers and capitalists, however, quickly recovered from their alarm. They perceived that it would be ruinous to allow prices to remain so low, and that the only chance of escaping from their dilemma was to raise prices once more and thus induce investors to buy the bonds, too many of which were held by themselves. The power of these great bankers and capitalists on the Continent is enormous, for they dispose of immense sums of money, and they have extraordinary influence with investors all over their respective countries. And thus, with the fear of war constantly before their eyes, and with events occurring from day to day that send a thrill of alarm through the stock markets, they have yet been able to force up Russian bonds almost to par, and to raise other prices to the height we have pointed out.

It will be obvious that this state of things is most dangerous. If war breaks out, it is clear that the result must be all the more calamitous because of the extravagant height to which prices have now been driven. At the same time, if war is avoided, it is quite possible that the high prices may be maintained, even though the present uncertainty should continue. In January and February last the speculators on the Paris Bourse and large numbers of the great French capitalists were scared by the war rumours then circulated; and they not only sold very largely the stocks in which they had invested, but they also sold very largely securities which they did not hold. The object of this is plain. On the part of speculators pure and simple the speculative selling of what they did not hold was effected in the hope that when war broke out they would be able to buy at a price so much lower than they sold as in order to deliver to the purchasers of the stocks which they sold, that they would themselves realize an immense profit. The capitalists, on the other hand, who sold speculatively what they did not hold were "hedging." They hold vast masses of securities at very high prices which they cannot sell without ruinous losses to themselves, and, therefore, they sold what they could sell, even though they did not hold, in the hope that the losses on what they did not dare to sell would more or less be made up by the gains on what they sold speculatively. Now, this kind of selling is always, when it ceases, a support to the market. It becomes known that large numbers of persons have sold what they do not possess; that is to say, have undertaken to deliver to purchasers securities which they do not own. At

some time or other, therefore, the vendors must buy in order to fulfil their contract, and the general knowledge that large numbers of persons are under contract to buy in order to deliver gives firmness to the market. As long, then, as war is postponed this opening of a speculative account for the fall prevents prices from going down. Speculative selling was by far larger in Paris than elsewhere; but there was a good deal of speculative selling in London, Vienna, Berlin, and the other great cities, and in all the knowledge that large numbers of persons will sooner or later be compelled to buy securities to fulfil contracts they have entered into gives courage to the speculators for the rise, and thus helps them to keep up prices. This artificial support of markets, however, is good only as long as peace is maintained. It prevents war scares having the effect that was produced in January and February last, for at every slight fall some of those who have sold buy to close their contracts. But, if there were to be serious danger of war, the whole situation would be changed. Then the persons who have sold speculatively what they do not hold would see a chance of buying at very much lower prices, and, of course, would be in no hurry to close their contracts. Others would begin to sell speculatively; while the real investors would probably become alarmed and would sell likewise. On the other hand, there would be exceedingly few buyers. Were war to break out, everybody knows that prices must fall very heavily, and therefore, if the general public came to believe that war was very likely, few would be inclined to buy, while large numbers would be anxious to sell. The probability seems to be, therefore, that, if war does not break out soon and the present uncertainty continues, prices will remain very much as they are. A war scare would cause a fall; a favourable rumour would cause a rise; but the fluctuations would be temporary, and would probably succeed each other at brief intervals. If, however, the danger of war increases, prices must give way; while the outbreak of war would lead to a panic on most Continental Stock Exchanges. On the other hand, were some arrangement to be arrived at between France and Germany, on the one hand, and Russia and Austria-Hungary, on the other, there would be a further rise in all kinds of Stock Exchange securities. Even Foreign Government bonds would advance, the great capitalists and bankers of Berlin once more taking up their plans of converting Russian and other bonds.

AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

ON Monday evening Mrs. Bernard-Beere made her first appearance at the Opera Comique as actress and manageress, in an adaptation by Mr. F. C. Grove of Mr. F. C. Philips's well-known novel *As in a Looking-glass*. The novel was singular and amusing, and the play is more than interesting, if deficient in dramatic action in the earlier scenes. The first two acts might with advantage be compressed; the third and fourth acts are dramatic and powerful, the interest constantly rising. The cast contains superfluous characters, and those of Captain Fairfield and Sir Thomas Gage might have been left out with advantage. The dialogue is good; but such lines as the following, spoken by Lady Damar, who remarks that she will not be late for dinner, "because she has not much to put on," cannot be "recommended to a friend."

The play, however, whatever its faults, has achieved a notable success, which owes much to the superb acting of Mrs. Bernard-Beere as Lena Despard. The actress portrays with great power the feelings of a designing woman of the world, who, seeking to marry a man for his position and fortune, ends by passionately loving him for himself, and by even sacrificing everything to preserve his name from stain. Throughout the drama Mrs. Bernard-Beere is continually on the stage, and her cool and caustic sallies of the earlier scenes, together with her rendering of deep emotion, are alike admirable, proving her to be a mistress of her art. In her defiance of Captain Fortinbras in the third act, and her avowal of her shame to her lover in the last, she shows herself at her best. Seldom, indeed, has anything more pathetic been seen than her last appeal to him for some words of pity, forgiveness, and belief in her disinterested love. The death scene is daring, and to some may seem overdone; as to its power and mastery of stage art there can be no doubt. Mrs. Bernard-Beere is to be warmly congratulated on the manner in which she has created this arduous part. Altogether it is the best piece of acting that Mrs. Bernard-Beere has yet shown us. Of the remainder of the cast little need be said. Mr. Herbert Standing was satisfactory as Captain Fortinbras, the villain, and the Count Paul Dromiroff of M. Marius was a good piece of work, although it is difficult not to associate him with the realms of burlesque. In the last act his attire as Chief of Russian Police was, to say the least, most remarkable. There may be warrant for it in the novel, but that is nothing. The Algernon Balfour of Mr. Bucklaw was a pleasing and manly performance, but decidedly deficient in emotional qualities. As Miss Vyse, the *ingénue*, Miss Eva Sothern was quiet and graceful, but altogether too self-possessed, taking the supposed infidelity of her lover much as she would the illness of a pet lapdog. The minor parts were well sustained.

"AFLOAT AND ASHORE."

MR. HENRY MOORE'S exhibition of pictures at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, 148 New Bond Street, is exceptionally interesting. Under the comprehensive title of "Afloat and Ashore" he has collected some ninety odd large and small sketches in oil and water colours taken from nature, and each containing evidence of great ability, marked sense of colour, and knowledge of effect. It may appear unkind to begin a review of his works by pointing out their chief defect; but it is so striking that it forces itself upon the most casual of observers. Mr. Moore either does not possess, or else he purposely avoids exhibiting, that very necessary requisite of a true artist—sense of the picturesque. His choice of subjects is rarely good for purely pictorial purposes. He seems rather to revel in the display of his masterly technique than in endeavouring to please the general public by a selection of agreeable and sightly subjects. For all this, there is not a picture or sketch shown here which has not its value and does not bear traces of exceptional powers of observation and of rare capability for the transferring the same to canvas. Of the oil-paintings, "A Storm in the North Sea" is by far the most remarkable. It represents simply, if one might so say, as much angry sea-water as can be included in a tolerably large-sized, square frame. There is absolutely nothing in it to make a picture of; neither boat nor glimpses of distant shore, not even a fragment of wreck or a seagull. For this reason, as a picture it is most uninteresting; for the sea is too mighty an element to be reproduced, even by the greatest of painters, alone, without any accessory. It can only be used in painting, like the other elements, as a background. No one ever thought of representing fire by itself, making the flames and nothing else fill up the canvas. And so it is with the sea. It cannot be taken in at a glance. Still as a mere study for, we will say, another picture in which some life is to be introduced, this work is of great beauty. "The Wreck of an Austrian Barque off Yarmouth" is another fine picture, a little too even in tone, and a better effect of distance would have been obtained had the foreground been painted a shade or so darker. A superb effect of rolling clouds, coming up fast over the horizon after a hurricane, is shown in "Sunset after a Storm." Of the forty-six water-colour drawings exhibited by this studious artist, none pleased us more than "Sunset on Walberswick Common," a very fine work indeed, full of poetic feeling and rich with glowing colour. Mr. Henry Moore is to be sincerely congratulated on the success of his exhibition. It deserves to be visited for the instruction it affords students; at the same time it constantly suggests the thought that it would be well if Mr. Moore were to utilize these sketches and give us the result in a picture, in the true sense of the word, which shall combine with picturesque effect the noble qualities exhibited in these various pictures and sketches.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

Lord HARROWBY, to whose useful activity as an independent peer we have before referred, lately contrasted the legislative productiveness of the Lords and Commons. If his arithmetic be correct, the Upper House up to last Monday had sent fifty-four Bills down to the Lower House; the Lower House had sent only twenty-one Bills up to the Upper House. Taking the time occupied by the two Chambers into account, the comparison will be yet more instructive. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that for every hour which the Lords have sat at the Commons have sat eight or ten. The Lords usually adjourn an hour or two before dinner; seldom after it. Very rarely, like Old Shallow, do they hear the chimes at midnight. The Bill which Lord Denman, whom the mention of Old Shallow has not suggested to us, has presented for the limitation of speeches in Parliament need not, therefore, offend any susceptibility of the Peers. Longiloquence, if we may coin a new word for a very familiar thing, is neither their forte nor their foible. Lord Denman, we believe, proposes to limit the time which a Privy Councillor may occupy to an hour, and to restrict ordinary peers and members to fifteen minutes. There is, we believe, a special class of orators in the United States who are known by the name of "Five Minutes speakers," and, life being rapid there, they are greatly valued and esteemed. It is perhaps to be desired that some of them should be brought here to give instructions in the art of short speaking. But what avail would laws be without manners? It is possible, as Mr. Peel and Mr. Courtney know well, for a speaker to be irrelevant and tedious in fifteen minutes; and if Lord Denman's Bill were adopted, the result probably would be, to substitute say for two tedious half-hour speakers four tedious fifteen-minutes speakers. We cannot, therefore, confidently recommend the incorporation of Lord Denman's proposal with the Rules of Procedure in either House. The second reading of the Bill stands over until the conclusion of the Whitsuntide recess. It is well that there should be a Lord Denman in the House of Lords in order to mitigate the satisfaction with which the Peers might feel in the contrast of the hereditary wisdom of their own House with the collected and elected wisdom of the House of Commons.

On Monday the Peers went into Committee on the Irish Land Bill, and in a sitting which did not reach midnight they discussed and passed, in an amended or unchanged form, the first twenty

clauses of the Bill. At the suggestion of the Duke of Abercorn, the three remaining clauses, 21-23, dealing with the question of equitable jurisdiction, stand over until after the Whitsuntide holidays, the Government having so modified the original clauses as to substitute for them proposals of a different character. The demand of time for their consideration was not unreasonable. Lord Salisbury assented to it. The Land Bill, like black care behind the horseman, will travel first-class with the Peers into the country, sit with them at table, accompany them in their walks, and into the billiard and smoking-rooms, and generally devastate and darken life. The Lord Chancellor's English Land Transfer Bill was committed *pro forma* in order that it might be reprinted with certain technical amendments, otherwise hard to be understood of the lay mind; and it, too, will be taken after the Whitsuntide recess. The Crofters' Holdings (Scotland) Bill, prepared by Mr. Balfour, has been read a second time in the House of Lords on the motion of his successor in the Scotch Secretariate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Duke of Argyll, who has been strangely "unanimous" of late. The object of the Bill is to correct an oversight in the former measure, which would allow the exceptional "bad landlord" of Scotland, who, with his brother of Ireland, seems exclusively to engage both Houses of Parliament, by making his tenant a "notour bankrupt," to prevent the "sisting of proceedings" by the Commissioners in regard to the said crofters' removal until the fairness of the rent can be ascertained. As the Duke of Argyll does not object, no Scotch landlord, we may assume, objects; and the Bill was read a second time. The entrenchment of the police force and the enfranchisement of dogs have engaged the philanthropic and the philocynic zeal of Lord Harrowby and Lord Mount-Temple. The muzzle is to be removed from the police. They are to have the Parliamentary franchise—a boon of doubtful expediency, as we agree with Lord Selborne in thinking, but one which, after the enfranchisement of postmen, revenue-officers, soldiers, and sailors, could scarcely with consistency be withheld from the British constabulary. As to the Metropolitan dogs, whom Lord Mount-Temple proposes to exempt by law from the muzzle—from which they have in fact been relieved—they are, if his proposal be adopted, after December 31, 1887, to be registered, and no dog after that date will be allowed to appear in any public thoroughfare without a collar having a badge. This will distinguish them from homeless, unowned, and vagabond dogs, as Caesar, in "The Twa Dogs," whose

locked, letter'd braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar,

was distinguished from the humbler tyke. "I am his Highness' dog at Kew; Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?" Lord Cranbrook has moved the reference of the dog question to a Select Committee, on which, no doubt, the dog interest will be fairly represented, to inquire into the subject of rabies and the laws relating to it. Possibly before the Committee begins its inquiries, or at any rate before it closes them, the Report of the Royal Commission on M. Pasteur's scheme of inoculation for hydrophobia will be before the public. It is known that the Commissioners have come to the conclusion that M. Pasteur's claim to have found a cure for hydrophobia, and, what is more important, a preventative of it, is thoroughly established. The compulsory inoculation of dogs would, if this be so, practically soon stamp out rabies, and with it hydrophobia. The badge and the collar, as a sign that the dog had been inoculated, and registered as inoculated, might then be useful.

On Monday the House of Commons went into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, and discussed the wrongs of Staff Paymasters and Quartermasters, the rations of soldiers, the short service system in the army, the reduction of the Horse Artillery, the contribution of the Colonies for military purposes, the disorganization of the War Office, Volunteers, mules, heavy guns, pioneers, cavalry, and retired colonels. Having done this, the Committee voted 2,998,000*l.* for provisions, forage, fuel, transport, &c., and betook itself cheerfully to the Civil Service Estimates. The vote proposed was 3,630,300*l.* on account, which Mr. Labouchere proposed to reduce by 1,500*l.*, the sum assigned for the metropolitan police courts, the expenses of which, he contended, ought to be borne by the rates, but which an Act of Parliament devolves on the Office of Works. Acts of Parliament are to Mr. Labouchere, and to more than sixty other members of Parliament, about as valuable, to use Sir Fletcher Norton's phrase, as the oath of a drunken porter. The Committee then proceeded, like Mrs. Wittittery, to express a great variety of opinions on a great variety of subjects, skipping in a versatile manner from the system of decimal coinage to events in Tonga, from events in Tonga to the crimes and misdemeanours of Colonel King-Harman, and the temper and demeanour of Mr. Arthur Balfour, to which Mr. Campbell-Bannerman took (if the adjective may be used in connexion with him) grave exception. Mr. W. H. Smith retorted with some general remarks on the manners and deportment of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, which underwent a transformation as astonishing as that which converted the comic countryman of Mr. Crummles's company into a fighting-man of great valour. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman did not succeed in finding a passage from the ridiculous to the sublime, and he ought to be content to remain the comic salvationist of the front Opposition Bench.

The first clause of the Crimes Bill occupied the House in Committee on that measure until Wednesday morning. Under the hands of amending members, the clause has been extended to nearly three times its original length. The fact shows the willingness of the

Government fairly to consider suggestions in harmony with the spirit of the measure. If only such amendments had been proposed, the Bill as amended might have been ready to be reported after the Whitsuntide holidays. The Government have accepted an amendment from Mr. Hunter allowing indemnity to any witness on the preliminary inquiry who may answer truly, and exempting the answers of witnesses being used against them except in prosecutions for perjury. The Government have also accepted amendments of Mr. T. M. Healy's providing that a person called for the defence shall not be required to give evidence in the preliminary inquiry, and prohibiting the presence at such inquiry of any other than the magistrate and official persons. The Government also consented to the issuing of a quarterly return of persons committed to prison under the section. An addition to the first clause exempts from inquiry offences created by the Bill which were committed before the Bill passed—that is, before they became offences. Of Sir William Harcourt's amendment, which was foreshadowed by Mr. Gladstone at the Stiggins-Chadband breakfast in Hampstead, we speak elsewhere. Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, who does not so much matter, insult the artisans of England by putting their combinations for the settlement of wages in the future on a moral level with the combinations of tenants to refuse the payment of rent due—combinations, that is, for making a contract with combinations for breaking a contract. Sir William Harcourt was defeated by a majority of 242 to 180, and the first clause was agreed to. On Wednesday the Committee entered on the consideration of the second or summary jurisdiction clause, when an obstructive amendment, moved by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, identical in spirit with Sir William Harcourt's, was defeated, as was a similar amendment moved by Sir Charles Russell on Thursday. The Closure, properly imposed, strangled on that day, after some wasting of time, an attempt of Mr. Labouchere's to stave off the Crimes Bill by a discussion on the annexation of Zulu territory. Next Tuesday, May 24, the House of Commons adjourns for the Whitsuntide recess until Monday, June 6, rather, as Mr. W. H. Smith says, for the sake of the fatigued and exhausted officials of the House, including the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees, than for that of the fatiguing and exhausting members.

melodious and attractive *Esmeralda*, there is substantial reason to feel pleasure in recording so welcome a proof that popular taste is not without an artistic basis. Produced four years since, during Mr. Carl Rosa's first season at Drury Lane, *Esmeralda* has been received with unvarying applause wherever produced. It is true there may not seem in these one hundred performances during four years exuberant evidence of popularity, especially in these days of long runs in stage plays. When, however, the fitful representation of opera is considered, the real significance of the fact is seen, and not since the days of Balfe and Wallace has so remarkable a success encouraged the English operatic composer in his lifetime. The unavoidable absence of the gifted composer was the one regret connected with the performance on Wednesday in which everybody shared. If it were not that such an enterprise as Mr. Rosa's demands a large number of artists with an extensive repertory, and that singers must occasionally rest, there is no reason to doubt that *Esmeralda* would draw full houses for many consecutive nights. The rendering of both solo and concerted music on Wednesday served to intensify the impression of the first night, the impression of never-failing freshness and charm as to the melodious solos and duets, and of knowledge and skill in the delicate instrumentation. Mme. Georgina Burns, as *Esmeralda*, sang charmingly, and was accorded an irresistible encore in response to the beautiful solo in the first act, "Oh, fickle light-hearted swallow!" Like Mme. Burns, Mr. Barton McGuckin and Mr. Crotty were in excellent voice in their original parts as *Phoebus* and *Quasimodo*. The pathetic air in the fourth act, "What would I do for my Queen?" so fraught with melodious expression, and so happily instrumented, was very finely rendered by Mr. Crotty. Miss Vadini sang with refinement and accuracy as *Fleur-de-lis*; Mr. Max Eugene was a capital *Clopin*; and Mr. Campbell a satisfactory *Marquis de Chevreuse*. From the general excellence of the performance it is a pity to be obliged to except the *Claude Frollo* of Mr. James Sauvage, whose intonation was distressingly false, and who proved altogether a very indifferent substitute for Mr. Ludwig, who first undertook the part. The chorus, besides singing admirably, and in tune throughout, seconded their efforts by action that was judicious as well as spirited. Mr. Goossens exhibited excellent intelligence and skill as conductor.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA.

OPERA at Drury Lane last week comprised repetitions of *Carmen* and *Nordisa*, with revivals of *Mignon* on Wednesday and *Trovatore* on Saturday evening. The terrors of the avalanche in *Nordisa* are now somewhat tempered to the occupants of the stalls, without lessening the realism of the effect. In the third performance of Mr. Corder's opera Mlle. Marie Decca appeared in the place of Mme. Burns, as *Minna*; Mr. Edward Scovel resumed his original part as the Count Oscar, and Miss Fanny Moody more than sustained the promise of her singing in *Carmen* as the heroine *Nordisa*. There can be no doubt that Miss Moody must prove a valuable recruit to Mr. Carl Rosa's company when study and experience have developed resources that are as yet latent. At present, though her style in singing is agreeable and her natural gifts are obviously very considerable, there is a want of vitality in her acting that shows only the mechanical results of training, not yet animated by the idiosyncrasies of the artist. The performance of *Trovatore* was excellent on the whole. Mme. Marie Roze gave an impassioned rendering of Leonora, and Mr. F. Runcio sang the tenor part in English with complete facility and in admirable style. Mr. Crotty's fine voice and finished art sufficed to make his Count di Luna acceptable even to those whose recollections of Italian opera include some great exponents of the part. To say anything by way of criticism of M. Ambroise Thomas's charming opera would be almost as superfluous as to indicate the many merits that distinguish, and have ever distinguished, the Carl Rosa performance of *Mignon*. It is the fascinating property of Mme. Gaylord's artistic impersonation of *Mignon* that it allures us from the conventional figure of the librettists to a sphere of poetry unimagined by MM. Barbier and Carré, realizing the beautiful creation of Goethe, in a word, with its wayward intensity, its delicate romance, and absorbing pathos. Mme. Gaylord was in excellent voice, and acted with even more than her wonted subtlety. Mme. Georgina Burns repeated her brilliant interpretation of the elaborate music assigned to *Filina*, and Mr. Barton McGuckin's *Wilhelm* was in all respects a performance of remarkable distinction. So well did Mr. McGuckin sing and act that his single performance in this opera ought to take away the common reproach of tenors—that their acting capacity is in inverse proportion to their vocal gifts. As *Lothario*, the most interesting of operatic old men, Mr. F. H. Celli created a marked impression by his restrained and equable style and musicianlike singing. The Frederick of Miss Marian Burton, with a due measure of mock-heroic assumption, was a piquant performance, the pretty gavotte in the second act being capitally sung. Altogether, with an excellent chorus, with the minor parts filled by capable and conscientious singers, and a satisfactory stage presentation, there was nothing wanting in the admirable *ensemble* which Mr. Carl Rosa has accustomed us to expect.

The one hundredth night of an English opera is good matter for the chronicler, and when the opera is Mr. Goring Thomas's

RACING.

BESIDES the Jubilee Stakes, which we noticed last week, there has been a great deal of racing of more or less importance since the Newmarket First Spring Meeting. The Chester Cup brought out ten horses, and was won very easily by the first favourite, "Mr. Somers'" *Carlton*, a four-year-old, carrying 7 st. 11 lbs.—the heaviest weight in the race. It will be remembered that he ran third for the Cambridgeshire and second for the City and Suburban, after starting first favourite for both races. The long-expected "good thing," however, came off at last. Lord Durham's two-year-old, *Brooklyn*, who had won a race at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, won two races at Chester, and his backers were very lucky in getting their money over the second of them, for, after 8 to 1 had been laid on him, he only won by a head. It seemed absurd to see racehorses sold, after the May Two-Year-Old Selling Stakes, for 17 guineas and 16 guineas apiece, although those prices may have represented their full value. The defeat of *Phil* by the *Lilian* colt and *The Rector*—two colts that had never won a race, and now ran a dead heat—for the *Dee* Stakes, was a surprise. *Phil* had only been beaten by half a length for the Two Thousand, and, although he was giving each of his opponents 13 lbs., as much as 3 to 1 was laid on him.

We entered into the details of the Jubilee Stakes this day week, but there was other racing of considerable interest at Kempton Park. The Queen's Cup, a race of about the same value as the last Cesarewitch, was an excellent handicap, as was shown by the betting, for three horses were equal favourites at 7 to 1, three more stood at 8 to 1, and four were backed at prices varying from 10 to 1 to 16 to 1. Better still, the first four horses to pass the winning-post finished within a length and a half of each other. The winner was Mr. Brodrick Cloete's *Beaulieu*, a four-year-old that had been purchased a year ago for about the value of the stakes he now won. It was generally considered that the best looking horse in the race was *Mallow*, who has trained on into a remarkably bloodlike five-year-old; but he was quite crushed out under 9 st. 6 lbs. Too often on the day of a great race there is no other stake of any importance. We are glad to say that this was not the case on the day of the Jubilee Stakes, for three-quarters of an hour before that event, the Kempton Park Great Breeders' Produce Stakes, a race worth but little short of 2,000*l.*, was contested by a field of sixteen two-year-olds. The two favourites were *Van Dieman's Land*, a chestnut colt by *Robert the Devil*, and *Harpagon*, a bay colt by *The Miser*, the former being the most fancied of the pair. *Harpagon* had won his only race—a selling-plate of 10*l.*—in a canter, and had been bought in afterwards for 920 guineas. *Van Dieman's Land* had been unplaced to *Anarch* for his first race, but had won the Hyde Park Plate of 500*l.* at Epsom. The race lay entirely between these two colts from the distance. *Harpagon* had a stone the best of the weights and won easily by a length, but this leaves us little wiser as to the relative merits of the pair, especially as *Van*

Dieman's Land, in addition to his disadvantage in the weights, did not get nearly so good a start as Harpagon.

The Tuesday of the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting was remarkable for the first appearance on a race-course of Lord Randolph Churchill's colours, which are "pink, brown sleeves and cap." The well-built and active little two-year-old filly, by Robert the Devil, that carried them, ran third for the Dyke Plate, which was not so bad for a beginning. The race was won by Mr. Douglas Baird's Palmleaf, a dark bay colt by Springfield out of Palmflower, a mare for whom he gave 3,800 guineas at Lord Falmouth's famous sale. The next race was only a selling plate of 150*l.*, but it gave rise to a good deal of betting. At the post, Pizarro threw himself on the ground in a fit of temper; but an even worse misadventure—at any rate from a financial point of view—was to follow. Lord Londonderry's Cambusmore had all his opponents beaten a quarter of a mile from home, and as he approached the winning-post 50*l.* to 1 was offered on him. Unfortunately for his backers, G. Barrett, who was riding him, made the extraordinary mistake of thinking that the race ended at the post in the Abingdon Bottom, instead of at that on the Bushes Hill, so he held his horse well in hand on passing the real winning-post, and allowed Lizard, who was ridden out to the very last ounce, to steal the race from him by a neck. The feelings of the backers of Cambusmore, when they became aware of this almost ridiculous blunder, may be better imagined than described. Baron Rothschild's highly promising colt, Patchouli, won his second victory in the Newmarket Two-year-old Plate.

The event of the meeting was the Payne Stakes of 910*l.* for three-year-olds. Its chief interest lay in its being a public trial of the then third favourite for the Derby, Lord Falmouth's Blanchland, a dusky bay colt by Macaroon out of Syringa. Much as he is liked by many critics, others consider him rather wanting in length. Last season he had won two races and been placed three times. In another race he had been only fourth to Devilshoof at even weights; but this spring, in the Biennial, when giving Blanchland 5 lbs., Devilshoof had, in turn, been fourth to him, many lengths in the rear. Although his public form was not of the highest class, Blanchland was so much fancied for the Derby that 8 to 1 was taken about him before the Payne Stakes. The second favourite for the latter race was Captain C. Bowling's Carrasco, a bay colt by Speculum out of Baroness by Mentmore. Last year he had won a couple of races, run a dead-heat, and been beaten twice; this spring he had run within half a length of the Baron, the first favourite for the Derby, when receiving 10 lbs. On this form it was necessary, as a Derby trial, that Blanchland should give Carrasco a beating equivalent to about 14 lbs., as the two colts were to meet at even weights. The race was considered a pretty safe thing for Blanchland, and 2 to 1 was laid upon him, while 6 to 1 was laid against Carrasco. Mr. Craven's Hugo, who had once beaten Blanchland at even weights, made the running as far as the T. Y. C. winning-post, where he ran himself out, and then Webb took the lead with Blanchland. In going down the hill the Duke of Beaufort's Cayenne Pepper—a very fine colt before the saddle, but a very poor one behind it—who had been backed for the Derby at 25 to 1, lost all claims to favouritism for that race by dropping back beaten. As Blanchland came into the Abingdon Bottom it looked as if something was wrong with his jockey, and it turned out that just then his saddle had slipped back. Carrasco and Claymore, a colt belonging to "Mr. Manton" that had never won a race, and was receiving 5 lbs., now challenged Blanchland, when he immediately hung towards them, possibly, it was thought, through Webb's losing control over him in consequence of his saddle having become displaced. Webb, however, did his best under the very disadvantageous circumstances, and as they came up the hill it looked as if he might win after all; but Cannon got the better of him with Carrasco, and won cleverly by a length.

It is difficult to say how much the race for the Payne Stakes was worth as a Derby trial. It may pretty safely be assumed that Webb was unable to do anything like justice to his horse; but it would be hazardous to say that he either did or did not unavoidably check his horse when his saddle slipped back. The finest of riders is apt to "hold on by the reins" when he feels his saddle slipping "tailwards." We do not for a moment say that Webb did this; but it was the general opinion that, from some cause or other, Blanchland swerved a little out of his line, as if something was wrong. Another thing that makes it difficult to believe that Blanchland's form was correct was his only beating Claymore by a neck when giving him 5 lbs.; because three days previously, for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park, Claymore had been one of the very last horses in the race when receiving a stone from Martley, who ran second, and no less than 2*st.* more than weight-for-age from Bendigo. Even Martley's performance was not considered good enough to entitle him to a place among the leading favourites for the Derby; how much less, therefore, could Claymore, to whom he gave a stone and a beating of very many lengths, be regarded as an eligible Derby trial-horse? Yet Blanchland only beat him by a neck at 5 lbs. It is but fair to say that Claymore is considered by some very good judges to be an improving colt; but it is unlikely that he can have improved much between a Saturday and a Tuesday, and his presence in the front rank for the Payne Stakes appeared to do no credit either to Blanchland or to Carrasco. On the other hand, it has been asserted that the light boy who was riding him for the Jubilee Stakes could not get him through the crowd at the bend.

The chief subject of conversation on the Wednesday morning was the accident to Mamia, a filly belonging to Mr. T. Jennings, who had been much fancied for the Oaks. While taking a gallop in the morning she split her pastern, and all hopes of her winning that race were annihilated. The most vexatious part of it, at least to her owner, was that a day or two before he had refused an offer of (it was said) 4,000*l.* for her, with contingencies of still further profits if she won certain races. The richest of a very poor lot of stakes on the Wednesday was the Breeders' Plate of 435*l.*, and this was won easily by Van Dieman's Land, who, as we said above, had been beaten by Harpagon, when giving him a stone, at Kempton Park, four days earlier. The Duke of Beaufort's Hark, and Mr. R. H. Coombe's Simon Pure, who ran second and third, were considered somewhat backward, so the performance may not have been a very great one; but still Van Dieman's Land won in grand style by a length and a half, and since he, as well as the second and third in the race, are entered for next year's Derby, the Breeders' Plate is a race that it may be well to bear in mind.

Patchouli, to whom we have already referred, met with his first defeat in the Swaffham Stakes on the Friday from Lord Calthorpe's Satiety, a chestnut colt by Isonomy out of Wifey, who had won the April Plate at the First Spring Meeting, when he beat Saucy Lass, the winner of the Sefton Park Plate at Liverpool and of the Mostyn Two-Year-Old Plate at Chester. Satiety now won easily by two lengths at even weights, but, so far as good looks went, Patchouli was generally considered the best of the pair. In the Welter Handicap, Rex was the last to pass the winning-post of a very moderate field of five horses. It will be remembered that, for the Craven Stakes, he had run Carrasco to a head for second place when the Baron won by half a length. If this form was true, it depreciates that of Carrasco, and, as a consequence, that shown for the Payne Stakes. In our notice of the Newmarket First Spring Meeting we ventured to describe the racing as dull, but the dulness of the First Spring Meeting was brilliancy in comparison with that of the Second.

At Windsor, on the Friday, the best two-year-old form of the season was unaccountably upset. For the May Stakes of 700*l.* 7 to 1 was laid on General Pearson's Anarch—it was said that one backer laid 10,000*l.* at that price—but, to everybody's surprise, he was beaten by a length by Mon Droit, a chestnut filly by Isonomy, whom he had beaten at exactly the same difference of weights (13 lbs.) at Sandown. Anarch had been suffering from warbles and sweated a good deal before the race; but, for all that, it was a curious reversal of public form. Mon Droit was one of the lot bought by Lord Calthorpe from "Mr. Manton" last July, and, not being considered big enough, she was sold to Mr. Porter, the trainer, for 160 guineas. On the day following that on which Mon Droit had beaten Anarch she could only run third to Mr. E. Jones's Admiral Benbow and Lord Calthorpe's Toscano for the St. George's Plate of 500*l.* Admiral Benbow had won the only other race for which he had started, but Toscano had never run in public before, and as he now showed great gameness, running Admiral Benbow to a head when apparently gaining on him at every stride, his career will be watched with interest. Mon Droit was only beaten by half a length for second place. The results of the May Stakes and the St. George's Plate at Windsor leave the two-year-old form in a state of confusion.

The racing at York and Bath this week was fair of its kind, but of no general interest. Lord Durham's two-year-old Brooklyn won his fourth successive victory in the Zetland Stakes; and Mr. Crest's Renny, in winning the Great Northern Handicap, scored his first victory for three years. Kinsky disgraced himself in the Queen's Plate at Bath after odds had been laid on him, but he was running beyond his distance; and Grey Friar's third in the Flying Dutchman's Handicap at York showed that he had not yet returned to his early three-year-old form.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

EVERY one has noticed of late years the gradual invasion of the Academy by that grey, realistic, foreign picture to which we referred at the end of our last notice. In England it is only recently that painters have consented to appeal to our eyes as nature does, and to present a scene without seeking the emotion that comes from the shock of strangeness. Not to exaggerate any local tint at the expense of atmosphere, not to force the definition of any detail beyond that of the large divisions of the effect, and to suggest things by carefully showing the amount of light that different planes receive rather than by that imaginary contour which our habits of life lead us to put round everything ordinarily accepted as a separate object, may seem obvious ways of making a picture that will carry with it something of the natural sensations and poetry of ordinary sight. But a really sincere presentation of the impression on the eye seems less familiar in a picture to many people than something cooked up to suit the mental images, which we put together only by inference from the true appearance. This may be due in a measure to the fact that many of the new school heighten the unfamiliarity of their work by a wholesale and unreasoned application of certain methods of handling. A man who finds a difficulty in accepting a streak of light grey of a certain shape as a true and sufficient account of

what is important in the aspect of a table beneath a window, will not probably be helped by a uniform squareness of touch. It savours of insincerity; it assumes an impudent importance on the canvas; it militates against naturalness of aspect and that delicate play of form which one admires in Mr. Sargent's freely and individually-handled work. Realists employ the method, but even in the hands of pure decorators, urging the plea of style and symmetry, we should object to the drill-like regularity with which it is often applied. Imitators without the right sort of education have begun to use the convention as a shibboleth to let them pass as innovators. For some reason, when a man copies, however mechanically, a new thing, he is often credited with some of his model's merit of originality, and yet it may be easier to imitate an *impressioniste* than an old master. Poor observation, weak modelling, and bad drawing will soon be nosed out under the newest of disguises. We mentioned Mr. Stanhope Forbes with praise; he has become more delicate in his manner of handling, as well as more deeply impressed with the human sentiment of the scenes he paints. Mr. H. S. Tuke's "Sailor's Yarn" (167) shows that he, too, is not likely to get tired of seeing for himself. His picture is lower and more mellow in tone than most of the work of this school; the effect of light has by no means been obtained cheaply, and with that too ready sacrifice of all local colour which reduces so many pictures of the sort to mere studies in monochrome. Mr. Melton Fisher's "First Communion" (923) stands forth conspicuously, by reason of its size, amongst works of the foreign sort. One cannot, however, entirely acquit it of the faults of dulness, want of feeling, and a too obvious pattern-like touch. Mr. Blandford Fletcher's "Evicted" (960) is without the luminous quality which gives charm and life to Mr. S. Forbes's picture, and the leaves in its foreground seem stiff and over-elaborated. Mr. F. Bramley's contribution cannot compare with his "Dominos" of a previous year. Mr. Plimpton's little canvases (392) and "Study of a Head" (1), though they show a marked *parti pris* in handling and colour, are not without sentiment; while Mr. Keenington's "Idlesse" (927), a naked boy playing with gold fish, looks like a study without sufficient object or meaning to entitle it to the name of picture. Mr. Aublet's "Femme Turque à Brousse" (272), a pleasing scheme of colour founded on blue, belongs to a class of French picture less cultivated here than the silver-grey variety we have just mentioned. Mr. Schmalz's large canvas, "Widowed" (1031), reminds one of still another sort of French work. This picture, not only in the choice of subject, but also in the general aspect of its colour, recalls certain pictures by Luminais. It is unquestionably less powerful, however, less convincing as realism, and less striking as drama than the works of the French painter. Mr. Bridgeman's "Horse Market, Cairo" (172), is rather hard and spotty; it is neither a good example of French work in general, nor of its author's style in particular. Mr. Eugene de Blaas, in a "Venetian Fruit-seller" (1011), seems to us to have fallen far below the level of his earlier efforts. He has not given himself the trouble of searching for new subjects and new qualities, and his execution has become rather commonplace. He is distanced in spirit and expression by Mr. Henry Woods in his "Under the Vine" (47). Venetian subjects, treated with spotty bright colours and a tatty surface, belong to a phase of foreign art of which we have seen quite enough in England; and with their talent such painters as Mr. Woods and Mr. Melton Fisher would do well to leave them alone, or endeavour to see them differently from a host of men who work for dealers.

When we leave art with a decidedly foreign flavour, and turn to what is more English in aspect, we are by no means obliged to do without the main ingredients of a sound realism. We shall find some English painters who have all the solid merits of the best work of the school we have mentioned, without the evident stamp of foreign style. It is not necessary that one should model like Mr. Long, Mr. Goodall, or Mr. Horsley because one dislikes a marked system of handling or the manner of any particular school. Amongst the three or four specially notable pictures that we have mentioned—namely, those by Messrs. Sargent, Collier, Solomon, and Waterhouse—we can point to two at least that are painted more or less with a personal and "go as you please" fashion of handling. Mr. Solomon and Mr. Waterhouse show to some extent the badge of a school in their work; but in "The Incantation," and in "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," Mr. Collier and Mr. Sargent follow their own instincts and obey the necessities of the moment in the choice of method. Others, in a smaller and less ambitious way, also seek to do good work free from any mannerism. Mr. Margetson, though he has chosen a worse subject than he did last year, and has treated it less broadly, deserves credit for his sincerity in "The Tryst" (187). Mr. R. J. Gordon's "Proposal" (105), too, is a strong piece of realism, treated with some personal feeling. Perhaps, however, Mr. Charles, in "Christening Sunday" (684), proves himself more decidedly than any of them a man who can see for himself, a man who owes little to method and school, and very much to his own eyes and feelings. His painting is open to the reproach of being something like a ploughed field; but in spite of its rude roughness of texture one feels that its author is an artist, and that he is a realist who sees, and not a mere copyist of the fashion of the day.

In portraiture the English do their best and most artistic work. One notes in many of the present conventions of portrait-painting the nice consistency in realizing a subject, in appraising the value of detail and accessory, in determining, in fact, the balance between art and nature, which is so necessary to fine work, and is

so often neglected in figure work to-day. In landscape and marine no jury of experts, of botanists, and of sailors, can be brought together practically to sit in judgment on pictures, but a portrait is done, so to speak, under the critical eyes of a host of friends and acquaintances. This is favourable to a careful respect for nature in the artist, to a wholesome and sincere frame of mind. Again, the existence of the mechanically accurate processes of photography suffice to show him that he must add some nobler quality to his art. He must make every part of it speak in unison, as it were, that it may give voice without uncertainty of utterance. Only by making technique, composition, colour, and choice of detail all tend to the same aim, can something of the monumental in character be attained. Mr. Herkomer has shown this well by the overwhelming effect of the straightforward simplicity of his method of painting the lady in black this year. Similar breadth and unity of style may be seen in the work of Mr. Carolus Duran; while in Mr. Sargent's "Mr. W. Playfair," a marvellous subtlety of flesh-painting is added to a large style workmanship. But in addition to these, to Mr. Holl's "Lord Richard Grosvenor," to Mr. Orchardson's "Mrs. Joseph," and to Mr. Herman Herkomer's "Hubert Herkomer, Esq.," all of which we have previously dealt with, much excellent work, conscientious or clever, remains to be noticed. First we have Mr. Herkomer's "Briton Riviere, Esq." (683), which in the fine drawing and delicate modelling of the head runs his best work very closely indeed; a slight dirtiness of colour seems its only fault. Then we have Mr. Holl's noble and largely conceived portrait of "Baron Henry de Worms" (154). Though hardly so strong or as solid and thoroughly modelled as the one or two great portraits of the show, Mr. Luke Fildes's picture, "Mrs. Luke Fildes" (185), must be counted an admirable work, and perhaps the best thing he has done. A few years ago this canvas would certainly have been the most remarkable in the Academy. Sir John Millais is chiefly represented by a sloppy and violent piece of work, "Lord Hartington" (465), and a smoother, but somewhat characterless, "Lord Rosebery" (509). Still more violent in his tones is Mr. Pettie. His shadows, as in "Sir Edward Ripley" (320), are made of hot, ungraduated slush; while his flesh-tones in the light seems hard and crude. Painting a florid complexion does not exonerate a painter from all care in modelling and colouring, as may be seen from Mr. Tuke's "W. G. Freeman, Esq." in the Grosvenor. Every inch of that small head is full of innumerable subtleties; one never confounds a change of local tint for a change of plane, as one is warranted in doing in some of Mr. Pettie's pictures or in that worst jumble of all, Mr. Briton Riviere's "Portrait of a Lady" (212). Yet it would be vain to deny Mr. Pettie's power of taking a likeness in the ordinary, popular way. He has rivalled photography in his "Walter Besant, Esq." (703), only his colour is so much more false and disagreeable than the unassuming monochrome of the photograph. Mr. Ouleas still carves his heads as if out of clay or wood, giving a caricature-like importance to wrinkles and face-markings. Mr. Richmond, on the occasion of his return to Burlington House after a long absence, has chosen the President out of his vast *répertoire* of styles. He may be seen to best advantage in 133, a most graceful and charming picture of a young girl which, in spite of its borrowed manner, pleases one almost as much as anything in the place. Miss Emmeline Dean's "Mlle. Anna Belinska" (426) should not be overlooked. Rather muddy in colour, perhaps, it nevertheless shows true feeling in every touch; no mannerism spoils its fervour and sincerity, and no pettiness its force and breadth of aspect. Mr. Fantin's "Portrait de M. L. M." (919), Mr. Carolus Duran's brilliant sketch, "Mlle. Marie-Anne Carolus-Duran" (556), his "Everard Hambro, Esq." (983), Mr. Knighton Warren's "C. J. Lambert, Esq." (293), his "G. A. Butler, Esq." (589), and several more are worthy of attention. Mr. J. J. Shannon and Mr. Solomon send portraits decidedly French in style. Mr. Solomon's "Mrs. Bernard Solomon" (143) lacks finesse, as, to some extent, does the more graceful work of Mr. Shannon. His "Mrs. Nichols" (966), cleverly painted as it is, relieves from the background without much subtlety of relation. The hands, too, seem somewhat coarse in their attachment and crude and unpleasant in their colour. Mr. Emile's "Mrs. Mudie" (898), hanging near, is worked in a somewhat similar manner, but with a greater delicacy of colour and drawing.

A MYSTERIOUS TASTE.

[“Mr. P. J. Power complained of the arrangements of the members' news-room and that the wishes of the Irish Nationalist members with regard to obtaining certain newspapers and periodicals were ignored. . . . One of the newspapers the Irish members desired should be supplied was *United Ireland*. (Ministerial laughter.) He admitted that that was a newspaper not likely to be approved by hon. members opposite; nevertheless it was largely read by Irishmen and Irish members of that House.”—*Parliamentary Debate*.]

WHAT a singular wish, Mr. P. J. P.!

What a truly remarkable want!

Can you possibly see what its meaning must be?

We are bound to suppose that you can't.

We are bound to conjecture

The excellent lecture

You gave to the House from your place
To have simply been grounded
On notions unfounded
And total mistake of the case.

That the journal that owns Mr. William O'Brine
As its able conductor-in-chief
Is the literary mine for which Parnellites pine
Will undoubtedly stagger belief,
When calmly and coolly
(I say not untruly,
At least from the lights you possessed)
You declared that that sheet
Was your countrymen's treat,
Its contents you could never have guessed.

It is easy to see, Mr. Power, me jool,
That you could not have known of the crimes
Of this infamous tool, of that scoundrelly school
Who are blackening your names in the *Times*.
For O'Brine's is the journal
Whose slanders infernal
Were borrowed Parnell to decry.
Yes; here stands the villain
Who gave Mr. D-l-n
So roundly—or flatly—the lie.

If you doubt what we tell you, refer to the file
Of the said irrepressible print,
And you'll find a whole pile of these calumnies vile
Set afloat without scruple or stint.
The *Times* but enlarges,
You'll see, upon charges
That first from these columns it drew;
It is *there* are the libels
Which—save on your Bibles—
You're ready to swear are untrue.

But 'twould hardly astonish us now to get word
That the *Irish World*, too, has its charms;
That your wish you record to have worthy Pat Ford
"Taken in" by the Serjeant-at-Arms,
And are longing to con o'er
That "supper of honour"
Your Yankee friends gave, with their wives,
To the "brave little lady"
Who brought to Joe Brady
That handy consignment of knives.

If on papers like these your affections are set,
To procure them the Serjeant should haste,
Though we never have met with a party as yet
Who, with your unaccountable taste,
Find it pleasing excitement
To read an indictment
In which their own names they may see,
And urge that a gibbet
Be made an "exhibit"
In aid of a prisoner's plea.

REVIEWS.

PEEL AND O'CONNELL.*

MR. SHAW LEFÈVRE is an experienced politician, a strong and consistent partisan, and, as this book proves, a clear and ready writer. His "Review of the Irish policy of Parliament from the Act of Union to the Death of Sir Robert Peel" is a statement of the historical argument for repeal of the Union by a professed and not unskillful advocate. The topics of the narrative are judiciously selected for the purpose, and its tone contrasts favourably with the angry declamation of many previous records of the same transactions. Some objection may be taken to the title as far as it implies that Sir Robert Peel was a representative of English policy in Ireland in the same sense in which O'Connell identified himself with the popular Irish cause. As the leader during many years of the Conservative party, Peel was occupied with many other political matters, though it may be admitted that Irish questions were perhaps the most important of all. O'Connell gave a general support to Liberal policy; but he was almost exclusively concerned with Irish affairs. During the greater part of his career he was almost as strongly opposed by the Whigs as by Peel and his followers. The Catholic claims indeed during the long controversy were supported by many of the ablest English statesmen, and on several occasions by majorities in the House of Commons; but the people of England were unanimously hostile to the Repeal movement, and when O'Connell first divided the House on the question only one member from the whole of Great Britain voted on his side. Sir Robert Peel had no need to use his influence against a measure which, except by O'Connell's followers, was universally condemned. Mr. Shaw Lefèvre seems to believe,

not without reason, that if Peel's life had been prolonged, he would have conceded some of the more equitable Irish demands. The Maynooth grant illustrated both Peel's disregard in the cause of justice of the prejudices of his party and the difficulty of satisfying the exigencies of his opponents in Ireland. Many years afterwards the much more ambitious enterprise of destroying the Irish Church Establishment had equally little effect in conciliating Irish discontent. The Encumbered Estates Bill which Peel helped the Whig Government to pass was equally well intended with the Maynooth grant, and yet it created or increased agrarian difficulties. In his account of Peel's opposition to the Irish measures of Lord Melbourne's Government Mr. Shaw Lefèvre scarcely does justice to his moderation. At that time Peel, though he was supreme over his party in the House of Commons, was systematically thwarted in the House of Lords by Lord Lyndhurst, who openly avowed his independence of his chief. The Irish Municipal Bill was ultimately carried, though in a modified form, by Peel's resolute determination. Mr. Shaw Lefèvre may perhaps be right in his opinion that Peel would have been better qualified for Irish legislature and government if he had been more largely endowed with imaginative sympathies. It is remarkable that, as he grew older, his character expanded and his impulses appeared to become more genial. A part both of his natural deficiencies and of his later improvement may be attributed to his natural shyness. No other vice or weakness has an equal tendency to abate with advancing years; and the attainment of high position also promotes self-confidence. Sir Robert Peel after his retirement from office gave a generous support to his lifelong adversaries; but it is doubtful whether in any circumstances he could have been reconciled to O'Connell. He appreciated O'Connell's eloquence and genius, but he could not tolerate the scurrility, the mendacity, and the violence which contributed to the success of the demagogue.

Mr. Shaw Lefèvre repeats briefly and accurately the thrice-told tale of Pitt's inability to perform his implied promise of removing the Catholic disabilities when the Union had been carried. The obstinacy of the King, whose intellect was at the very time disordered, the treachery of Lord Loughborough, whom George III. afterwards described as the greatest rascal in his dominions, the retirement of Pitt from office, and the promotion of the incapable Addington, are all parts of a familiar story. Mr. Shaw Lefèvre implies rather than expresses censure on Pitt for resuming office in 1804 on an understanding that he should not revive or agitate the Catholic question. If he had been writing a general history of the time, instead of an argumentative summary of fifty years of Irish policy, Mr. Lefèvre would perhaps have remembered that Ireland was not the only part of the Empire which occupied the minds of thoughtful statesmen. The great war had, after the rupture of the Truce of Amiens, once more broken out, and Napoleon with a vast armament was waiting on the coast at Boulogne for an opportunity of invading England. The country had never before been exposed to danger so imminent, and, rightly or wrongly, a general conviction was entertained that Pitt alone was capable of facing the danger. He had shielded Addington from hostile attacks, and he had afterwards remained neutral, but it was no longer a time to hesitate. Unfriendly critics have condemned Pitt's acceptance of office, not on the ground that he postponed Catholic Emancipation, but much more severely because he returned to power alone. He had urged the King to admit Fox into the Cabinet; but, after a positive rejection of the proposal, he held that the duty of saving the country was paramount. His old colleague, Lord Grenville, took an opposite view; and it is possible that Pitt, if he also had stood aloof, might at last have prevailed over the King's perverse refusal. On the other hand, the result might have been the retention of office by Addington, with whom the Continental Powers were unwilling to negotiate. "I will show that proud man," said Pitt of Grenville, "that I can do without him"; and in the last year of his life, deserted by his early friends and prostrated by illness, Pitt literally saved the country. The House of Commons granted him a ten per cent. Income-tax, which would have been refused to his predecessor. Austria, Russia, and Prussia concluded treaties of alliance with England. It was in consequence of Pitt's measures that Napoleon broke up from Boulogne to march upon Vienna, and that he had to fight for his existence at Austerlitz, Eylau, and Friedland. It was not Pitt's fault that in all the great battles the enemy was unfortunately victorious. Before Pitt's death the battle of Trafalgar had confirmed the naval supremacy of England, and during the remaining years of the war Napoleon never renewed the scheme of invasion. It was no time even to do justice to the Irish Catholics, at the cost of alienating the good will of the majority of the English and Scotch people, and with the certainty of a conflict with the King, who still exercised great, though varying, power, especially when his prejudices coincided with popular opinion. The Whigs estopped themselves from blaming Pitt for his abstinence from a renewal of the Catholic controversy. On Pitt's death, Grenville and Fox virtually gave the same undertaking; and it was after the death of Fox that his surviving colleagues, as Sheridan said, not only knocked their heads against a wall, but unnecessarily built a wall to knock their heads against. Peel is greatly to be blamed for his opposition to the policy of Catholic Relief; but Pitt made many sacrifices to the cause, and his good faith to the Catholics cannot be justly disputed.

An unfriendly and severe critic of Peel, Mr. Lefèvre is an

* *Peel and O'Connell.* By the Right Hon. G. Shaw Lefèvre, M.P. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1887.

unqualified admirer of O'Connell. He admits, indeed, in general terms, that "his merits were undoubtedly often obscured by breaches of technical decorum specially displeasing to the House of Commons, by rudeness of language amounting sometimes to scurrility, by a certain want of self-respect, and by recklessness of statement which rendered him occasionally liable to the charge of untruthfulness. These defects, however, were but small blemishes on his great merits." The most devoted follower could scarcely be more thoroughgoing apologist. O'Connell's coarse vituperation was specially displeasing to the Assembly in which it was habitually practised. The charge of untruthfulness, instead of being occasionally justified, was believed by all but O'Connell's followers, and they were disposed rather to excuse his calculated inaccuracies than to deny that they occurred. Out of Ireland O'Connell was never respected, though large political parties courted his powerful support, and though his great powers were universally acknowledged. His alliance kept the Melbourne Government for some years in office, but it eventually destroyed the popularity of the Whigs. Mr. Shaw Lefevre would "accord to O'Connell's Parliamentary career a very high position—one which alone would entitle him to rank among the first statesmen of the day." There is no doubt that he surpassed all competitors in his own department of political activity; but he was, whether the cause which he supported was at any time good or bad, a demagogue in the proper sense of the word, and not a statesman. The great achievement of his life was the organization and direction of the forces which ultimately intimidated and conquered the opponents of Catholic Emancipation. Physical force was for once on the same side with justice, and it would be unjust to deny the great agitator the merit of his triumphs. From that time forward a principal result of his efforts was to perpetuate and inflame the antagonism between the popular party in Ireland and the rest of the population. It is true that he consistently, and perhaps sincerely, deprecated rebellion and civil war; but, at the same time, he excited the passions of the Irish people, and taught them to rely on their numbers and their strength. The latest and most daring movement of his life ended in the ignominious collapse, not only of the immediate enterprise, but of its author's popularity and power. In 1843, while O'Connell was assembling formidable multitudes, or, as they were called, monster meetings, in every part of Ireland, Sir Robert Peel had given full notice of the intention of the Government to maintain the Union against all opposition. "He quoted with approval the words of Lord Althorp, 'That civil war itself would be preferable to dismemberment of the Empire.'" It afterwards appeared that the Minister was more in earnest than the veteran agitators. A proposed meeting at Clontarf, within two miles of Dublin, was prohibited by the Government; and O'Connell, though he had repeatedly asserted that the meetings were perfectly legal, at once submitted. He had also pledged himself to resist by force the dispersion of the meetings; but, when the crisis arrived, he apparently perceived for the first time that the victory of the Repealers was hopeless. According to Mr. Shaw Lefevre, who is apparently uncertain whether an outrageous accusation of that time was well founded, it was said by the opponents of the Government that Peel did not really wish to prevent the meeting, but intended to take the opportunity of arresting O'Connell and the leaders of the movement, and to force a conflict with the mob, trusting to the large military force then quartered in Dublin, and believing that a collision with the police would result in a salutary lesson. A more disgraceful calumny was never uttered against a wise, humane, and temperate statesman. Some of the then opponents of the Government were capable of any extravagance; but it could not have been expected that, after the lapse of forty years, an historian or even a pamphleteer would repeat the charge without a protest. O'Connell's action was indignantly repudiated by a knot of younger rivals who had already begun to assail his supremacy. Sir Gavan Duffy, who records the abortive conspiracies of "Young Ireland," seems in his latest work to regret the avoidance of armed rebellion at Clontarf. On that occasion O'Connell was wiser than his disappointed allies and critics. The error of promoting seditious meetings could only be extenuated on the ground that he hoped to frighten the Government into concession. He had for this purpose approached the verge of the precipice with a disregard of possible consequences which was at the same time criminal and foolish. His refusal at the last moment to take the fatal leap was the only stage in the proceeding which admitted of defence. The Young Irishers eventually had their own way, and their defeat at Ballygarry was more ridiculous than the capitulation of Clontarf.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre's reason for following many forerunners along a beaten track is not easy to understand, but it may be conjectured that he expects to supply by a rehabilitation of O'Connell an argument for the Repeal of the Union. He incidentally reminds his readers of the approximate unanimity of all parties and all statesmen in holding during more than eighty years that the Union was irrevocable. The only exceptions were a few of the original opponents of the measure, and as Fox and his generation died out, the cause of the Separatists tacitly disappeared. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's judgment in beginning his history after the passage of the Act of Union deserves recognition. Mr. Gladstone reserves to himself the establishment and the application of the remarkable doctrine, that after any lapse of time an institution ought to be abolished if it was founded by questionable methods—

Within that circle none dare walk but he.

The Revolution of 1688, and the series of changes which is collectively known as the Reformation, ought on similar grounds to be reversed. Perhaps Mr. Shaw Lefevre may know too much of the history of the Union, which was evidently approached by his chief for the first time, when he needed an excuse for coalescing with Mr. Parnell. Mr. Lefevre has another advantage over his leader, in his abstinence from strong language. Even Sir Robert Peel's disappointed hope of bloodshed at Clontarf is not stigmatized as blackguardly or devilish. If the publication of *Peel and O'Connell* produces no definite result, it can do little harm except to literary and political novices. The events to which the book refers, though they are coloured, are not intentionally misstated, and accordingly Mr. Lefevre is secure against such comments as those which are every day provoked by Mr. Gladstone's hallucinations.

NOVELS.*

NOVEL-READERS are accustomed to find in Miss Edna Lyall's books conscientious workmanship, careful writing, and pure feeling. None of these excellent things are wanting in her new novel, *Knight-Errant*. The sense of unreality which remains at the end of the story is due to the too high pitch of enthusiasm in which the principal character is conceived. No one could desire to see Miss Lyall's lofty idealism tarnished by any touch of cynicism, or dragged down by a too worldly view of human nature. But it is impossible not to wish that her sense of humour had been allowed more play in describing the character and adventures of Signor Carlo Donati, who might have been made more akin to ordinary mortals by touches of human infirmity, or even a less persistent show of his transcendent virtue. After all, it is not the magnitude of Carlo Donati's sacrifices, or the exaltation of his knight-errantry, that strains our sense of the probable. The young Neapolitan gives up his profession as a lawyer to become an opera singer, in order to be near his only sister and to protect her from the too pronounced advances of the unprincipled baritone, who sings in the same company. It is true the sister has a legal protector in the person of her husband, the *impresario*, but Signor Merlino has an uncomfortable temper and a truly Italian conception of marital privileges in home life. The great sacrifice involved in this change on the part of Carlo is not so much the difference of profession, for he has a magnificent voice, natural dramatic talent, and every physical quality needed for the stage, and he makes a great success upon it besides thoroughly enjoying his work. But he is in love with a pretty English girl, and Captain Britton has an odd objection to an opera singer viewed in the light of a son-in-law. Anita, the sister, is heartless and vain; and as we trace the history of Carlo's difficult task, we cannot but feel that she would have been in every sense better left to the untender mercies of Signor Merlino, who would have beaten her, probably, and brought the sense of her improprieties more sensibly home to her bird-brain than Carlo's self-abnegation was able to do. As it is, Carlo is never more than a barrier to her wrong-doing. She is feeling wrongly all the time, and in the end she has to die to get herself out of the dilemma of her danger. The theory that one human being can stand between another and his responsibilities is an unsound one. Anita, like the rest of us, had her own salvation to work out. Carlo Donati went near to spoiling his own life as well as Francesco Britton's without saving more than the outward respectability of his sister. His intention was noble, though the conditions of life rarely allow such efforts to succeed. Carlo, however, remains too obstinately on the level of ideal perfection for human nature's daily food. He hands cake and bread-and-butter, washes dirty little Gigi, and receives the impertinences of whipper-snappers with the same meek angelic smile with which he accepts threatened death at the hands of Brancaleone, the hired brigand. His is an ideal perfection; and the story of it will have but little influence on the real and imperfect beings who read it, though unquestionably the author's aim has been high and her working out of it worthy of all praise.

Doctor Cesar Crawl is one of those mysterious personages whom we meet now and then in works of fiction, whose amazing capacities leave us less surprised than do the astonishingly small results which proceed from them. They are like those benevolent gentlemen in the speculative line of business who propose to the innocent to sell them schemes "to realize potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice," for the trifling sum of half-a-crown. They appear to have the power of doing so much, and are content to do so little. Dr. Crawl is a mind-curer. Not in the sense of a physician who treats mental disease, but a "Christian Scientist," a "Metaphysical Healer," or, should these terms fail to convey a clear meaning to the reader, a theorist who holds that matter does not exist, and that all the manifestations of this world belong to mind. Believing, therefore, that disease, like everything else, is purely mental, he relies not on drugs, but solely on

* *Knight-Errant*. By Edna Lyall. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1887.

Doctor Cesar Crawl; Mind-Curer. By Paul Cushing. 3 vols. London: J. & R. Maxwell.

This Man's Wife. By G. Manville Fenn. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

Driven to Bay. By Florence Marryat. 3 vols. London: F. V. White. 1887.

"applied metaphysics." Doctor Crowl, moreover, has the art of "applying metaphysics" in so extraordinary a manner that he can not only banish organic disease by a thought, dissipate degeneration of tissue by a wish, and restore wasted powers by the expression of a desire, but he can bend the wills of men and women to his own, control their affections, and inform their imaginations with what phantasms he will. The lower animals also are subject to his power; so that we must not rashly explain the phenomena as arising from the credulity of the subject. Horses take or refuse leaps, in defiance of the whip and spur of their riders as he silently wills. Sometimes Doctor Crowl lets fall "eloquent hints of esoteric transcendentalism, of dark wonders, opaque truths, and power that would make gods of men or demons." Why, then, one wants to know, does Doctor Crowl stop short of the empire of the universe? Why does he not, being an ambitious and worldly man, seat himself on the highest throne, possess himself of the biggest treasures, and gather around him all the wittiest men and most professional beauties of the world? We find him doing nothing of the kind in this novel, which records the events of his life. We find him making abortive attempts at various kinds of success, ending in failures. He certainly subdues madmen by magnetic glances, tortures weak-minded folk into a species of lunacy, makes foolish women think themselves in love with his majestic person, which had the "supple grace of an Antinous," and, what is certainly more to the material point, obliges people to present him with valuable and portable property to a remarkable extent; but he can do nothing which it really seems worth while to do. It all ends in a "wee pinch of powder" laid on his tongue and washed down with a "drink of brandy," and death upon a sort of natural throne of rock. Almost as well be an ordinary charlatan as a metaphysical healer such as this. Mr. Paul Cushing is careful to convey to us in his preface that he is an Englishman; but his book is very American. It is cleverly written, in an easy, offhand kind of way. Moreover, Mr. Cushing has been successful in his sketch of Jacinta Theobald, a fresh and natural English girl.

Mr. G. Manville Fenn's new story is readable, though not original either in invention or treatment. The defalcations of a dishonest bank manager, though painfully interesting in real life to the depositors, do not make picturesque incidents in fiction, except when such writers as the late Mr. Charles Reade take them in hand. Mr. Robert Hallam, who went so near to breaking the bank in the novel *This Man's Wife*, is a commonplace villain enough—smooth, superficial, vulgar, and uninteresting. He was, as Thisbe King said of him, "so horrid handsome," with his "high white forehead" and "full dark whiskers," that he might easily have won the hearts of half the milliners' apprentices in King's Castor, where he managed the local bank. It is not so clear how he contrived to engage the affections of a girl of sense and feeling like Millicent Luttrell. He did, however, and she became, to her own misery and the lasting grief of the good young clergyman, Christie Bayle, the wife of a forger and a thief. Millicent is the good heroine of the story, and she is, in truth, invariably good, and on occasion heroic; but her habit of persistently addressing Mr. Hallam as "husband! love!" at moments when he is behaving as the veriest brute is irritating. Her obstinate refusal to believe in her husband's guilt after it has been clearly established to the satisfaction of the law, the public, and all his friends except those whom he had robbed, is of a piece with her determined tenderness; nevertheless Millicent has the reader's sympathy, and her death scene is not read without a softened sensation. The story is told in a wordy, diffuse style; but it is natural, at times amusing, and readable to the end.

Miss Florence Marryat gives us a sea-story—a very fitting thing for her father's daughter to do. We cannot say, however, that *Driven to Bay* recalls the delightful stories by Captain Marryat which enlivened the youth of the present generation of elders. There is the sea, and there is a ship. Further we discern no resemblance. On board the *Pandora*, a sailing passenger vessel bound to New Zealand, we find a collection of individuals to detail whose relations to each other would be to tell Miss Marryat's story. There is a gentleman in the first cabin who is married to a lady concealed in the second, illegally entangled with a young person *perdus* in the steerage, and proposing marriage to an heiress in the saloon. This hero is already a forger, we believe, and before the end of the voyage certainly becomes a murderer. There is a gallant young second officer engaged to a charming young lady who has the privileges of the quarter-deck, but hopelessly in love with the forger's wife disguised in the second cabin. There are many other ladies and gentlemen, accomplices, actresses, dupes, maskers, &c. The *Pandora* sails through the greater part of the three volumes, and is wrecked at the end, the virtuous persons being saved and the villains drowned. This saves the trouble of hanging the rogues, and the reader is delighted at the conclusion of the tale.

LIVERPOOL MUNICIPAL RECORDS.*

THIS book is, as the learned author tells us in his preface, a continuation of a former volume, in which the most interesting matter in the Municipal Records of Liverpool down to the end

* *Municipal Archives and Records, from A.D. 1700 to the passing of the Municipal Reform Act 1835.* Extracted and Annotated by Sir James Picton, F.S.A. Liverpool: Gilbert G. Walmley.

of the seventeenth century was extracted and digested. There is much that is interesting in the proceedings of the Corporation, much that brings vividly to the mind of the reader the transformation that has taken place in the habits of thought of the people of the present generation compared with those of their great-grandfathers, and even of the grandfathers of some of them. Take the slave-trade as an instance. The Corporation of Liverpool never doubted or hesitated in its support of that trade. In 1787 a petition had been presented to the House of Commons praying for the abolition of the slave-trade. In 1788 the Anti-Slavery Society was established. In February of that year the Corporation of Liverpool presented a petition to the House of Commons alleging that, owing to the convenience of docks and other local advantages, "added to the enterprising spirit of the people, which has enabled them to carry on the African slave-trade with vigour, the town of Liverpool has arrived at a pitch of mercantile consequence which cannot but affect and improve the wealth and prosperity of the kingdom at large." They state that they view with "real concern" the attempts being made at an abolition of the trade, and pray to be heard by counsel before the House "proceeds to determine upon a point which so essentially concerns the welfare of the town and port of Liverpool in particular and the landed interest of the kingdom in general, and which in their judgment must also tend to the prejudice of the British manufacturers, must ruin the property of the English merchants in the West Indies, diminish the public revenue, and impair the maritime strength of Great Britain." In June of the same year a deputation of five persons having been sent to London by the Committee of the Liverpool African merchants upon the business of supporting the slave-trade, or rather of opposing any interference with it, the Council voted them thanks for their services, and presented them with the freedom of the borough. They also voted the freedom of the borough to Lord Hawkesbury "in gratitude for the essential services rendered to the town of Liverpool by his Lordship's late exertion in Parliament in support of the African slave-trade." In 1799 the Council petitioned against a Bill for regulating the shipping and carrying of slaves, and in 1800 they presented the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) with a gold box which cost 226*l.* for (as the Council expresses it) "his Royal Highnesses active and able exertions in Parliament for the trade and commerce of the kingdom in points in which the Town of Liverpool is particularly interested." The Duke, possibly from being a sailor, did not like circumlocution, and therefore, in thanking the Corporation, he speaks to the point thus:—"The sense the Corporation has entertained of my exertions in Parliament on the discussions of questions relative to the African slave-trade is highly flattering to me." In 1807 the Council petitioned Parliament for compensation in case the Bill for the abolition of the slave-trade were passed. It is needless to say that they got none. It is hard to believe that almost within the memory of living men the governing body of a town like Liverpool was doing its utmost to support a traffic utterly indefensible on any moral ground and detestably cruel in practice, and it is a shock to find that they did so solely in the interests of money-getting; for the flourishes about the "landed interest" and "the maritime strength of Great Britain" must be taken as mere sound, neither having the remotest connexion with the kidnapping of natives in Africa and conveying them, with all the horrors of the middle passage, for sale to the West Indies and elsewhere.

But the most remarkable thing about the old Corporation of Liverpool was its vitality. Sir James Picton tells us that it existed for six hundred years. It had very extensive powers and considerable wealth, which was augmented yearly. It levied dues on merchandise, it farmed the Customs, it purchased land, it made a dock, it possessed almost the whole ecclesiastical patronage of the town, it had civil and criminal courts of its own, and appointed its own Recorder to preside therein; it prevented any persons, save those who had the freedom of the borough, from trading therein, and prosecuted them if they attempted to trade, and a good part of its revenue was derived from the admission of freemen; and yet it is extremely doubtful whether this Corporation had ever a legal existence. It claimed to exist and to be self-elective under certain charters, the last of which was one of William III. (1695), by which it was provided that a Council of "forty and one honest and discreet men" should be appointed; but the method of appointment was left in doubt, and was subsequently the subject of much controversy—the Council holding that they had power to fill up their own vacancies, and other parties thinking that the Council should be elected by the burgesses assembled in what was called "Common Hall." On one or two occasions the matter was contested and legal proceedings ensued. But Corporations do not die, they do not grow infirm with age; their opponents do. Corporations fight with other people's money; their opponents with their own. These advantages the old Liverpool Corporation seems to have perceived and used to the utmost, and all attempts to oust them or alter their procedure in elections were frustrated till 1835.

James tenth Earl of Derby was twice Mayor of Liverpool. On the second occasion—namely, in 1734—he appears to have taken the part of those who contended that the Council was not self-elective, for he called a Common Hall of the burgesses, at which by-laws were made. He died, however, soon afterwards, and nothing appears to have come of this proceeding, except the entry in the records of a protest on the 20th of September, 1736, declaring the proceedings of the Common Hall illegal. It is significant that no meeting of the Council appears to have been held

between the 4th of February, 1735, and the 23rd of September, 1736. The Rev. Henry Richmond, a pugnacious priest, seems also to have called in question the legal status of the Council. In a resolution of April 4th, 1711, it is recorded that "some attempts have been made to destroy the present constitution of this Corporation and to vacate and sett aside the present Charter by the management of Mr. Henry Richmond, one of the Rectors of this Town," and it is resolved that the charter and constitution and ancient privileges be defended at the public charge of the Corporation. In the same year the grand jury at a Portmoot presented that "several scandalous and villainous libells are published in the Town in one of which the Common Council are called a 'corrupt Majority' and a 'pact Council,' which libell was published by the aforesaid Rector." The Rector took legal proceedings, but they appear to have been quashed for want of form. Mr. Richmond, it is observed, added obloquy to ingratitude in thus attacking the Council, for he had received his appointment from it. In 1790 a more determined attack was made upon the Council. A memorial of leading merchants was presented to the Mayor praying him to "take into consideration the propriety of summoning a Common Hall at which the Burgesses may have an opportunity of electing the guardians of their own estate." At a Common Council held on February 2, 1791, certain persons appeared and claimed their seats as Common Councilmen, having been unanimously elected by the burgesses at large at a Common Hall called by the mayor and bailiffs. A resolution was, however, passed by a majority that they were not duly elected, and the proceedings of the Common Hall were declared illegal, the mayor, the two bailiffs, and six councillors protesting.

The Council resisted in the most strenuous manner the publication of their accounts. Their opponents considered this a very fair ground of attack, and accordingly hit upon a very astute move by which the legality of the status and procedure of the Council might be tested and decided in a court of law. In January 1791 at Common Hall they passed a by-law requiring the treasurer's accounts to be audited and published. On the 16th June in the same year another Common Hall passed a by-law inflicting a penalty of forty shillings for every refusal of the treasurer to allow the auditors to inspect his books. The treasurer refused, and an action was brought against him in the Court of King's Bench for the recovery of the penalty. The action was tried at Lancaster, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiffs. A new trial was granted, in which the verdict was again against the Council. Another motion having been made for a new trial, the plaintiffs discontinued the proceedings, for what reason is not stated, but probably for the reasons we have hinted at—namely, that fighting a Corporation is a very unprofitable business. Sir James Picton says the matter was never afterwards referred to as long as the Corporation existed.

The Liverpool Corporation was always eminently loyal. In the rebellion of '45 they raised a regiment called the Liverpool Blues, which continued embodied from October 1745 to January 1746, and was present at the siege of Carlisle. On the 3rd May, 1749, the Corporation placed on record in a long minute the history of their proceedings with reference to the rebellion. The "Liverpool Blues" appear again in 1778, and were sent on foreign service. They appear to have served on this occasion six years.

In addition to raising a regiment, the Corporation built and equipped forts and batteries for the protection of the town. In 1774 they were scared by a report that Paul Jones was off the coast. The following resolutions read strangely now:—

1779, Sept. 13.—At a special Council held for the particular purpose of taking into consideration the best means of putting this town into a state of defence at this alarming juncture, a letter having been received by the Mayor that Paul Jones, with several ships of force and troops on board, are now on the coast. It is ordered

That the Mayor apply to the Board of Ordnance for a thousand stands of arms for the use of such gentlemen and private men who may offer to serve as Volunteer Companies in case of an enemy's landing upon this coast, which is now much to be feared.

That the Mayor apply to the Secretary of State to remove the French and Spanish prisoners now confined in the gaol.

The Corporation as a mercantile body objected to the imprisonment of seamen, and upon receiving press warrants offered a bounty to any one who would volunteer. The bounty began at one guinea in 1770, which was increased to ten for seamen and five for landsmen in 1779. The reasons given for this politic measure are no doubt the true ones—namely, "that it would be for the common profit and advantage of the town and the trade thereof, and would be lessening the great hardships and inconveniences which must of course be brought on the freemen and inhabitants."

The great feature of Liverpool, as every one knows, is its magnificent system of docks, which line the banks of the Mersey on the Lancashire side for four or five miles. This system is now managed by a Trust entirely independent of the Corporation, but the old unreformed Corporation built the first dock in 1715. This has long ago been filled up, and the Custom House now stands upon its site.

Perhaps one of the oddest things about the old Corporation as it appears to a man of the present day was that it supported a pack of hounds. Here is a resolution:—

1746, Oct. 18.—Ordered upon the humble petition of Mr. Baillif Spencer, that this Corporation do patronize and qualify the pack of hounds commonly called the Town's hounds, kept by subscription in this Town to hunt for the diversion of the gentlemen of this Town. And that the Corporation do allow the huntsman for the time being the yearly sum of five guineas as and for a livery.

To encourage the noble and favourite sport of bull-baiting, the Corporation in 1713 ordered that a penalty should be inflicted on any person who should expose a bull for sale which had been killed without having been first baited.

Bribery and corruption at Parliamentary elections would at first sight seem beyond the scope of municipal affairs; but it must be remembered that the freemen who alone exercised the franchise were in great part created by the Council, and accordingly we find that body much interested in accusations brought against the freemen of having been bribed. A Bill for disfranchising them was brought into the House of Commons in 1831, which the Council resolved to oppose. That Bill does not appear to have been proceeded with in 1831, but it was brought in again in 1832, and in 1833 a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the alleged corruption. This Committee reported, on the 29th of July, 1833, that bribery and corruption had existed in the elections of members of Parliament and chief magistrates for the borough of Liverpool to a great extent, and it recommended that a Bill should be introduced making alterations in the franchise. The following extract from the Report is significant:—

Your Committee cannot conclude this Report without directing the attention of your Honourable House to the conduct of Freemen in a better class of life and in good circumstances who have shown fully as much readiness to take bribes as the poorest and most destitute of their fellow-Burgesses.

In the same year a Commission of Inquiry visited Liverpool, when the Council resolved that the Town Clerk should attend and give all information called for by the Commission, but that he must decline answering inquiries as to the title of the Corporation to the town dues, the reason given being that litigation was pending.

In June 1835 the Mayor called the Council together to inform them that he had received a copy of the Bill to provide for the regulation of Municipal Corporations. One of the resolutions passed is edifying, bearing in mind the Report of the Select Committee that extensive bribery had been resorted to at the election of mayors, the only kind of municipal election which the Council permitted, and that the corrupt freemen were largely the creatures of the Council:—

Resolved, that this Council, conscious of having always discharged the important duties devolved upon it as the governing body of this Corporation, with the utmost desire for the welfare and advantage of the Town of Liverpool, does not feel itself called upon to offer any opposition to the principle of the measure, so far as relates to the removal of the members of this Council and the substitution of another body by a different mode of election for the future management of the corporate estate, but that the same should be left to such determination as Parliament may think fit to come to regarding it.

The latter part of this resolution is conceived in such an excellent spirit that it must have excited the admiration of the most ardent reformer. Nevertheless it is a fact that the Council afterwards petitioned the House of Lords to be exempted from the Act.

We have lingered too long over Sir James Picton's interesting compilation; but there is yet one small matter which deserves mention. In March 1785 the Corporation determined to petition Parliament against "the building of a bridge over an arm of the sea called the Straits of Menai." Why they did so will probably for ever remain a mystery.

The great power of resistance to the inroads of reform shown by this Corporation is in one sense in its favour, and possibly the boast of the resolution of the 17th of June, 1835, was not altogether without warrant. If it had been very corrupt or incompetent, public opinion, aided by the law courts, would have swept it away long before its final end in 1835. If it supported the slave-trade, it did so in the interests of Liverpool, for in that trade Liverpool was largely involved, as the fact that in 1771 105 slave-ships belonged to Liverpool, which carried 28,000 slaves to the West Indies, decisively proves. If it established monopolies, it only acted in accordance with the mercantile creed of the time. If it wished to perpetuate its own power, it thereby only proved that it was subject to human weakness. If it objected to popular election, it was no doubt because it felt convinced that popular election was a mistake, and that the people were not as competent to elect new members as the intelligent old ones were. Its greatest blot is its support of the slave-trade; its greatest glory that it built the first dock in Liverpool. *Requiescat!*

BIRD FOLK-LORE.*

OF the numerous volumes published for the English Dialect Society, there is hardly one whose title conveys promise of more general interest than this upon the provincial names and folk-lore of British birds. It is a work which invites review rather than criticism, for its very title implies the absence of originality; while the author or editor, already known by his book on Weather Folk-lore published some twelve or fourteen years ago, is himself careful to inform us that his only object has been "to gather from various quarters the provincial names of our British wild birds, as well as the popular sayings and superstitions attached to them, illustrating these, if possible, by reference to similar beliefs prevalent among other nations," &c. Thus the work is confessedly little more than a compilation; and the ingenuity of

* *Provincial Names and Folk-lore of British Birds.* By Rev. Charles Swainson. Published for the English Dialect Society. London: Trübner & Co.

its author is apparent in the selection of materials at his disposal, and in his decision with regard to the prevalence or limit of local names, rather than in the extent of his researches into the history and origin of the folk-lore which he has made it his business to record. Of course the task is even then not without its difficulties and its special sources of error; popular beliefs and popular use, often misuse, of semi-obsolete words are fast dying out. It is, on the one hand, possible to localize provincial names too closely; and, on the other, is the temptation to accept suggested or doubtful terms on what is perhaps insufficient authority. With all deference to Mr. Swainson, and entertaining as we do a very favourable opinion of the work, we think he has not escaped these errors; while, at the same time, the book is to an appreciable extent deficient in what would have greatly enhanced its value—i.e. evidence of further investigation into the derivation or ancestry of superstitions and popular beliefs which, standing alone without any suggestion of their origin, are often rather puerile than interesting.

With regard to provincial names, let the reader turn to Mr. Swainson's notes upon the Hen-harrier. The bird was at one time a regular summer visitant to the British Isles, and, though now comparatively rare, is still supposed to breed in some of the wilder districts of Devonshire, of Cornwall, and of the Lake Country. The author tells us that "the male of this species is of a greyish blue colour; hence the name Blue-hawk"; and then adds in parenthesis, "East Lothian and Wicklow." Further on we read, "The plumage of the female is composed of various shades of dark brown; hence she is termed Ringtail (East Lothian, where it is applied to both sexes)." From these statements it might be fairly inferred that in the author's opinion the term *Blue-hawk* obtains only in two limited districts, and that the use of the local name *Ringtail* is even more exceptional. The inference, however, would be absolutely incorrect; it is not merely our own private impression, but it is a matter of common knowledge among ornithologists, that in almost every, if not in every, case where the occurrence of the full-plumaged bird is recorded it is known rather as the *Blue-hawk* than as the Hen-harrier; while the use of the term *Ringtail*, as applied to the female and the immature male, is invariable. Thus in Montagu's *British Birds* the Hen-harrier and the Ringtail are declared to be the same species, and reference is made to a paper read before the Linnean Society in June 1805, in which their identity is demonstrated. In a popular work, *Cassell's Feathered Tribes*, the Ringtail is referred to as the female of the Hen-harrier. Mr. Stevenson in his *Birds of Norfolk* writes, "Adult females, the Ringtail harrier of some authors." Messrs. Sterland and Whittaker, in their *Birds of Nottinghamshire*, tell us that "this species (i.e. the Hen-harrier) is not unfrequent, though the male bird, known from his ash-coloured plumage as the Blue-hawk, is not so common as the brown-plumaged bird, the young males wearing the livery of the female or Ringtail until the second year"; and Mr. Whittaker writes, "I have seen a Ringtail intently watching a poultry-yard." And, not to multiply instances, Mr. Churchill Babington, in his recently published *Birds of Suffolk*, records, under the heading "Hen-harrier," "a Ringtail was killed at Blackheath, near Hazlewood, in 1859," and "another Ringtail is noticed from the Rendlesham estate."

We notice that, in giving the local or provincial names of the Wryneck, Mr. Swainson limits the use of the term "cuckoo's marrow"—i.e. companion or friend" to a district known—to the members of the English Dialect Society—as "the Midlands." This limitation, together with the special meaning which he assigns to the word *marrow*, is not entirely satisfactory. North of the Trent, in Derbyshire, North Nottinghamshire, and the adjacent parts of the West Riding, where the bird is rare or very locally distributed, the word *marrow*, so far as our observation extends, bears a much more restricted meaning. It conveys, in fact, not the idea implied in Halliwell's first definition, "companion, friend, mate or lover," "Pore husbands that had no marrowes"; but his second meaning—that is, not so much companionship as actual resemblance, the likeness that exists, for instance, between the two articles which make a pair, such as of gloves or shoes, and is therefore inapplicable to two birds dissimilar in appearance, as the Wryneck and the Cuckoo. This second meaning is also supported by the Dialect Society—"Marrow me that an ye please, match me the pattern shewn"—and it is the meaning even now in use, when Yorkshire gossips declare that a child is "the very marrow" (pronounced marrer) of its father. While referring to the Wryneck, we may also remark that, while Mr. Swainson says that the bird is known as "the Pea-bird, from its sharp utterance of the word pea," Blyth tells us that in Surrey it is known as the Pay-bird, from the same sharp utterance of what he terms "its hawk-like note." The difference in sound is perhaps immaterial, but they cannot both be correct.

And as to bird folk-lore, much of it is so trivial and its origin so evident that it is sufficient to have recorded its occurrence; but there are exceptions which would, we think, well repay a more exhaustive investigation. Thus the folk-lore which attaches to the redbreast has clearly some common origin, though we may not succeed in tracing each legend or superstition to its source, as Max Müller traced La Fontaine's pretty fable of Perette and her milk-pail to the 2,000 year old tale of the Brahmin and his pot of rice. In Persia, on the shores of the Caspian westward into the Caucasus, in India, in Japan, and far away among the Chippeways in North America, some bird more trustful than the rest, or with plumage approaching that of our little songster, has been singled out as the special friend of man, and to it has been ascribed some

quality or traditional character which bears a strange family resemblance, and in most cases insures its preservation. Who does not remember the pathetic ballad of the Babes in the Wood?—

No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives;
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

Bishop Percy tells us that the idea was taken from a play by Robert Yarrington, dated 1601. It occurs in *Cymbeline*:

The ruddocke would
with charitable bill
bring thee all this,
Yea and furred moss beside where flowers are none,
To winter ground thy corse.

It is used by Drayton:—

Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little Redbreast teacheth charitie.

And Mr. Swainson shows that the tradition is of a much earlier date, though he owns that he cannot find any written trace of its existence earlier than the close of the sixteenth century. Perhaps its origin must be sought abroad; the superstition is prevalent in Germany and in Lorraine; Gubernatis, referring to the connexion of the kingfisher with stormy weather, says, "This bird . . . the wren, the crow, and the redbreast, who throws funeral flowers on unburied bodies—are all sacred to St. Martin," &c. We have been unable to discover any direct allusion to the legend in Italy; but it is worthy of remark that, as first pointed out by Addison, the idea has its parallel in Horace, where the poet tells how once he wandered as a little child upon Mount Vultur, beyond the boundary of Apulia, and falling wearily asleep, was covered by protecting doves with laurel and with myrtle leaves:—

Me fabulosæ Vultuæ in Apulo
Altricæ extra limen Apuliae,
Ludo fatigatumque sonno
Frondæ nova puerum palumbes
Texere . . .
. . . ut premeret sacra
Lauroque collataque myrto.

Legends connected with the rock-pigeon and the turtle-dove are to a certain extent interchangeable, and no doubt all, or nearly all, are derived by some process of evolution from the occurrence of the dove as an emblem of the Third Person in the Holy Trinity. The pigeon thus in some localities became a sacred bird, which to kill and eat would be an unpardonable sin, and its presence was an assurance of prosperity, as in Venice, where the pigeons of St. Mark are believed by the faithful to fly three times daily round the city in honour of the Trinity. It is a variation of the superstition when the unexpected appearance of a stray white pigeon is regarded as presaging death, or when, as gossips affirm, a peaceful end is impossible if the sufferer's head is allowed to rest upon a pillow of pigeon feathers. It is a little unkind, perhaps, of Mr. Swainson to record the explanation—offered, we suppose, in all good faith by a correspondent of the *Athenaeum*—“that this is because the feathers are not fit to use, being too hard and sharp in the barrel.” Of course no editor of a periodical less frivolous than *Punch* was ever known to smile; but such a brilliant suggestion may have afforded the opportunity. The folklore of the swan has a still earlier ancestry. The song of the dying swan belongs to the days of Plato and Aristotle; the legend of the swan-maidens is traced to the old Aryan mythology; but others relating to birds of lesser note are not so easily resolved, and we hope that either Mr. Swainson himself or some other competent member of the Society will undertake the task, and thus complete a work which in the volume before us has already been so well begun.

VERDICTS OF HISTORY REVIEWED.*

NO one can fail to find matter of interest in Mr. Stebbing's volume of historical and biographical essays, originally written as contributions to various Reviews, and now presented to us in a more abiding form. His subjects are attractive, and he has treated them with considerable vigour. One or two of the essays, indeed, fall somewhat below the level of the rest. The article on the first Earl of Shaftesbury, for example, though no doubt in its earlier form an excellent review of Mr. Christie's *Memoirs, Letters, and Speeches*, is of little independent value. Still, it deals with the Earl's character in a judicial spirit, and no doubt hits the mark in describing him as choosing “his allies and his causes with a view to their power to promote his pre-eminence rather than their national merits.” Cowley's life and poetical genius are treated very pleasantly. The Westminster boy, who, next to Chatterton, is the most remarkable instance of a youthful poet, profited greatly by his classical training; and we are told, in one of the sentences that make us wish that these articles had been revised more carefully, how “hand in hand advanced his power over both English and classical diction.” The reasons both of the high repute in which Cowley was held by the men of his own time and of the neglect of his works by later generations, are discussed with much discrimination. In many points—in their language, their conceits, their lack of pathos, their philo-

* *Some Verdicts of History Reviewed.* By William Stebbing, late Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. London: John Murray. 1887.

sophical ideas, and their occasional grossness—his poems were the reflection of "the fashion of the day," and men admired them, partly at least, because they found in them a poetical expression of their own thoughts and feelings. And the poet himself had many friends; for he was a man of gentle nature, without affectation, and without pretentiousness. "Mr. Cowley," the King declared on hearing of his death, "has not left behind him a better man in England," and Charles II. was no mean judge of character. To his contemporaries he was the "incomparable Mr. Cowley." If his name has become "a proverb for the instability of popularity," it is because the thoughts and ways of society have changed. Yet Mr. Stebbing, who has evidently read his works with care, points out how much they contain that should be held precious in every age, dwells on "the ingenuity of fancy, depth of thought, and astonishing earnestness of intellectual fervour, coloured with passion," to be found in his verse, and justly contends that "any reader who is sceptical has but to study Cowley as a whole, and not by fragments, and his conversion is certain." The essay on Prior pleases us less; for, while it contains a full account of the poet's diplomatic employments, it scarcely gives sufficient weight to his place in literature.

Under the heading "Two Leaders of Society and Opposition," we have articles on St. John and Pulteney. After a rapid review of the party conflicts of the earlier years of Anne's reign, in which we observe that Marlborough's Toryism is described, surely without reason, as doubtful in 1702, an excellent account is given of St. John's work in organizing and directing the attacks of the Tory press. Able as he was, he lacked, as is well pointed out here, some of the most "essential qualities of a party leader." His force and energy were extraordinary, but he loved to work alone, and to take all the credit of his achievements. The political courage that he showed in negotiating the Peace of Utrecht—a measure that, with all its faults, brought England substantial gain—was accompanied by an "appearance of self-confidence and selfish exclusiveness," and "his morbid love of working in darkness deprived him of the kindness and charity of all sections of opinion in the hour of that fall which public men might in those times count upon with certainty." This idea is well followed out; the nation, we are reminded, desired peace, and yet to some extent felt itself duped. St. John's mistake lay in the manner in which he chose to accomplish his designs rather than in the nature of his work. Mr. Stebbing passes rapidly over the period of his enforced exile, and gives a rather slight sketch of his influence on the opposition to Walpole. In his observations on St. John's character and political principles greater prominence should, we think, have been given to his utter insincerity. He fought, not so much for a cause, as, like the Smith of Perth, "for his own hand." With him "liberty" and "faction" were nothing more than terms which he used according to the dictates of his personal interests, and it seems vain to discuss the "link" between his Toryism and what is called here his "Radicalism." The essay is interesting, though it loses something by the limitations under which it was originally written as a review, and would have been more valuable had fuller advantage been taken of the work that has since been done on the subject. In the thoroughly readable article on Pulteney we come across some strange evidences of carelessness. Although Lord Hervey was the "Lord Fanny" of Pope's *Imitation of Horace*, his name, as Mr. Stebbing, of course, knows perfectly well, was not "Francis" any more than it was "Sporus." His duel with Pulteney was certainly not fought "in a cause with which he had properly nothing to do," for Pulteney had insulted him in the grossest manner possible; and it was not fought in "Kensington Gardens," but, as we learn from a letter of Thomas Pelham, printed by Coxe, in "Upper St. James's Park, behind Arlington Street," or, as we should say now, the Green Park. So, too, a well-written sketch of the early days of the New England colonies is unfortunately marred by inaccuracies. Robinson's congregation, for example, made no "brief trial of Holland," for they stayed there about twelve years. Nor had "Captain Goswold" [Gosnold], who gave a good report of the new land, "just visited it" in 1619, for he had died in Virginia twelve years before; nor, again, is it wise to speak of a certain "Mr. Briggs" as one of the "Moores and Murphys" of the period, who was simply termed "that famous mathematician" out of politeness, seeing that he can scarcely have been other than Henry Briggs, of Merton College, Oxford, the second Savilian professor of astronomy. It is true that Miles Standish "hung up his sword" at Duxbury in 1630, and Governor Carver would no doubt have acted with him there in maintaining order had he not unhappily died in 1621. We are glad to turn from noting blemishes in a book of so much general excellence to the pleasanter duty of calling attention to the admirable study on Cobbett. While fully recognizing his desire to better the condition of the poor, his love of industry, and his ability, Mr. Stebbing points out the extraordinary inconsistencies, the narrowness of mind, the vanity, and the brutality of temper exhibited in his writings. Unscrupulous in his attacks on others, he was careful to seek shelter when he thought that he was himself in danger. Hatred and vanity seem to have been the strongest motives of his career. Every man who attained to eminence was made an object of his unbridled and often senseless vituperation. Burke was a "sycophant," Castlereagh "shallow and impudent," Wilberforce "a retailer of bombast" and a "writer of canting pamphlets," and Sir Francis Burdett, to whom he owed 3,000*l.*, a loan that had saved him from gaol, was reviled equally with his betters. He demanded justice for the poor, and jeered at

all projects for alleviating their condition—"they were not the one thing needed, they were not Reform of Parliament." Yet, clamorous as he was for Reform, he never forgave the Whigs for adopting the cause; for, when it became a national question, it passed beyond his control, and no longer served to minister to his self-importance. His writings, with the exception of the *Rural Rides*, were but for the day; his "Register" stung vindictively a hundred political reputations, and his own fame is dead of his revenge." We cannot do more than thus indicate the line taken in this extremely bright and interesting article; it is eminently worth reading, and Mr. Stebbing has done well to republish it here.

AN AINU AND A JEWISH BOOK.*

THE first volume of the *Memoirs of the College of Literature at Yedo (Tókyó)* is of considerable importance as to the manner of its form; for it is published in English "by the Imperial University of Japan," of which the college forms a part, and this choice of English belongs to that leading kind of facts which make epochs in the history of a language. In shape this first issue is something between folio and quarto, well printed on thick "Europe-fashion" paper, with worn type, and ruined for binding by being sewn through five times with twine in the barbarous "Japan fashion," like the butts of a cheque-book.

As to the matter, the Professor of Japanese and Philology, Mr. B. H. Chamberlain, whose literary activity becomes embarrassing, furnishes a treatise upon the place-names, fables, and language of the "Ainos" of Northern Japan, and Mr. J. Batchelor, of the Church Missionary Society, provides an "Ainu" grammar; the whole concluding with a strange catalogue of 465 works, in all sorts of languages, relating to Yedo and the "Ainos." It would have looked better in a publication of this "Imperial" sort if the two contributors could have agreed as to the name of the race they write about; but Mr. Chamberlain lays it down that "on such a point there should be complete individual liberty." This is doctrinal with a vengeance, and may be very well for the doctors; but how about the students? Doctors differ, says the saw, and patients die. To write Aino, by the way—if we may contribute our difference—is not, as Mr. Chamberlain strangely advances, "to follow English usage," for Aino is Japanese. Among them be it; but it seems, as a matter of fact, that a man only becomes an Ainu at the mature age of thirty, and the term is inapplicable to the young or to women; for if *ainu* means "man," *shiwente* is "woman," and *unnu*, which would seem to us to be cognate to *ainu*, is "mother." If this analogy exists, *ainu* should be primarily "father," and not "man." *Pō* means child of either sex, and up to twelve a boy is an *okkai pō*; from twelve to eighteen he is a *heikachi*, which must be Ainu for *hobbledehoy*; from eighteen to thirty he is an *okkai bo* or *okkai yo* (o²), and after thirty an *ainu*—that is, a man, or, as is here suggested, a father. But these "men" always remain children, their heads get fatigued even with story-telling; children that are half-Ainu, half-Japanese, die out; for centuries they have retreated northwards, or rather have disappeared from the South before the Japanese, as inevitably as the American Indians have vanished from the place of the pale-faces. Now, even in Yedo, the deer on which they count partly for food are disappearing too; their fisheries are passing into the hands of the Japanese; they are not tillers of the soil nor traders; decade by decade their numbers decrease, and there were not seventeen thousand of them left on Japanese territory in 1884. Their very language is quitting them, for they almost all speak Ainu and Japanese, and the younger prefer the Japanese. "There is no longer room for them in the world," says Mr. Chamberlain; "the son of their greatest living chief is glad to brush the boots of an American family in Sapporo. The race is now no more than a curio to the philologist and the ethnologist." There is nothing very striking about the myths and fairy-tales of the Ainu, except it be the mere fact itself that they are not striking; another testimony to the low type of the race, whose mode of counting is still surprisingly complicated. Thus 37 is expressed by "arawan (7) ikashima (more) wan (10) e (less) tu (2) hotne" (score), that is, two score minus ten plus seven. It is like an algebraic equation read backwards. They have no writing, of course, and no figures.

The earliest allusion to this hairy breed seems to have been made in 1574 by Ludwig Froes, in his *Rerum a Societate Jesu in Oriente Gestarum Volumen*, published at Cologne, and the first formal attempt at a grammatical analysis of their speech was not made, or rather evolved, until 1851 by Dr. Pfizmaier at Vienna. Those who have studied the tongue on the spot say that Pfizmaier's results are "truly marvellous," though not quite in the practical direction; but Mr. Batchelor's present grammar is pronounced by Mr. Chamberlain, who stands sponsor, to be the production of the right man setting to work in the right way, after five years' intercourse with the people in their own homes, which has given him an authority upon the subject which can only be compared to that of the Russian Dobrotovskiy, and he wrote no grammar, but only

* *Memoirs of the Literature College, Imperial University of Japan.* No. 1. 1887 (20th year of Meiji). Published by the Imperial University, Tókyó.

Tables du calendrier juif, avec la concordance des dates juives et des dates chrétiennes. Par Isidore Loeb. Paris: Durlacher.

a dictionary. In the catalogue of works on Yezo, the number of books by Russians on the country or the language, or by Japanese upon the continuous series of Russian aggressions in those quarters ever since 1715, when the "red barbarians" seem to have put in their first appearance, is unexpected, but by no means surprising. Mr. Chamberlain inclines to agree with Von Schrenck that the Ainu tongue is now altogether isolated, just as the race is by its hairiness and by the extraordinary flatness of the humerus and tibia.

If the poor Ainu has no chronology, no past, and but a brief future, another hunted race, the Hebrews, is not precisely in the same position. The active Society for Jewish Studies which has its head-quarters in Paris publishes a somewhat remarkable Calendar, which comprises the Christian era to the year 3000. The introduction, which expounds with care and clearness in French, German, and Hebrew the mode of using the tables, can be recommended to those curious in the art of verifying dates, which is emphatically not a gay kind of science. The present is in reality the only workable machinery for identifying Christian with Jewish dates, and inversely; for Kornick's *System*, published at Berlin in 1825, is full of errors, and Jahn, in his Leipzig *Tafeln* of 1856, merely copied Kornick and added mistakes of his own. The existing Jewish Calendar is commonly said to have been established by Hillel II. in A.D. 358, though M. Loeb by no means endorses this theory; and it involves the assumption that the first new moon, at the Creation, appeared on Monday, 7th of October, B.C. 3760, at 5 hours and 204 scruples (or 11 minutes 20 seconds) past 6 P.M. on Sunday the 6th, the Jewish hour being divided into 1080 scruples. But M. Loeb pronounces the effort to fix Jewish dates before the sixth Christian century perfectly chimerical; those of the seventh and eighth centuries are extremely doubtful; and he considers it useless to carry his principal table further back than the year 801; while, for practical utility, the starting-point for the fixing of such dates is no earlier than the first Crusade. The furthest middle-age date known to remain is that of an inscription at Aden, "12 ab an (10)29" of the Seleucide, or A.D. 717; but the hundreds are doubtful.

ANECDOTA OXONIENSIA.*

THESE reprints from mediæval MSS. are not designed to court the appreciation of the masses, but are of deep interest to the student of medical antiquarian lore, no less than to the philologist. The work bears evidence of scholarly care and infinite trouble; and assuredly Mr. Mowat is to be congratulated on the result of his patient labour. It consists of a "Medico-Botanical Glossary," written in curious Latin; and it helps us to realize the sorry straits to which medical science had fallen since the days of the classic fathers of medicine and before the dawn of modern investigation. The blight which fell upon art and literature after the fall of the Roman Empire extended also to medicine, which for many subsequent centuries remained sunk in darkness and superstition. No encouragement was given to independent investigation or intelligent criticism of the dicta of the old authorities, which were slavishly accepted, though ill understood. During the dark ages priests and monks were wont to practise in an empirical fashion, in spite of the opposition of the Church, which also imposed heavy penalties upon the Jewish physicians, who apparently were less ignorant than their rivals, if they ventured to prescribe for a Christian. Pope Innocent III. especially denounced the practice of surgery by the priests, on what appears to students of the history of the Papacy the somewhat ironical ground that the Church "abhorred the shedding of blood." There is a good deal of evidence that this abhorrence did not apply to the shedding of blood for other motives than the relief of suffering humanity.

Thus hampered, discouraged, and frustrated, the science of medicine languished and decayed, until new life was imparted by the invention of printing and the general thought-awakening that marked the close of the middle ages. When we examine the work before us, which in its time was no doubt considered what we should nowadays term a standard authority, we are struck alike with pity and amazement—pity that there was so comparatively recently a time when the men who strove to help mankind in its manifold miseries had only such guides in matters of life and death, and amazement that so little had been done during so many centuries since Hippocrates, Galen, and Celsus to add to what had already been achieved, and to extend a surer knowledge. But the principle of crucifying the flesh appears to have been misapplied, and so remorselessly and literally carried out, by the all-powerful spiritual leaders of those ages, that it is small wonder that poor, ignorant, suffering humanity, groping for succour in the dark, should have eagerly clutched at whatever the quacks and mountebanks invented and advised. Nor is this evil credulity and faith in empirical "cures" by any means extinct in the England of to-day, as a glance at the advertising columns of most newspapers amply testifies. Thousands of people in all ranks of society, who would rightly consider themselves incompetent to interfere with the works of a watch, yet do not hesitate to experiment upon the far more complex organism of their own or their children's bodies, with all manner of nostrums advertised by quacks and self-styled "doctors," whose conceptions

* *Anecdota Oxoniensia*. Vol. I. Part II. *Alphita*. Edited by J. L. G. Mowat, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1887.

of pathology are probably as grotesque as their own. Such is one of the legacies handed down to us from the dark ages, which considerably modifies our admiration of the vaunted enlightenment of the present day.

But now that so much has been honestly achieved by medical science—though far more yet remains to be won—it is well to look back at its position in the centuries behind us, and to note the progress made. And the work before us affords a valuable index of that position at a certain epoch; so that the task so ably performed by Mr. Mowat in rescuing and resuscitating it, is altogether commendable.

The Glossary contains many curious descriptions and definitions, some of which are more conspicuous for brevity than for the amount or quality of information which they convey. For example, we do not learn much concerning the maple in the line "Acer arbor est, item acer herba (eat)."

It is curious to observe how errors have crept in, and naïve guesses been hazarded by some transcriber of the older MSS. Mr. Mowat notes this when he writes that "there seems to be some confusion" concerning the following passage:—"Acra est morbus capitum circa cutem, minutus habens foramina, ad modum canterni i. fani, unde etiam fanus a quibusdam medicis dicitur."

Funus is obviously a misreading of *Fauus*—honeycomb—which affords a fairly appropriate simile of the appearance of the disease, and, indeed, is current to this day in the name *Tinea favosa*; so it is obvious that the old and ignorant transcriber had drawn largely upon his imagination when he explained the derivation thus:—"ad modum canterni (lanterni) i. fani." If the pithy definition "Antrax est uenenosa apostema" does not entirely cover the pathology of Carbuncle, it at least takes note of one of its most marked features; and there is food for reflection, if not much information to the dermatologist, conveyed in the definition, "Alphus morpha idem. Inde alphuemulas i. morpha nigra, et alpueucas id est morpha alba."

All that is to be learned concerning the most important therapeutic agent, mercury, is found in the passage, "Argentum uium generatur in terra, et tale quale, apparel a terra quasi aqua fluens producitur."

The same absence of any notice of medicinal use is observable in the paragraph concerning borax, which runs, "Est quedam gumma unde consolidatur aurum, a^{ce} (et gall) Boreis." There is one short, suggestive, but to us incomprehensible, passage which we commend to the attention of those distressed souls to whom neither hop nor any other bitters can bring the sought-for solace of an appetite as voracious as that they sigh for:—"Butacon corroboratiu[m] stomachi." Butacon, we find in a footnote, is derived from *βούφαγον*—i.e. ox-eating; hence very glutinous—but we are still quite in the dark as to what it is which confers this delectable power of great guzzling. Perhaps others more keenly interested in the subject may comprehend the meaning of the passage more clearly than ourselves.

We fear that the student of to-day who wrote the definition, "Cancrena dicuntur uulnra nondum mortua, pauxillum uite sensus quasi retinencia," would fare rather badly in a pathological examination, and none the less if he wrote concerning cataract, "Catharacta morbus est oculi, et interpretatur fluxus, quia fit de fluxu." The anxious inquirer who seeks for information regarding the skin will get at once less and more than he desires in the extraordinary passage, "Derma i. cutis, inde ostromoderma i. piscis degenes in conchis uel habens durum corium."

We fear that the art of "padding" was extensively cultivated by those old compilers, as witness the following practically useless sentence, evolved apparently by some peculiar mode of derivation from the Greek *έκαρον*, "Escaton uel eucaton interpretatur centum habens proprietates." The writer has wisely refrained from quoting a single example in illustration.

Again we read "Lethe dicitur fluius infernalis"—information which is surely of no possible use to the physician or scientist. In regard to practical therapeutics we get an insight to the loathsome pharmacy of the period, which seems to have been framed more or less upon the same general principles that guided the Witches in *Macbeth* in concocting their "gruel thick and slab"; as, for example, "Pulmo (i. lounge) uulpis siccus cum nigro uino potatus asmaticis subuenit, adipes eius collecti et soluti dolores aurium mirifice curant." From this and similar passages it would appear that a substance had only to be sufficiently difficult to be obtained, and sufficiently nasty when obtained, to be invested with the most potent "virtues." And, although the public yet dearly loves mystery in its physic—as witness the opulence of the advertising quack—we have certainly advanced a little from the era when unspeakable filth was swallowed under the prescription of the most learned physicians of the day.

Enough has been quoted to show the general characteristics of this Glossary, which is of great antiquarian interest, but otherwise exhibits in a painfully striking manner the melancholy ignorance and credulity of the days when it was compiled.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY—VOLS. IX. & X.*

ROYALTY, as is appropriate in the Jubilee year, is strongly represented in these last two volumes of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Our Danish King leads off the ninth volume

* *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. IX. Canute—Chaloner. Vol. X. Chamber—Clarkson. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1887.

under his usual Latinized appellation of Canute, though in the text his biographer, Mr. Hunt, prefers the accurate form of Cnut. The article is a careful and critical piece of work, and its author has availed himself of the new light thrown on the subject by Dr. Steenstrup and the editors of the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*. Among noticeable points is the early date conjecturally assigned to Cnut's baptism—probably before 1013, and possibly before 1000—that is to say, when he was under twenty, and before he had seen England. Mr. Hunt's recent authorities have enabled him to give some rectifications or suggested explanations of statements in the early English histories. Thus the entries in the Chronicle that Cnut "went out with his ships to Wight," returning the next year to England, are explained by Steenstrup as referring, not to the Isle of Wight, but to Wistland in Estonia. From Steenstrup, too, comes the theory that the *rex Suvavorum* (King of the Swedes), who humanely disregarded Cnut's wishes as to the slaying of Edmund's young sons, was in truth *rex Scavorum*; and that when Cnut is made to describe himself as "King of part of the Swedes"—which he certainly never was—the reference is really to his Slavic subjects on the coast of the Baltic. Other noteworthy points are the assignment of Cnut's Scottish campaign, not, as in our Chronicle, to 1031, but to 1028 or earlier; and a contemporary poet's description of him as King of the Irish and the Islanders. This and the coins minted at Dublin with his name "go far to prove that the Ostmen looked on him as their head." On one matter we should like more inquiry. Mr. Hunt says, "The rebuke that he is said to have given to the flattery of his courtiers is preserved by Henry of Huntingdon." Now in Henry of Huntingdon there are no flattering courtiers, and Cnut's rebuke seems to be administered to himself for a spontaneous outburst of arrogance. Historical research ought to be able to discover when and where the courtiers were first brought into the story. Otherwise Mr. Hunt has treated his subject exhaustively.

Still keeping among Kings and Emperors, alphabetical order brings us to Caractacus (by Mr. Shuckburgh) and Carausius (by Mr. Warwick Wroth), both interesting articles, though Professor Rhys's *Celtic Britain* should not have been omitted from the list of modern authorities for the history of Caractacus. The article on Carausius includes an account of his coins and a notice of his successor Allectus, whose coins were found mixed with those of Carausius in the great "Blackmoor hoard" which was unearthed by Lord Selborne in 1873. From Mr. Hunt may be learned all that there is to know of Kings Centwine, Cenwalh, Ceolred, Ceolric, Ceolwulf, Cerdic—names which, except, it may be, the last, have probably about as much significance for the ordinary reader as those of the Dukes of Edom. More general interest will be felt in Royal or ex-Royal bearers of the name of Charles. The First Charles is assigned to the competent hands of Professor S. R. Gardiner, whose work needs no praise from us. If the article is open to any criticism, it is that towards the end it is rather the work of an historian than of a biographer. Professor Gardiner does not touch upon the King's personal conduct at Naseby, nor upon his personal bearing at his trial and execution, nor does he think it worth while to mention where the fallen King was buried, or even to allude to the prohibition of the Prayer-Book service at his grave. Yet such matters as these, though they may be, in our ancestors' sense of the word, "impertinent" to history, surely fall within the rightful field of biography. Indeed, the details of Charles's last days are of more than merely biographical importance, because the dignity with which he bore himself, and the stories of the insults offered to him, undoubtedly went a long way towards reviving Royalist sentiment. Earlier in the article, Professor Gardiner is not thus indifferent to personal detail; and probably its absence in the last part is due to the fact that his own researches have not yet reached that period. The task of combining the biographer and the historian has been well accomplished by Professor A. W. Ward in dealing with Charles II. The long note at the end shows the author's extensive acquaintance with the authorities on his subject, even including M. Forneron's recent papers on the Duchess of Portsmouth. We may suggest that a reference should have been given to these in their collected form, as well as to the *Revue Historique*, in which they first appeared. It may also be observed that there is a lack of lucidity about the statement that "A. Hamilton's French memoirs of the Court of Charles II, by Count Grammont, . . . owe much to their real author." In the text of the article we notice that Burnet is the only authority cited for the rumour of the ill-timed levity of Charles II. under the naval disaster of June 10, 1667. In more detail, and with the name of the reporter, a man about Court and likely to know, the story is in Pepys, June 21:—

Sir H. Cholmley came to me this day, and tells me the Court is as mad as ever, and that the night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with my Lady Castlemaine at the Duchess of Monmouth's, and there were all mad in hunting of a poor moth. By the bye, this Sir Hugh Cholmley, the constructor of the mole at Tangier, might have had a line allowed him in the Dictionary at the end of the notice of his father, the Sir Hugh Cholmley of Scarborough fame. Returning to the Charleses, the Young Chevalier—in full, Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir—finds an impartial biographer in Mr. Ewald. The omission of even the name of Flora MacDonald is remarkable; and we do not know whether it means that Mr. Ewald considers the Jacobite heroine to be mythical, or only that he is leaving her for the M volume.

Of Queens, there are three Caroles (including the hapless Caroline Matilda of Denmark, an Englishwoman born), five Catherine, and two Charlottes, besides the Princess of that name.

For the articles, both of much interest, upon the first two Caroles we have again to thank that most painstaking and thorough of biographers, Professor Ward. The last Queen Caroline falls to Mr. Ashton, who has treated his subject with good taste, except when he writes that "her journey to London was an ovation." King Hal's three Catherine have fitly been allotted to Mr. Gairdner, whose biography of Catherine of Arragon is a valuable piece of historical work. The less important lives of the Catherine Howard and Parr are full of personal interest; and readers will probably be surprised to find how much Professor Tout has to say about Catherine of Braganza. This article is perhaps somewhat out of proportion; but as we have read it with interest, we have no right to object. Mr. Austin Dobson's notice of the Princess Charlotte is also pleasant reading, but might have been fuller as to sources of information. Lord Albemarle's picture of her hoyden girlhood, and Stockmar's notices of her married life and of her death, should have been mentioned. As a matter of style, it is not altogether happy to say that "her pale complexion and fair eyebrows and lashes . . . gave a want of colour to her face."

We own that we have been frivolous. Carlyle-worshippers will never excuse us for dallying among mere kings and queens when we should have at once turned to the editor's essay upon the Philosopher of Chelsea and his wife. We hasten to repair our fault. The article not only gives a full account of Carlyle's life and a catalogue of his writings (including uncollected contributions to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, &c.), but contains some good remarks upon Carlyle's literary work and his political and ethical creed. A slight indication is conveyed of the writer's own opinion as to the posthumous publication of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* and the *Memorials* of Mrs. Carlyle. If we may utter such a thought, it is just possible that future generations of readers may marvel somewhat at the scale on which Carlylean matters are at present treated, even in a dictionary. *Meditations*, after the manner of Leibniz and Queen Sophia Charlotte, on *l'infinité petit* may perhaps occur to them when they read how "Mrs. Carlyle . . . stayed at home to superintend house-cleanings," or returned to make an arrangement for putting down the neighbours' "demon fowls."

Professor Gardiner's biography of Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, is a finished picture from the sketch already drawn by him in his history of the Civil Wars. With this should be read Canon Creighton's account of Falkland's friend, Chillingworth. Canon Overton has written a pleasant and sympathetic life of the scholar and theologian Casaubon. Caxton is the subject of a valuable article, of course chiefly bibliographical, by Mr. S. L. Lee, which deserves more notice than we can now give it. Chatterton is appreciatively treated by Mr. Kent, who takes, to our mind, somewhat too lenient a view of the morality of the Rowley fabrications. Professor J. W. Hale gives us a critical study of the life and works of Chaucer. On the question of the identity of the extant version of the *Roman de la Rose* with the translation which Chaucer is known to have made, he pronounces decidedly in the negative. He is also of opinion, from certain passages in Chaucer's writings, that the poet "was not happy in his matrimonial relations"; and that the fact of his supercession in 1391 in his office of clerk of the King's works "certainly looks as if Chaucer did not succeed as a man of business." In a later incident there seems to be some indication of unbusinesslike habits even where his own interests were concerned. In 1394 he received from King Richard a grant of 20*l.* a year for life. Five years later, the new King, Henry IV., only four days after his accession, made Chaucer an additional grant of 40 marks yearly. "In a few days he," Chaucer, "managed to lose his copy of this grant, and also his copy of the grant of 1394. He was furnished with new copies on 13 October." Yet Chaucer's repeated employment on diplomatic missions, sometimes of a secret nature, suggests that in that line of business he must have shown capacity. Once he was sent into Lombardy to negotiate some military arrangements with the Lord of Milan and "the notorious Sir John Hawkwood." This dubious adjective strikes us as rather hard upon Hawkwood, who, we have always understood, was a highly respectable specimen of the *condottiere* species, and who in his own day and long afterwards was considered to reflect lustre upon the English name.

Among people of minor importance we may mention Richard Carlile, the well-known—or shall we say notorious?—Republican and free-thinking bookseller of Fleet Street. The first important event in the youthful Carlile's life was his leaving his place in a chemist's shop, "on being set to perform some office incompatible with the dignity of one who could read a prescription." The biographer, Mr. Holyoake, does not reveal the nature of the indignity put upon the budding Radical who in after-life had so little respect for other people's dignities. Further, we learn that Carlile could not get on with Mrs. Carlile—or that she could not get on with him—though she sold his books and went to prison for him. The biographer omits to point out the legal importance of one of the cases in which she was concerned (*Rex v. Mary Carlile, 3 Barn. & Ald., 167*), as establishing that it is not lawful, under the plea of publishing even a correct account of a trial, to re-utter scandalous matter. And we think that chapter and verse should have been given for the following statement:—"When Thistlewood was seized it was intended to arrest Mrs. Carlile, her husband being then in prison, to suggest his complicity with Thistlewood." Such an insinuation should not be made without precise indication of the grounds on which it rests. Among the bevy (as Dame Juliana instructs us to say) of ladies we notice

the romantic and literary Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, whom Pepys describes as "a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman," but of whom readers will think more kindly after reading her biography by Mr. Joseph Knight. Pleasantly written, also, are the notices of the admirable Mrs. Elizabeth Carter (by Mr. Russell Barker), and of the equally admirable Mrs. Chapone (by Miss Jennett Humphreys), and that by Mr. Garnett of the not so admirable "Claire" Clairmont, who has secured a sort of immortality by linking her name with those of Shelley and Byron. In Mr. Archer's life of Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke and Strigul, better known as Strongbow, we can study the Irish difficulty in its inception. In a later—would that we could say its last—stage it is illustrated by Mr. Boase's account of the strange career of the murderous and murdered James Carey, the "Invincible" and informer; and in the same writer's biography of Carey's victim, Lord Frederick Cavendish. In fine, these two volumes appear to us to have the merits, free from some of the defects, of their predecessors. Unimportant folk—above all, unimportant theologians—seem now to be kept within reasonable limits, greatly to the advantage of the work as a whole.

SOME FRENCH "PROCESSES."

THE word "process," used to distinguish mechanical from hand engraving, may be comprehensive, but it is not explanatory, and indeed the nomenclature generally of this class of semi-artistic industry is in the highest degree embarrassing to the uninitiated. Moreover, the results of these "processes" are embarrassing also, even to the art critic. Not to mention minor instances of confusion in the critical mind, even Mr. Ruskin has been known to praise as woodcuts of marvellous skill what were only reduced copies by "process" of large steel engravings. For the public the old landmarks of engraving may be said to have been removed, and comparatively few have any notion that the majority of illustrations to newspapers and magazines are not cut upon wood, but printed upon blocks faced with metal plates produced by mechanical means. The names of these "processes" are legion, and, even if learnt, do little to explain the difference between one and the other. There are typogravures, which have something to do with type, because they can be printed with it; but there are "autotypes," which have nothing to do with "type" at all; there are "autogravures," which have no more special right to be called "self-engravings" than any other photographic "process," and "heliogravures," which seem to claim patent rights in the sun; there are "photo-aquatints," "photo-etchings," "photo-lithographs," "photo-typo-lithographs," and a dozen other names which distinguish, without describing the distinction, so many different processes. It would be something if we could only get some fairly descriptive title, in place of the word "process," to represent this large and increasing branch of pictorial reproduction. Although other scientific aids, like electricity and chemistry, are employed to produce some of the plates and blocks, the prime mover in all is photography; and, as they all tend to take the place of one kind of art—engraving—it seems a pity that the word "photogravure" should have obtained currency in connexion with one branch only of these "processes." Such a word would be applicable even to the reproduction by M. Gillot of the elaborate *Fantaisies Décoratives* of M. Habert-Dys. They look like chromolithographs, but we believe that they are not lithographs at all. We should be sorry to vouch for the accuracy of the statement, for M. Gillot has more than one process, and prints sometimes from the stone and sometimes from metal-faced blocks; but it is our impression that these are printed from blocks, one colour over the other.

At all events, it is an undoubted fact that M. Gillot, and others also, have "processes" which, without the use of the stone, produce all the effect of chromolithographs, and that photography, with the assistance of other ingenious adaptations of science, has invaded the domains, not only of line-engraving, etching, aquatint, mezzotint, and wood-engraving, but that of lithography also, and that the term "photogravure" would properly include them all. The change produced by all these "processes" is nothing less than a revolution, threatening the extinction of nearly all, if not all, old methods of reproducing works of art. Excellent photo-engraving is done in America, in Germany, in England, and elsewhere; but in this matter France takes the lead; and it may be advanced, without disparagement of any of their fellow-countrymen, that Messrs. Goupil (and their successors, Messrs. Boussod & Valadon) have taken the lead in France in "processes" which imitate engraving on metal and wood. The most unrivalled of these "processes" is that they call *photogravure*, by which a metal plate is produced capable of yielding impressions hard to distinguish from engravings on copper or steel. The beautiful plates which illustrate Mr. T. Humphry Ward's splendid work on English art are produced from photographs taken direct from the pictures. The class of engraving here threatened is "mezzotint," and any hope that the most sanguine admirer of the *manière noire* may entertain of a restoration of this fine old art to its former greatness cannot fail to be

discouraged in the presence of such a reproduction as that of Romney's "Parson's Daughter" or that of Raeburn's "Portrait of a Lady." The delicate softness of the one, the richness and depth of the other, come too near the masterpiece of such engravers as Mc Ardell and Cousins to encourage men of great artistic talent to seek their livelihood by the use of the scraper. The satin of the former, the fur of the latter, are perhaps beyond chemistry and electricity; but it is only in a few early impressions that the old "rocked" plates preserve their inimitable qualities, while "photogravures" go on, comparatively speaking, for ever, and, if necessary, fresh plates of equal quality can be produced at comparatively little cost and labour. It is true that some pictures obstinately refuse to be photographed at all; but in such cases they can be copied in black and white and from the copies photogravures can be produced. What applies to engraving proper applies also to etching, even to original etching, and some artists who once practised etching now prefer to have their drawings reproduced by photo-etching to going through the labour requisite to draw and "bite" them on the plate. Thus there are grounds for believing that even the etching-needle, which has done so much to supersede the art of the scraper and the burin is doomed to succumb in its turn to the "process," and that at the very time when in the hands of such men as Waltner and Macbeth (with the aid, indeed, of printers like Goulding) it has reached an importance as a reproductive art which it never approached before. Threatened lives last long, and there will probably remain to the last some fine quality about plates wrought wholly by hand which will save engraving on metal from extinction; but if not, the public will not be without an equivalent. If the plates in *English Art*—considered as engravings only—miss some of the finer qualities of handwork, they are more faithful records of the original pictures and much cheaper than fine engravings could be.

But the other process by which blocks in relief are produced capable (like woodblocks) of being printed in the press with type are a still greater boon to the public. It is doubtful if they ever appreciated the art of wood-engraving; it is certain that they much prefer the new style of *facsimile* to the old one of translation. In other words, they do not care about the wood-cutter at all, and the less his work betrays his individuality the better they like it. What they desire is to get as near to the original, whether sketch, picture, or photograph, as possible. As far as they are concerned, Mr. W. J. Linton may preach the doctrine of the white line for ever, but they will not hear. In the matter of these processes science may be said to be partly on the side of Mr. Linton; the sun draws in white upon the dark earth, and the acid follows the sun. In these typogravures the public lose the draughtsmanship of the engraver and the finer gradations of light for which it cares little, but it gains in accuracy of form, in size, in quantity, and in cheapness, for which it cares much. The connoisseur would not prize these wonderful illustrations to *En Campagne*; for, except when they reproduce sketches in black and white, they miss all the qualities he loves; but to the world in general what a boon are such things! To take these two parts of one work only, how much is to be enjoyed by thousands, and how much learnt which a year or so ago was beyond the reach of any but a very few! If the attention be confined to art alone, any one who turns over these pages may form some conception of that section of French painters who have devoted themselves to paint scenes of war and the French soldier. Since the days when Gros first dared to paint the French soldier as he was, the French school of military painting has been an example to the world. It is a strange contrast to the vainglory of the nation as expressed in their speech, spoken or written, to find how sober and honest is the record of the French military painter. If M. Meissonier paints Napoleon in his glory at the head of his troops, or retreating in disaster from Moscow, he gives us a Napoleon no whit exaggerated above the Napoleon as believed by men not French; if M. de Neuville presents us with an incident from the Franco-German war, his Germans are drawn with what may be called a generous appreciation of their manly character and fine physique. If any one wished to know how devoted to the cause of truth a French painter may be, let him read the *Life of Régaméy*; but the spirit of that devoted student of the French soldier and the French soldier's horse is one shared by a whole class. It animates the lifelike, unsophisticated studies of Jeanniot and Berne Bellecour; it is present, but with more pathos, in M. L. Brown's group of riderless horses browsing on the battlefield on the morning after the battle, in "Le bout-selle" of Cazet and "La garde du drapeau" of Protails. Even in the most agitated and dramatic scenes, like the "Rezonville" of A. Morot and E. Girardet's "Combat dans une rue de Sfax," the tendency is to be faithful rather than theatrical. In turning over the pages we get a view of a phase of French art (true and living art) far more noble than that which predominates at the Salon, and we get a view also of French character more creditable to the nation than the records of the novelist and the playwright. If, therefore, the spread of knowledge of art and artists is alone thought of, the value of these "processes" is very great; but art is not the only thing that is taught by pictures, and as an engine of education and civilization photo-engraving is playing a part equalled by few inventions, except the printing-press.

* *En Campagne*. Deuxième série. Boussod, Valadon, et Cie.

English Art. Part IV. Boussod, Valadon, et Cie.

Fantaisies Décoratives. Par Habert-Dys. Livraisons 11-12. Paris: J. Rouan.

NOVELS.*

A LARGE family—using the word to signify a collection of all the members have strongly marked characteristic qualities, and are mutually attached to each other, both by community of tastes and opinions and by the sentiment of kindred, has much that is attractive about it. Mr. Boyle has utilized the fact with a good deal of skill for the central idea of *An English Vendetta*. The uncles, aunts, and cousins, whose names are either Vallence or Edgar, are a powerful, boisterous, cheerful, and rather unscrupulous folk. They mean to have their own way, and for the most part they get it. The family pursuit is making things, probably textile fabrics, and the family, especially Sir Philip Vallence, who is the head of it, is the object of the so-called vendetta. It is not a real vendetta, both because it does not last long enough and because it is entirely one-sided. Sybil Farrar, the heroine, is the daughter of one James Farrar, a mechanic of inventive genius, who makes a single appearance in the story, and utilizes it to die in a melodramatic manner. This event he and his daughter attribute to the cruelty of Sir Philip Vallence, whose fortune is due in part to an invention of Farrar's. Farrar got 5,000*l.* for it, and thinks he ought to have had more; so he brings up his daughter to hate the Vallences, and as soon as he is dead she vows vengeance. Whether Farrar was right or wrong in his opinion about Vallence's treatment of him we never discover, the fact probably being that it was a matter of opinion. Eventually, by astonishing good luck, Sybil gets her wish, and is instrumental in the ultimate ruin of Sir Philip, which she precipitates by an anonymous letter to one of his creditors. For this piece of meanness she is rewarded by the hand of Sir Philip's son, a reasonably amiable soldier, who considers her prosecution of the vendetta rather laudable than otherwise. In reality, however, Sybil has not had very much to do with her revenge, which was plotted by an old gentleman who became her employer, and was some relation of the Vallences. Early in the story he confides to Sybil, with transpontine mystery, that for some dark reason he hates Sir Philip as much as she does. This reason is never revealed; and just as the crash comes the old gentleman tumbles into a pond and is drowned, because a dog, presumably without a muzzle, endeavours to make friends with him. All the circumstances of his death point to murder, and from every point of view he ought to have been murdered; but really it was an accident. The author cannot be acquitted of fraud in his manner of exciting the reader's suspicions on this point. It is perfectly legitimate to provide sudden death, motive, and opportunity, and thereby imply a murder, while keeping the actual details dark. But to do all this when there is no murder at all is an offence against every canon of the romantic art. Another piece of slipslop fiction occurs when, at the end of the book, one of the characters—a Vallence—is murdered in good earnest. He walks in Richmond Park with a girl of lowly extraction, who has won fame and profit as "Ideagnostique Lady" to a fairly entertaining sort of travelling Verbeck. Her rejected suitor tracks them to some leafy solitude, and shoots him. He lingers about three months, and then marries the girl, and dies in the odour of sanctity. This is clear murder, if ever one was committed. Yet, though the police and the inhabitants of Richmond know all about it, and though the doctor of the hospital has treated the murderer for the black eyes and broken ribs which he sustained during the shooting, he is allowed to go free without any suggestion of a prosecution. This suppression of the coroner and the magistrate is too strong in a story dealing exclusively with the actual phenomena of English life. The Vallences, Edgars, and so forth are horribly confusing. It would have taken years to get them straight in one's head, even if one had known the family intimately, and even if they had not intermarried, as such families mostly do. The casual reader has not the least chance of doing so, and even the conscientious reviewer cannot hope to master them without constant attention and the careful construction of a family tree. Subject to these considerable drawbacks, the story is rather well-written, and the conversations decidedly above the average. If Mr. Boyle would take the trouble to be lucid in his arrangements, to work out his allusions, and not to leave loose ends flying in every direction, he might write a novel of much more than average merit. But he has not done so on the present occasion.

Miss Hardy might have called her story "The Girl They Did Not Marry." For there were three gentlemen who entertained the idea of marrying Miss Hazel Marsh—and, indeed, bound themselves to do so in consideration of a reciprocal promise from her—but who, for various reasons, did not. One was a friend of her childhood. He loved her passionately all his life, and at last bored her into promising to be his. Then she met a rich baronet, and threw over the friend of her childhood. He went to America, and after a while married Another, and then met Hazel again, and made advances to her, which she indignantly rejected. So he went to sea in a yacht, and that yacht was never heard of.

* *An English Vendetta*. A Novel. By Frederick Boyle, Author of "Camp Notes," "A Good Hater," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1887.

The Girl He Did Not Marry. A Novel. By Iza Duffus Hardy, Author of "The Love that He Passed By" &c. London: White & Co. 1887.

A Strange Tangle. By Alice King, Author of "Queen of Herself" &c. London: J. & R. Maxwell. 1887.

Family Story-Teller—Madam's Ward. By the Author of "Wedded Hands," "A Strange House," &c. London: William Stevens. 1887.

more, and Hazel and the Other were left lamenting like Lord Ullin on the banks of Loch Gyle. The Baronet was very near being the man she did marry, but the evening before the day fixed for the nuptials he went to take a last farewell of an old flame of his who had recently been set free by the death of her husband. Unfortunately that very morning Hazel had clearly indicated that her reasons for marrying him were mainly commercial. Consequently the farewell interview prolonged itself into a hurried elopement, a speedy marriage, and a prosperous career in life, while Hazel was left *plantée là* in her wedding dress. Then, by way of showing that she didn't care, she permitted the advances of a prig who had no faults except that of not knowing his own mind. When they had been engaged a short time Hazel overheard him pitying himself to the real lady of his affections. So she let him go, and after losing her good looks in an illness, settled down as a melancholy and valetudinarian old maid. She went to live with her brother in a most frowsy New York boarding-house, the manners and customs of which and its vile frequenters are described, we earnestly hope with more particularity than justice. Then happens the episode with the first love already referred to, which ended in the ill-starred yachting tour. Poetry, chiefly of the sentimental order, is strewed through the volume in amazing profusion.

There is a good deal of local—West Somersetshire—colour in *A Strange Tangle*. As for the tangle, it is nothing out of the way. Two men are missing after a fire. One corpse is found. A malevolent old woman contrives that a virtuous peasant shall be arrested for murdering the man whose the remains are supposed to be. A wicked young solicitor steals 50*l.*, and directs suspicion to a virtuous young solicitor. Each of the wrongly-accused men has a pious, intelligent, and affectionate young woman. (One of the young women is blind as well.) Naturally, the tangle gets combed out straight. The story, however, is not to be judged by the commonplace plot just indicated. It is particularly gracefully written; the blind girl is really rather attractive; and there is a capital old housekeeper and a decidedly amusing rural policeman. It is true that on p. 2 there is attributed to the blind girl's elder sister, among other attractions, "a halo of thought round the high forehead," but this momentary aberration is atoned for by marrying her to a most oppressive country doctor, and not giving many more personal catalogues.

The *Family Story-Teller* is bound to be orthodox. There must be a murder, a burglary, the forgery of a will, an attempt to poison, or a kissing governess. Readers may discover for themselves which of these necessary things vindicates the right of *Madam's Ward* to a place in the series. It is rather a good story, and has two girls in it, who are both nicer than is common in books. Family life is described in considerable detail, and events sufficient to lend them a temporary interest occur. The story is told by a girl—not one of those already mentioned—whom her mother, "Madam" Chavasse, has (like le Comte Kostia) disguised in male attire, probably, though the reason is not stated, because the Chavasse property was settled on male heirs, and by this simple manœuvre, Madam retained the control of it for herself. The disguise was so good that it does not seem to have been suspected even by the author, but it could hardly impose for a moment on the dullest reader. The young lady, whom her friends called Ned, took a guileless, if rather meddlesome, interest in the love affairs of her neighbours, which enables her to tell the story in the first person with much spirit and accuracy. Her affection of what she supposed to be masculine manners in liberally garnishing her talk with such wild expressions as "blessed" and "Gracious!" has a touching simplicity, but it does not prevent one from constantly forgetting that she is disguised, and being struck with sudden surprise when some one speaks of her as a young man. Apart from this peculiarity, the story is a good one of its kind.

WAGNER ON CONDUCTING.*

M R. DANNREUTHER'S translation of Wagner's *Ueber das Dirigiren* is so well and conscientiously done as to be perfectly readable. The Master's style in prose is German in the worst sense of the word; and his alternations between a metaphysical subtlety of meaning and expression and a rather windbaggy transcendentalism of form and matter are calculated to appal the stoutest interpreter. Mr. Dannreuther, however, has conquered these difficulties; and they to whom the *Gesammelte Schriften und Dichtungen* (in ten volumes) are, for whatsoever reason, a sealed book, may grapple with Wagner's conclusions *On Conducting* in a guise that makes them easily understood of men.

With Berlioz's *Le Chef d'Orchestre* this pamphlet of his pupil and successor has little or nothing in common. Berlioz is severely practical; himself the greatest of conductors, "the Liszt of the orchestra," he possessed the art completely; and he arranged and set forth his knowledge with admirable order, exactness, and lucidity. Wagner is purely a polemist and theorist. He is at war with the whole race of conductors, and the object of his work appears to be to prove that he himself is the only real conductor living. The reason is, of course, that he was a man of genius,

* *On Conducting: a Treatise on Style in the Execution of Classical Music*. By Richard Wagner. Translated by Edward Dannreuther. London: William Reeves. 1887.

while his victims are pupils of Mendelssohn and students of the works of "R. Schumann." Moreover, he is in exile, and they are mangling the music of great men (his own among it) at home at ease in his beloved Germany. Upon this manifest impertinence of fortune he expresses himself in the roundest terms. "The book," says Mr. Dannreuther in a prefatory note, "met with much opposition in Germany; but it was extensively read, and has done a great deal of good." This last assertion is perhaps a trifle suspicious. Wagner's contention is that all the conductors of Germany were asses, were absolutely non-musical; and, if this were true in 1869, when *Ueber das Dirigiren* was written and published, it is pretty certain to be true in 1887. Wagner rails at the incompetence and the sham culture of the conductors trained in the school of Mendelssohn and Ferdinand Hiller with bitterness certainly intense and perhaps justifiable. But these men were the rank and file of the musical profession; they are no more than that now; and to conclude that, under the influence of the Bayreuth Festivals, there has been developed in the space of less than twenty years a class endowed with a higher musical intelligence is to be more Wagneristic than Wagner.

Nothing is so fatal to music as a bad conductor. Berlioz puts the matter in the first paragraphs of *Le Chef d'Orchestre* with his wonted grasp and insight; and Wagner's contribution to the literature of the subject is little more than a series of personal meditations—some of them suggestive and pertinent enough—on the Berliozian theme. It is obvious that he hates and despises the bad conductor; but it is obvious, too, that he hates and despises the bad conductor still worse than he need when the wretch is a "semitic accentuation in music"—an exponent of the teaching of Mendelssohn and Hiller. To the second of these masters he cannot make up his mind to be civil; he treats him with absolute derision. In dealing with the first he gives forth a more uncertain sound; but it is soon evident that his opinion of the musician of the *Scotch* and *Italian* symphonies is not, to say the least, a high one. Mendelssohn's theory of interpretation was that it is better to be neat, correct, rapid, and—it may be—a trifle mechanical than to be pretentious, transcendental, novel, and—it may be—absolutely mistaken. He knew the sort of material he had to deal with; and he seems to have preferred a donkey versed in traditions of a certain type and tendency to a donkey left to bray at large. This is the antipodes of Wagner's theory; what he demands is perfection, and nothing but perfection; and he holds that Mendelssohn knew nothing at all about the matter. Once he talked with that amiable Hebrew, who seemed to agree with him; the subject of their conversation was a certain change of *tempo* which Wagner proposed to make in the Minuet of Beethoven, Eighth Symphony; and when they heard the thing together, Mendelssohn rejoiced openly to find that the conductor, Reissiger, was taking the movement in the old way. Wagner was naturally indignant; he began to think, and, says he, of his successful rival, "I fancied myself standing before an abyss of superficiality, a veritable void." Oddly enough, the same thing happened with regard to this very movement at Leipzig, with Ferdinand Hiller; but in this case Wagner admits that Hiller's excuses may have been genuine. Elsewhere he was often more fortunate; at Vienna, for instance, he persuaded the orchestra to adopt a new reading of the *Freischütz* overture. But, on the whole, his crusade appears to have been a failure. The Mendelssohnians stuck to their practice; and the Master—he was not the Master then—was careful to remember it to their disadvantage. Them and their exemplars he pursues heroically; when he is tired of the work, which happens now and then, he betakes himself to the task of vilipending "R. Schumann"; and he rounds off his essay with a spirited attack upon Herr Brahms—"the blessed Johannes"—and Dr. Joachim. It is an article of faith with some that Wagner, whatever his medium of expression, spoke "with the tongue of men and of angels"; but it is certain to all that he had "not charity." It is scarce necessary to note that, all the same, eulogies of Liszt and Dr. Von Bülow are neither stinted nor impertinent.

The essential in the performance of an orchestra—and therefore in a conductor—is, as he observes, and rightly, expression. The means by which he endeavours to make his argument intelligible are peculiar. In the case of the *fermata* in the second bar of the C minor Symphony, he not only calls Beethoven from the grave, and presents him in the act of "admonishing a conductor," but writes for him a discourse of admonishment. "Hold my *fermata*," says the apparition, "firmly, terribly! . . . I use this full and firm tone . . . as a rapturous or terrible spasm. Then the very life-blood of the tone shall be extracted to the last drop. I arrest the waves of the sea," the Wagnerized ghost continues, "and the depths shall be visible; or I stem the clouds, disperse the mist, and show the pure ether and the glorious eye of the sun. For this I put *fermatas*," and so forth. Mr. Dannreuther quotes the original text of this "fine passage," as he calls it, in a footnote—whether to show his skill as a translator or to prove that he has not been sporting with his author is not clear. Of equal merit is the Master's "analysis" of the string quartet in C sharp minor. It is too long to reproduce *in extenso*; but to refrain from citing certain portions—as, for instance, the description of Beethoven as he appeared when "diving into the soul's deep dream"—is impossible. As little to be resisted is the peroration (*Allegro Finale*). "It is the World's own dance," says the analyst; "wild delight, cries of anguish, love's ecstasy, highest rapture, misery, rage; voluptuous now and sorrowful; lightnings quiver, storm's (*sic*) roll; and high above the gigantic musician!"

banning (*sic*) and compelling all things, proudly and firmly"—in anticipation of the *grands premiers rôles* of Victor Hugo!— "proudly and firmly welding them from whirl to whirlpool, to the abyss." It is magnificent, no doubt; but 'tis hardly analysis, and it will help the players but little. Mr. Dannreuther believes in it, and so do all his sect. But one has only to reflect that the Mendelssohnians refused to join, to perceive that they were not such very stupid persons after all.

THREE BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

WE give Mr. O'Conor's book precedence over its companions not so much because of its superior literary merit (for, though not ill written, it has no special merit in this way), nor because of its value in point of matter (for, to tell the truth, it lacks precision and definiteness as a record of facts), but the fact of its author's recent death gives it a certain interest, and it has other attractions. It is evidently a quite serious and a quite honest book, written by a man (Mr. O'Conor was, we believe, a clergyman at Manchester) who would not consciously approve of wrongdoing, and who seems to wish to be fair. It is all the more instructive, and, as downhearted persons may perhaps think, all the more disheartening. The mere "ruffians"; the venal politicians who see in Nationalism the certainty of pay and the prospect of a kind of fame, or at least notoriety; the scheming ecclesiastics, who would say a good word for Beelzebub if they saw a chance of political gain for their Church:—these and other divisions of Mr. Parnell's party are quite intelligible, and can be dealt with each in his way. But the amiable and conscientious fanatic who has conjured up to himself a phantom of something that he calls "the Norman spirit" in England, who attributes to that spirit a fiendish and incessant persecution of Ireland, and who sees necessary virtue in any kind of Irish resistance thereto, is beyond treatment of any remedial kind. Quote history to him; it is merely a procession of men as trees, walking. Use logic; his fixed ideas meet every syllogism with a fallacy and every demonstration with a process of simple ignoring. That Mr. O'Conor (who, we should say, was probably, on subjects unconnected with his monomania, a most respectable man) should speak of the execution of the three ruffians known to sympathizers with murder as the "Manchester martyrs" in the terms which he uses, and should be guilty of suppression as well as suggestion (for he must have known perfectly well why Maguire and Condon were not hanged), is amazing. There is no instance in history of a fairer trial or sentence. On the most favourable hypothesis possible—that neither murder, nor even minor violence, was intended by those who killed Brett—they deserved death for using means which a child or an idiot must have known to be not only potentially, but probably, murderous, to coerce an unarmed servant of the law in the execution of his plain duty. And the silly people who talked of "political crime" forgot what on their own contention must follow. If attempts of this kind are to be regarded as acts of war, the laws of war must be applied to them. That is to say, policemen must be equipped and empowered as sentries to shoot at sight, not merely any one openly attempting violence, but any one suspiciously approaching a prison, or a prison van, or a court of justice. There is no escape from this. Your "political warrior" cannot have the immunities of the soldier and the non-combatant both. He must take his choice of the laws of peace with their sanction of the gallows, or of the laws of war with their sanction of the rifle and bayonet at sight. It is perhaps unwise to urge even so incontrovertible an argument as this on persons so fenced against argument as those who make saints and heroes out of a gang of cowardly banditti. But as even now the folly about these three "martyrs" is periodically renewed, it may be worth while. That it should have been necessary will at least save us from the necessity of saying anything more about Mr. O'Conor's book.

With Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy there is, at any rate, no need and no temptation to be serious. The decriers of the middle ages in the palmy days of the *Aufklärung* used to say that, in those dark times, when any man could read and write they made him an archbishop, and perhaps a Prime Minister. The rewards of Parnellite education are not as yet quite so brilliant; but it would appear that when any young man can put together a few sentences of tolerable English they make him a member of Parliament. The humane mind may sometimes pity young Mr. McCarthy a little for his elevation; for it must be unpleasant for a young person of polite tastes and elegant accomplishments to have to associate with Mr. Parnell's Yahoos. However, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy has chosen to do so; and, not being equal to the functions of the Healy's and the Harringtons, the O'Briens and the Blanes, he seems to have had assigned him a sort of belated Young Ireland bardship—a function as of the male "Speranza" of latter-day Nationalism. His present volume (for his productions in this vein do be

* *History of the Irish People. Vol. II., 1829-1881.* By W. A. O'Conor. London and Manchester: Heywood. 1887.

Ireland Since the Union. By Justin H. McCarthy, M.P. London: Chatto & Windus. 1887.

Terre d'Irlande. Par G. Moore. Traduit de l'Anglais par F. Rabbe. Paris: Charpentier.

jostling one another rather) is a history in the same sense in which the paternal account of *Our Own Times* is a history, written pleasantly and currently enough, but with more of the lyric and less of the leading article about it. The preface repeats the paternal fancy about Home Rule meaning the same relation as that of American States to the Union—an amiable, if incorrect, imagination. We begin *Ireland Since the Union* of course with Sarsfield, though even The Mulligan, after Mr. Perkins's champagne, would have found it difficult to demonstrate the connexion of that hero with the subject. But Sarsfield is well known to be *de rigueur* in Speranzese. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's old admiration for that amiable hero Dick Talbot also reappears; and very interesting it is to find such an admirer of chivalry be lauding the hero of a certain very famous and infamous attempt to swear away Anne Hyde's character and curry favour with Anne Hyde's husband at the same time. Perhaps Mr. McCarthy thinks that Macaulay invented that pleasant legend. But he writes very prettily about the worthy Dick; and about the Boyne "rushing fearful of its bloody foam to the sea." Indeed, he often writes prettily, though perhaps it would be well if he left historical subjects to some one who does not think Hely Hutchinson in the late eighteenth century an authority for what James I. said, or did not say, in the early years of the seventeenth. Still, it is very pretty, now in the style of my Lord Macaulay, now in that of the late Mr. Carlyle. Besides this pretty writing, however, and a readable enough sketch of what Parnellites would make the history of the last eighty-six years, if unluckily history were not rather recalcitrant to this kind of making, there are interesting things in Mr. McCarthy's book. We see in his evidently genuine admiration for quoted specimens of the foul-mouthed Billinggate of Grattan and the tinsel rant of Shiel, how it is that these two characteristics continue to characterize Irish patriots in a manner always bewildering to the Saxon mind. It is very curious, too, to find this no doubt amiable and worthy young man passing over, without a word of reprobation, the brutal words wherein Shiel, in his attack on the Duke of York, anticipated the "cataract and coercion" of a later day, finding nothing stronger than "purposeless slaughter" for the murder of the perfectly inoffensive judge Lord Kilwarden and his relation; describing the great Fitzgibbon, who has no equal among Nationalists, not merely for ability but for true patriotism, as "a base tool," and finally observing, with much naïveté, that Pitt, "having been returned to office on the condition that he would be deaf to the voice of the Irish Catholics," preferred office to honour. It is in Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's language "honour" to do that which on taking charge of the government of your country you have pledged yourself not to do. We now no longer wonder that Mr. Gladstone—the last of the many Mr. Gladstones—seems so honourable a man to the Parnellites.

By far the most amusing, however, if not the most important, of the three is Mr. George Moore's *Terre d'Irlande*, translated by M. Rabbe, who, if not quite such an abnormal genius of translation as his grateful author makes him out in the preface, certainly translates very well. As for the matter of the book, its oddity may be guessed by those who know something of the author, but the reality will certainly outdo the guess. An Englishman (we suppose Mr. George Moore would call himself an Englishman, at least he uses "we" about things and persons English) writing in French, or having his thought re-written for him in French for French readers about Ireland, makes an odd mixture to begin with. But when it is remembered that Mr. Moore's letters were, at any rate in part, written for the *Figaro*, that he is a great admirer and practiser of the Methods of the Naturalist School in France, it will be readily seen that the additional chance of curiosity is very great indeed. And we may add that the chance comes off. Very curious, indeed, is Mr. Moore's book, and we may add, to complete the old pair, in parts rather disgusting. These parts can be skipped, however, or tolerated by persons of strong stomach, and then there will remain a certain not inconsiderable amount of edification. For Mr. Moore, with all his extravagance and all his frequent bad taste, with all his acquaintance with what the French public wants, and his readiness to give it them, with all his rather inextricable muddle of photography and fancy painting, is a man with eyes, and with brains behind them, and with a hand which can write what the eyes see and the brain conceives. He rates "the Castle" (little birds say for somewhat personal cause), he talks a good deal more scandal than any one need believe about Hibernia's daughters in higher and lower ranks (scandal which may perhaps be half-pardonable as a rebound from the absurd descriptions of all Irishmen as Josephs and all Irishwomen as Susannas which are sometimes met with), he mixes romance and history rather oddly and rather dangerously. But what is really valuable about him is that his point of view is distinct and his own. He does not seem to be a defender of landlord-right or of tenant-right; he admits and strongly asserts the hatred of Ireland for England without seeming either to deplore or to resent or to approve it; he regards Home Rule (with Separation as soon as Russia has defeated England in Afghanistan) as inevitable and, at the same time, as perfectly irrational; he has given the most poignantly satirical portrait yet drawn of the average Parliamentary Yahoo of Parnellism; and one of the savagest sketches yet drawn of the corruption, the good-for-nothingness, the effeteness of the average Irish landlord. He appears to have made it a merit to draw hardly any general conclusions, and indeed to have little or no general theory at all. He seems to know Dublin fairly, and

Connaught more than fairly, and has a picture of an Irish absente long resident in Paris, who seems to be a kind of double of himself. Other parts of Ireland he does not notice, and by declaring that, except brewing and distilling, Ireland has no means of making money save those drawn directly from the land, he seems either to have forgotten or to have deliberately ruled out the busy industries of Belfast and the North generally. Long habituated to French ways, and contemplating a French audience, he has often permitted himself the "hasty gs," the picturesque inaccuracy, the naively sweeping assertions which are so common in French writers. And yet, with all these drawbacks (which are heavy, the naturalist drawback being heaviest of all), he has produced a book not only readable by all but the very squeamish, but deserving some rank as a document on the condition-of-Ireland question. The sketches of the blank hopelessness of Irish bog and hill scenery, of the slovenly middle-classness of Dublin, though a little overdone, are decidedly powerful. It is a pity that an English edition of the book, cleared of some of its *immondices*, should not appear.

THE TRADE SIGNS OF ESSEX.*

THE History of Signboards generally is no new thing. It is twenty years since the publication of Messrs. Larwood and Hotten's book, and there are at least three works on signs in French. The local history of Trade Signs, however, is a subject still open to the antiquary; Mr. Miller Christy mentions the late Llewellyn Jewitt's paper on the Trade Signs of Derby and Mr. Pengelly's pamphlet on the signs of Devonshire; if we add this history of the Essex signs we believe that the literature of the subject will be exhausted. Let no one, however, think that it is a contemptible branch of antiquarian research, even though it has to do chiefly with inns and country public-houses. The signboards tell us "of the wares our forefathers made and dealt in, of the superstitious beliefs they held, of the party strife in which they were engaged, and of the great titled families which had so large a share in the making of English history." The people of England, as was remarked a hundred and fifty years ago in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "are a nation of Politicians, from the First Minister down to the Cobler, and peculiarly remarkable for hanging out their principles upon their sign-posts." We find, for instance, the Woolpack, the Shears, and the Golden Fleece among the Essex signs. These speak of the time when the woollen trade flourished in the county. The Hop Pole reminds us of the time when hop-growing was a considerable industry. The many Blue Boars tell of the great De Vere family, now extinct or only represented in the female line. The old signs were all pictorial, and, for the most part, were hung out across the street, as is illustrated by the interesting plate reproduced as a frontispiece to this book, showing the High Street of Chelmsford in the year 1750. Now, however, not five per cent. of the Essex inn signs are pictorial. Some may be found still swinging over the street in the old style, and hanging by the old supports of very excellent ironwork; for instance, in Tindal Street, Chelmsford, at Castle Hedingham, and Witham.

Mr. Miller Christy classifies his trade signs into Heraldic, Mammalian, Ornithological, Piscatory, Botanical, Human, Nautical, Astronomical, and Miscellaneous. One must have divisions; but to the less enthusiastic observer tavern signs might seem to be divided between Heraldic and Historical, Trade and Fancy signs. To the former belong not only the Blue Boars and the Three Mullets—by reference to a French dictionary Mr. Miller Christy may find out on what ground "it is said" that the Mullet is not a star, but a vowel—but also such signs as the Bull and Butcher, which is the Boleyn Butchered; the Pig and Tinder-box, which is the Elephant and Castle; the George and Cannon, which is the George Canning; the Hawk and Buck, which is John of Gaunt's badge of the Falcon and Fetterlock. As for the Bald-faced Stag, the Three Cows, and all such signs, some of them are due to the poetical imagination of the innkeeper, some represent his surname—as one John Stagg puts up a Stag's Head for his sign—some, as we have seen, are corruptions. A common fancy sign is the Leather Bottell, as those who are fortunate enough to receive cheques drawn on Messrs. Hoare's Bank in Fleet Street well know. Those who want to know what a leather bottle was like will find one drawn and described in this volume. Mr. Miller Christy has done good service by the compilation of this book, which ought to be followed by similar works for every county in England.

BRISTOL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.†

IN point of method this volume strikes us as somewhat marred by an unhappy confusion between the duties of the annalist and of the historian; brevity and clearness are, to some extent, sacrificed with but little compensating gain. The Bristol newspapers have evidently been searched with great care for all that bears on the history of the city during the present century, and though Mr. Latimer has put together a good many details that

* *The Trade Signs of Essex*. By Miller Christy. Chelmsford: Durant & Co. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1887.

† *The Annals of Bristol in the Nineteenth Century*. By John Latimer. Bristol: W. & F. Morgan. 1887.

seem scarcely worth preserving, he has also given us much that is interesting. His account of the Reform Riots of 1831 appears to apportion the blame very fairly between the civil and the military authorities. If when matters were at their worst poor Colonel Brereton went to bed, the aldermen likewise seem to have taken care to be out of the way when they were wanted, and strict orders were given that no one should reveal the whereabouts of the mayor, who had found a place of refuge in a private house. Some bits of ecclesiastical history are welcome; it is well, for example, that it should be put on record how in 1848 the Dean and Chapter forbade the minor canons to intone, and ordered them to read the prayers, actually excluding one of them from the cathedral because he declared his intention of performing the service as he was bound to do by the office he held, and how in 1876 the same body rudely removed the figures of Saints and Doctors with which a private benefactor had adorned the north porch of their church. To turn to a pleasanter subject, some particulars are given of a famous sale of wine, the property of a deceased alderman, in 1859, in which magnum of 1820 port fetched 3l. 8s. each, and the whole stock (180 dozen) of port, averaged 8d. per dozen ordinary bottles. *The Annals of Bristol* is an amusing book to dip into, and will be invaluable to the future historian of the city.

NEW MUSIC.

AMONG the latest gavottes, "Old London," by Marion La Thangue (Robert Cocks & Co.), can be recommended as about the most original, although, unfortunately, originality in this particular style of music is about the last qualification that appears to be sought. Each new gavotte imitates its predecessor, and the further they go back the closer becomes the imitation of the great works of the last century. "Old London" is tuneful and by no means difficult. Highly to be recommended to young students are *Studies for the Attainment of Mechanical Facility on the Pianoforte*, by Alfred Whittingham (Robert Cocks & Co.). The series is capitally arranged and progressive. As a dance waltz "Souvenirs Adorés," by G. Delbrück (Chappell & Co.), may be considered excellent; the theme is not particularly novel, but it is graceful and not too melancholy, melancholia being the actual malady, it would appear, most composers who write waltzes suffer from. They seem to think that a vein of sentimental sadness is necessary, and stick to their colours until sometimes many a new dance-waltz might easily be mistaken for a dead march played in quick time. This is not the defect, however, of "Halcyon," a valse by Charles Deacon (Robert Cocks & Co.), which is cheerful enough. Signor L. Denza's "Nocturne for Two Voices" is harmonious, and has pretty words and an even prettier accompaniment. It is, moreover, easy and effective, and is recommended by Mme. Trebelli and her daughter, who have recently sung it in public with success. M. W. Balf's "Heart's Devotion" (E. Ascherberg & Co.) is not very original or pretty. "Amid the Hay," by Henry Logé (E. Ascherberg & Co.), is an ordinary song of the same class.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE have already said that we are glad to meet M. Jules Simon among our books, and we have told the reason why. That reason exists amply in the case of *Nos hommes d'état* (1), which is a lively enough collection of articles from the *Matin*, containing a good deal of Gallic salt, only needing a little concentration in places. It is open, of course, to M. Simon's political rivals and enemies to represent his political satire as a mere *épanchement de bile*, natural, perhaps, but not particularly creditable, in a statesman retired not exactly through his own will. But that may always be said in such cases, and we really do not know any rival of M. Simon's who could do sketches of the kind with such a pleasant saltiness and such an absence of brutality. Perhaps, indeed, a little more brutality of the Bismarckian kind in politics and the Swiftian in literature would have done M. Jules Simon no harm, either as politician or as man of letters; but then it is so very easy to be brutal without in the least resembling Prince Bismarck or Dr. Swift. Meanwhile M. Simon—at least in this book—is very well as he is. The gentle pricking of his satire on the French Caucuses, or *comités*; his fancy sketches of types in the Chamber, and his strictures on anti-clericalism, on the "policy of inaction," on the expulsion of the Princes, on strikes, and so forth are in the mild way nearly as good as they can be. M. Simon is not quite so clever as Paul Louis Courier; but he has something of Courier's cleverness, and something of Courier's cleverness is a good deal.

M. Tibulle Hamont has already proved his competence in dealing with the, for a Frenchman, rather difficult subject of French India by a capital essay on Duplex, and he has now followed it up by another as good on Lally (2). The career of that unfortunate Irishman, who is perhaps best known to most of us nowadays by one of Mr. Carlyle's inimitable sentences describing his tragical death, is recounted with great fairness, at sufficient and not excessive length, and with quite enough picturesqueness for the purposes of history. Most Englishmen will probably turn at

(1) *Nos hommes d'état*. Par Jules Simon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(2) *Lally-Tollendal*. Par Tibulle Hamont. Paris: Plon.

once to the account of the battle of Wandewash (the French call it Vandavachy, which partly explains to us why they were beaten), and they will find full justice done to the admirable soldiership and generalship of Sir Eyre Coote. As to Lally's condemnation and death, the historian makes it quite clear that, however unjust it was, he had done not a little to bring it on himself by his constant faults of tactics and of temper, and especially by his ungenerous as well as unjust conduct towards his rival Bussy.

The last volume of the series of French diplomatic records in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries deals with Portugal (3). As even tiro in history will anticipate, the earlier part is more important than the latter. During almost the whole eighteenth century, from the Methuen Treaty to the Revolutionary war, Portugal was, as the French put it, under the yoke of England. From the restoration of Portuguese independence to the Methuen Treaty affairs were less one-sided, and at some parts of the reign of Louis XIV. the relations between France and Portugal were pretty close. As usual, the papers are well edited and admirably printed.

A vain people has too long laughed at its sapeurs-pompiers, till M. Legoux has arisen to write and Mlle. Dudlay to declaim a prose monologue celebrating the "sapeurs resolute and ready for death" (4). Firemen are certainly most valuable and courageous servants of the public; and, if a monologue gratifies them, they are well entitled to it.

Both the French reading-books (5) which we have before us are constructed on a principle which, as we frankly own, we think to be the wrong principle. That is to say, they have, in the one case no, and in the other a very short, introduction, "placing" the book, so to speak, for the student who is necessarily ignorant of its environment, biographically, critically, and in relation to literature. But they have a most voluminous body of notes, in Mr. Spiers's case equaling, if not exceeding, the text in bulk, anticipating and solving all sorts of difficulties which, as we hold, the pupil ought to grapple with himself, helped only by dictionary and grammar; and occasionally their notes divagate into the most irrelevant, or at least the most superfluous, information. Surely no one who is old enough to read *La canne de jonec* needs to be told that Calais is "the French port opposite Dover"; while it can hardly be necessary to say that the "ongles" of an eagle are "talons, lit. nails." Mr. Parry goes still further afield, actually discussing in a note whether Mosaic should be used "simply and broadly." But it is fair to say that, if there are objections to the scheme of these books, there are very few to their execution. We have not noted anything like a serious blunder in either, and Mr. Spiers in particular is remarkably elaborate and painstaking, while Mr. Parry's short accounts of persons referred to are very well designed and digested.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE men and times celebrated in Icelandic and Scandinavian sagas are set forth with a good deal of force in Mr. John Fulford Vicary's *In Saga Time* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) The studies that make up this readable little book deal with the manners, faith, law, and social life of the Norsemen during the great poetic period common to nations during their evolution from barbarism to civilization. The subject is effectively illustrated by the author's citation from poetic chronicles and from modern research in archaeology and history, some capital woodcuts forming a pictorial comment that is sometimes both interesting and necessary. Such, for instance, is the reproduction of the sixteenth-century map of the hyperborean lands designed by Sigurd Stephanus, and based on the historical sagas; and such is the representation of wood-carvings from Hyllestad Church (p. 342), in which are portrayed some of the stirring incidents in the life of Sigurd the Völsung. Mr. Vicary gives, by the way, a concise and clear summary, in excellent narrative style, of the two parts of the *Völsungasaga*. Many of the author's pictures of the past show considerable constructive ability in treating the material of chroniclers and saga-men, and the main circumstances of life in the age of Vikings and Berserks are vividly realized.

Under the title *The Broken Vow* (Chapman & Hall) Canon Knox Little tells us what may be frankly called a ghost story, or, more respectfully, a romance of the unseen, and tells it with inordinate diffuseness. Description—sometimes florid, sometimes confused, always tedious—fills the frequent pauses in the story; and under this persistent tyranny the ghosts fail to thrill when they appear. What is worse than this is the sacrifice of interest entailed by this prolixity; for the pair of lovers, who ought to be as romantic as their romantic surroundings, appear quite commonplace persons. Canon Knox Little is as fond of using French words when good English would better serve him as any young beginner in fiction. The heroine has "a feeling that these startling sights were something specially *intime* to me" (p. 123); and in another place uses the word that is neither French nor English, but Frenchified, when she observes, "Some people are by nature so *sympathétique* that, while they are with you, you are

(3) *Recueil des instructions aux ambassadeurs de France—Portugal*. Par le vicomte de Caix de Saint-Aymon. Paris: Alcan.

(4) *Au feu*. Par J. Legoux. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *A. de Vigny—La canne de jonec*. Par V. J. T. Spiers. "George Sand—Les maitres mosaïstes." By C. H. Parry. London: Rivingtons.

their first object in life." Affectation of this kind involves the author in a feminine loquacity, the only excuse for which lies in the fact that the heroine is the narrator of the story.

St. Kilda and the Kildians (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.) is an interesting and amusing account of one of the remoter Hebrides, reprinted, with additions, from the *Glasgow Herald*. Mr. Robert Connell, the author, accompanied the relief expedition to St. Kilda in the autumn of 1885, visiting the island again in the following summer, when he was able to correct or enlarge his former experiences. His little book almost amounts to a monograph of the history and domestic economy of St. Kilda. It includes a lively description of the daily life of the inhabitants, the native industries of fishing, bird-catching, and the rearing of sickly sheep and cattle, and gives a vivid picture of the Sabbatarian despotism of the Free Church minister who rules the small population. The singular local epidemic known as "the boat-cold" or "cough," and the fatal "infantile lock-jaw" once so prevalent in St. Kilda, naturally come under notice, and are fully discussed. We can hardly believe that Dr. Macdonald, of Beith, wrote of "the moist rôles (sic) of bronchial catarrh" when describing the symptoms of "boat-cold."

We all know how astonished Turner was when he learned through Mr. Ruskin, his interpreter and patron, of what great ethical truths and aesthetic principles he was the inspired oracle. In Mr. Edward Butler's *For Further Consideration* (Elliot Stock) the true allegorical significance of *The Idylls of the King* is revealed with a fulness of detail that ought to flatter, if it does not surprise, the Poet Laureate. Arthur is "the spirit of man," Guinevere "the flesh," Merlin "the Intellect," the Knights of the Table Round are "the senses, the faculties and equipments of the spirit," and, finally, "Camelot is sublimated from Winchester." In the *Holy Grail* "the poet breaks a lance with Ritualism," and in the remaining poems is shown to have been secretly intent on similar high and mystic aims, which the ordinary and poetic reader has hitherto missed. There are people who will detect allegory in anything, and for them Mr. Butler's Tennysonian study may prove a mine of good things and cryptic.

Warring Angels, by T. H. Penguin (T. Fisher Unwin), is a story of temptation, sorrow, and repentance of no marked quality, a simple enough variation of an old theme. Good and evil angels contend for the soul of Lady Philippa, the wife of Sir Henry Flower, who, in an ill hour and tempted by a fascinating admirer who plays the violin divinely, is induced to leave her unsympathetic husband. The two are overtaken in flight by a railway accident, which proves an effectual separation of the erring lovers. The beautiful Philippa dies in a foreign land mourned by her husband, who tardily repents his hardness of heart towards her, and the violinist who is the cause of the tragedy steps out of the last page to go we know not where. For his penitence no reader will care one jot. Sympathy with Philippa is thoroughly aroused and well sustained throughout, and this was the author's principal aim.

The Schoolmaster's Calendar, 1887 (Bell & Sons), is a little shilling handbook, of aims equally novel and useful, designed for the guidance of masters and mistresses of schools. Parents also, particularly the parents of clever boys and girls—and what parent does not believe that his growing offspring display promise?—will find extremely useful the information as to scholarships and examinations given in this compilation. The book includes a Calendar of Examinations, Tables showing fees, regulations, limits of age, &c., and complete lists of scholarships, bursaries, exhibitions in the Universities, Public Schools, Science, and Ladies' Colleges. The work is admirably arranged, thus rendering reference simple and easy.

A really pretty story, told with good taste and restraint, and well written to boot, is *A Woman's Dowry*, by Austin Clare (Roper & Drowley).

There is much good and practical advice in Mr. Edwin Drew's little handbook *Reciting and Reading* (Wyman & Sons), which is dedicated to Mr. Henry Irving. The choice of examples for the reciter is almost entirely admirable, and the "Elocutionary Lessons" will be found useful, though the notes of emphasis that accompany them are at times too frequent.

The *A B C Church and Chapel Directory* for 1887 (Banks & Son) is a capital guide, especially useful for those who attend May Meetings, handy to consult, and issued at twopence.

An abridgment of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, entitled *The Story of Little Nell* (G. Bell & Sons), is included in the series of "Bell's Reading Books" for school use.

We have received a new edition of Mr. Joseph Thomson's *Through Mason Land* (Sampson Low & Co.) and *The Admissions to Gonville and Caius College from 1558-9 to 1678-9*, edited by J. Venn and S. C. Venn (Clay & Co.).

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